

Dublin in the Rare Oul' Times

Ring a ring a rosie as the lights declines,
I remember Dublin city in the rare oul times.

Raised on songs and stories, heroes of renown,
The passing tales and glories, that once was Dublin town,
The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes,
That once was Dublin city, in the Rare Oul Times.

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My name it is Sean Dempsey as Dublin as could be
Born hard and late in Pimlico in a house that ceased to be
My trade I was a cooper, lost out to redundancy
Like my house that fell to progress my trade's a memory

And I courted Peggy Dignan, as pretty as you please,
A rogue and child of Mary, from the rebel liberties,
I lost her to a student chap, with skin as black as coal,
When he took her off to Birmingham, she took away my soul.

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The years have made me bitter, the gargle dims me brain
'Cause Dublin keeps on changing and nothing seems the same.
The Pillar and the Met have gone, the Royal long since pulled down
As the grey unyielding concrete makes a city of my Town.

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Fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey, I can no longer stay,
And watch the new glass cages, that spring up along the quay,
My mind's too full of memories, too old to hear new chimes,
I'm a part of what was Dublin, in the Rare Oul Times.

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