

# If Ever You Go To Dublin Town

## The Dubliners

If you ever go to Dublin town  
In a hundred years or so  
Inquire for me in Baggot street  
And what I was like to know  
O he was the queer one  
Fol dol the di do  
He was a queer one  
And I tell you

My great-grandmother knew him well,  
He asked her to come and call  
On him in his flat and she giggled at the thought  
Of a young girl's lovely fall.  
O he was dangerous,  
Fol dol the di do,  
He was dangerous,  
And I tell you

On Pembroke Road look out for me ghost,  
Dishevelled with shoes untied,  
Playing through the railings with little children  
Whose children have long since died.  
O he was a nice man,  
Fol do the di do,  
He was a nice man  
And I tell you

Go into a pub and listen well  
If my voice still echoes there,  
Ask the men what their grandsires thought  
And tell them to answer fair,  
O he was eccentric,  
Fol do the di do,  
He was eccentric  
And I tell you

He had the knack of making men feel  
As small as they really were  
Which meant as great as God had made them  
But as males they disliked his air.  
O he was a proud one,  
Fol do the di do,  
He was a proud one  
And I tell you

If ever you go to Dublin town  
In a hundred years or so  
Sniff for my personality,  
Is it Vanity's vapour now?  
O he was a vain one,  
Fol dol the di do,  
He was a vain one  
And I tell you

I saw his name with a hundred more  
In a book in the library,  
It said he had never fully achieved

His potentiality.  
O he was slothful,  
Fol do the di do,  
He was slothful  
And I tell you

He knew that posterity had no use  
For anything but the soul,  
The lines that speak the passionate heart,  
The spirit that lives alone.  
O he was a lone one,  
Fol do the di do  
O he was a lone one,  
And I tell you

O he was a lone one,  
Fol do the di do  
Yet he lived happily  
And I tell you.