

18- Rare Old Times

Irish

Z* A A⁶ D⁶ A A⁶ A⁶ D⁶ D⁶

Raised on songs and stor - ies, he - roes of re - nown Ah, the
Well my name it is Sean Demp - sey, as Dub - lin as can be Born
And I cour - ted Peggy Dignam as pret - ty as you please A

5 A⁶ A D⁶ A⁶ E E⁶ E⁶ E⁶ E

pas - sing tales and glor - ies that once was Dub - lin town The
hard and late in Pimli - co, in a house that ceased to be By
5 rogue and child of Ma - ry, from the re - bel Li - ber - ties I

9 A⁶ A D A⁶ A⁶ A⁶ A⁶ D⁶ D

hal - lowed halls and hous - es, the haun - ting child - rens' rhymes That
trade I was a coo - per, lost out to re - dun - dan - cy Like my
9 lost her to a student chap, with skin as black as coal When he

Rare Old Times

2
13

A⁶ A⁶₄ D⁶ D⁶₄ E E⁶ A A⁶

once was part of Dub - lin in the rare ould times
house that fell to prog - ress, my she trade's a me - mo - ry
took her off to Bir-mingham, she took away my soul.

17

A Z* A⁶ D A⁶ A A⁶₄ fis^m

Ring a ring a ro - sey, as the light de - clines I re -

21

A⁶ A D⁶ D E⁶ E A

mem - ber Dub - lin ci - ty in the rare ould times

Z*

A D A D
The years have made me bit-ter, the gargle dims me brain

A D A E
Cause Dublin keeps on chang-ing, and nothing seems the same

A D A D
The Pillar and the Met have gone, the Royal long since pulled down

A D E A
As the grey unyielding concrete, makes a city of my town