

# Rare Old Times



Ring a-ring a-Rosie, as the light declines  
I remember Dublin city in the rare oul' times  
Based on songs and stories, heroes of renown  
Are the passing tales and glories, that once was Dublin town  
The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes  
That once was Dublin city in the rare old times

Chorus

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 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

The years have 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 fell sweet Anna Liffey, no longer can I stay  
And 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 old times

Chorus 2x