

Three Irish Tenors, The "The Rare Old Times"

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Ring a ring a Rosie
As the light declines
I remember Dublin city
In the rare ould times.

Raised on songs and stories
Heroes of renown
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 ould times.

Ring a Ring a Rosie
As the lights declines
I remember Dublin city
In the rare ould times.

My name it is Sean Dempsey
As Dublin as could be
Born hard and late in Pimlico
In a house that ceased to be
My 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.

Ring a ring a Rosie
As the lights 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.

Ring a ring a Rosie
As the lights declines
I remember Dublin city
In the rare oul times.

Fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey
I can no longer stay
And watch the new glass cages
That spring up along the quay
My minds too full of memories
To old to hear new chimes
I'm a part of what was Dublin
In the rare oul times.

Ring a ring a Rosie
As the lights declines
I remember Dublin city
In the rare oul times.

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In the rare oul times...

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