

Traditional Irish Music

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Rare Oul' Times

(Peter Saint John, Saint Music)

C F C Am F
Raised on songs and stories, the heroes of reknown
C Em F C G G7
The passing tales and glories that once was Dublin Town
C F C Am F
That hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes
C Em F C G7 C
That once was Dublin City in the rare ould times

F C Am F
Ring a ring a rosy - as the light declines
C Em F C G7 C
I remember Dublin City - in the rare ould times

Well, me 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

Chorus
Ring a ring a rosy - as the light declines
I remember Dublin City - in the rare ould times

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

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

Ch ||: Ring a ring a rosy - as the light declines
I remember Dublin City - in the rare ould times :||