

### 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 childrens rhymes,  
that once was Dublin city in the rare ould times.

Ref.

Ring a ring a rosey as the light declines,  
I remember Dublin city in the rare ould times.

My name it is Sean Dempsey, as Dublin as can be  
Born hard and late in Pimlico, in a house that ceased to be.  
By 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 a 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.

Ref.

The years heve made me bitter, the gargle dims my 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 great unyielding concrete makes a city of my town.

Fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey, I can no longer stay,  
And watch the new glass cages that spring um along the Quay.  
My mind`s too full of memories, to old to hear new chimes,  
I`m part of what was Dublin, in the rare ould times.

Ref.