## Dublin In My Tears The Dublin City Ramblers

Dublin In My Tears http://dublincityramblers.com/ Capo on 3 for the Ramblers version, or on 2 to suit your voice

G

I have travelled many lands, and I still don t understand

C Am D

How sad you have become on my return

G

Your poor heart is filled with care, sad and old they left you there

D D7 G

Your once bright eyes with sorrow softly burn

C G

I can even sense the change in the sound of childrens games

D D7 G G7

And the dreams of youth s ambitions have all turned to doubt and fear

C G

It s an age of wealth Im told but I ve never felt so old

D D7 G

As I recall old Dublin in my tears

G

All the faces that I meet as I roam each one way street

C Am D

Reflect the empty statements of our time

G

And the old cathedral bell can t be heard above the swell

D D7 G

For the years erased the message in her chimes

C G

All my childhood friends are gone, like the street where I was born

D D7 G G7

And the time that it has taken doesn t seem so long ago

!

They have faded in the gloom like Sap Kelly from the Coombe

D D7 C

Like the ghost of dear old Dublin in my tears.

G

There were times when jobs were few, there were hungry days we knew

C Am D

Some days so bad their memory I ve cursed

G

And the prayer I said to God, there on board the Princess Maud

D D7 G

That our children would restore the pride we lost But the past we all forsake while we re dancing at her wake D7 And the heart of Dublin s dying, but no body seems to care, And the fools as they pass by, laugh to see an old man cry But I can t forget old Dublin in my tears G Gather round brave men and true, though our numbers may be few And we ll drink a toast before I cross the foam For soon in London s dark domain, I ll recall how I became D7 No more a stranger there, than here at home But the liffey flows along and I listen for her song D7 And the voice of young James Larkin seems to echo in my ears But its just the rafters ring, to it s requiem I ll sing D7 Farewell to dear old Dublin in my tears, D7 Farewell to dear old Dublin in my tears ..