

Irish Song Lyrics

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DICEY REILLY

Oh poor old Dicey Reilly, she has taken to the sup
And poor old Dicey Reilly, she will never give it up
It's off each morning to the pop that she goes in
for another little drop
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

She will walk along Fitzgibbon Street with an independent air
And then its down by Summerhill, and as the people stare
She'll say, "It's nearly half passed one
Time I went in for another little one
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly
Now at two, pubs close and out she goes as happy as a lark
She'll find a bench to sleep it off at St. Patrick's Park
She'll wake at five feeling in the pink
And say, "Tis time for another drink
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Now she'll travel far to a dockside bar to have another round
And after one or two or three she doesn't feel quite so sound
After four she's a bit unstable
After five underneath the table
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Oh they carry her home at twelve o'clock as they do every night
Bring her inside, put her on the bed and then turn out the light
Next morning she'll get out of bed
And look for a cure for her head
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly