

The Rare Auld Times

The Dubliners

Raised on songs & stories, heroes of re-known
The passing tales & glories that once was Dublin town
The hallowed halls & houses, the haunting childrens'
rhymes
That once was Dublin city in the rare ould times

Ring a ring a rosie, as the light declines
I remember Dublin city in the rare ould times
My name it is Sean Demspey, as Dublin as can be
Born hard & 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
& I courted Peggy Dignan, as pretty as you please
A rogue & a child of Mary, from the rebel liberties
I lost her to a student chap with a skin as black as
coal
When he took her off to Birmingham, she took away my
soul

The years have made me bitter, the gargle dims my brain
'Cause Dublin keeps on changing & nothing stays the
same
The Pillar & 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
& watch the new glass cages, that spring up along the
quay
My mind's too full of memories, too old to hear new
chimes
I'm part of what was Dublin in the rare ould times