

DUBLIN CITY

anonymous

B. Black

Andante (100)



When the cold and haugh - ty strang - er Has no
(An - tique) charms of state - ly build - ings Full of
(Charms of) bells from many a stee - ple That at
(There's a) charm that dwells a - bove you In your
(Ev' - ry) charm pro - claims a ci - ty That should



word of praise to say But com - plains your streets are
life once long a - go When the pow'r of Grat - tan's
Mass - time call to prayer When your peo - ple in their
guar - dian moun - tains grand There's a charm that's close be -
be a na - tion's pride Not a slave whose claim for



mud - dy And your skies are dull and grey Then I
plead - ing Made the love of coun - try glow When a -
thou - sands Bring their as - pi - ra - tions there Full of
side you In the green sur - round - ing land There's a
jus - tice Should be mocked and cast a - side Now we



won - der at the blind - ness Of the eye that can - not
like both Celt and set - tler Felt the long - ing to be
faith that pe - nal mea - sures Had no power to drive a -
charm that lies be - fore you In the ev - er - rest - less
pray the hour ap - proach - es That will see you win your



see Cho - sen ci - ty of my count - ry What a
free And their ef - forts they u - ni - ted That one
way To that Faith and to their count - ry They are
sea By its pre - sence there at - test - ing You were
claim That will see you rise in free - dom In pro -

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thru D final D

charm there is to thee! An - tique
na - tion they might be! Charms of
con - stant still to - day! There's a
des - tined to be free! Ev' - ry
sper - i - ty and fame!_____