

## Quare Things In Dublin

The Wolfe Tones

[G]There's quare things in Dublin between Howth and  
Crumlin.  
[C]Down in Rings[G]end there's a[Am] five-legged[D] cat,  
A three-[G]legged donkey, two-headed monkey.  
There's[C] nothing so[G] quare as this[D] four-faced  
old[G] clock.  
[G]There's a clock in old Dublin that stands on a  
steeple,  
[C]Proud and er[G]ect with four[Am] faces so[D] tall.  
While[G] one of them says you are late, it's deceiving.  
The[C] other one[G] says it's a[D] quarter be[G]fore.  
You run down the[C] road and he[G] grins as you[D] hurry,  
Then[G] just round the[C] corner you[G] look up in  
sur[D]prise.  
It's[G] not quite the same as it was on the last street.  
[C]This bloody[G] blackguard is[D7] telling me[G] lies.  
There's a half-hour to spare. Now how will I kill it  
I'll nip up the road and nip in for a jar.  
With the chimes of four bells, I look back in amazement.  
His other side has gone past the hour.  
There's a lesson in life to adopt and interpret.  
It applies to all people regardless of race.  
Don't put your trust or your faith in a person  
If sometimes they seem to have more than one face