

# DUBLIN CITY

[click on above link for sound file]

music: B. Black  
lyrics: unknown

♩ = 100

D A D

When the cold and haugh - - ty strang - - er Has no

C Em D D F#m

word of praise to say But com - plains your streets are

Bm G Em7 A

mud - - dy And your skies are dull and grey Then I

D F#m Bm G Em7

won - - der at the blind - ness Of the eye that can - - not

A D A Bm

see Cho - sen ci - - ty of my count - - ry What a

G A 1-4 D 5 D

charm there is to thee! X X fame! \_\_\_\_\_

DUBLIN CITY

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When the cold and haughty stranger  
Has no word of praise to say  
But complains your streets are muddy  
That your skies are dull and grey  
Then I wonder at the blindness  
Of the eye that cannot see  
Chosen city of my country  
What a charm there is to thee!

Antique charms of stately buildings  
Full of life once long ago  
When the power of Grattan's pleading  
Made the love of country glow  
When alike both Celt and settler  
Felt the longing to be free  
And their efforts they united  
That one nation they might be!

Charms of bells from many a steeple  
That at Mass time call to prayer  
When your people in their thousands  
Bring their aspirations there  
Full of faith that penal measures  
Had no power to drive away  
To that faith, and to their country,  
They are constant still today!

There's a charm that dwells above you  
In your guardian mountains grand  
There's a charm that's close beside you  
In the green surrounding land  
There's a charm that lies before you  
In the ever-restless sea  
By its presence there attesting  
You were destined to be free!

Every charm proclaims a city  
That should be a nation's pride  
Not a slave whose claim for justice  
Should be mocked and cast aside  
Now we pray the hour approaches  
That will see you win your claim  
That will see you rise in freedom  
In prosperity and fame!