

## Poor Old Dicey Reilly

The Dubliners

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