

The Rare Auld Times

Dublin in the Rare Ould Times

Pete St. John

♩ = 110

Verse

G C G Em C G

Raised on songs and sto - ries, he-roes of re - known are the
 My name, it is Seán Demp - sey, as dub - lin as could be, born
 And I cour - ted Peg - gy Dig - man, as pret - ty as you please, a
 The years have made me bit - ter. The gar - gle dims me brain, for
 Fare thee well sweet An - na Lif - fey, I can no lon - ger stay and

5 C G C D

pas - sing tales and glo - ries that once was Dub - lin town. The
 hard and late in Pim - lico in a house that ceased to be. My
 rogue and child of Ma - ry by the re - bel li - ber ties. I
 Dub - lin keeps on chan - ging and no - thing seems the same. The
 watch the new glass ca - ges that spring up a - long the quay. My

9 G C G Em C

hal - lowed halls and hou - ses, the han - ting chil - drens' rhymes, that
 trade, I was a coo - per, lost out to re - dun - dan - cy. Like my
 lost her to a student chap with skin as black as coal. When he
 Pil - lar and the Met have gone, the Royal long since pulled down as the
 mind's to full of memo - ries, too old to hear new chimes. I'm a

13 G C D G Chorus C G

once was part of Dub - lin in the rare auld times. Ring - a - ring o' ro - sey
 house that feel to pro - gress, my trade's a me - mo - ry.
 took her off to Bir - ming - ham he took a - way my soul.
 gray un - yield - ing con - crete makes a city of my town.
 part of what was Dub - lin in the rare auld times.

19 Em C G C G D G

as the light de - clines. I re - mem - ber Dub - lin ci - ty in the rare auld times.