

Poor Old Dicey Reilly

Poor aul Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup
Poor aul Dicey Reilly she will never give it up
It's off each morning to the pop
And then she's in for another little drop
Ah, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

She walks along Fitzgibbon Street with an independent air
And then it's down by Summerhill and as the people stare
She says it's nearly half past one
And it's time I had another little one
Ah, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Long years ago when men were men and fancied May Oblong
Or lovely Becky Cooper or Maggie's Mary Wong
One woman put them all to shame
Just one was worthy of the name
And the name of that dame was Dicey Reilly

But time went catching up on her like many pretty whores
It's after you along the street before you're out the door
Their balance vague, their looks all fade
But out of all that great brigade
Still the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly