

Dubliners, The "In The Rare Old Times"

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Raised 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.

Ring a ring a Rosie, as the light declines,
I remember Dublin city in the rare old times

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.

Ring a ring a Rosie, as the light declines,
I remember Dublin city in the rare old times

The years have made me bitter, tha gargle dims my brain,
'cause Dublin keeps on changing, and nothing seems the same.
The Pillar and the Met have gone,
the Royale long since pulled down,
As the great unyielding concrete, makes a city of my town.

Ring a ring a Rosie, as the light declines,
I remember Dublin city in the rare old 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 mind's too full of memories, too old to hear new
chimes,

I'm part of what was Dublin, in the rare old times.

Ring a ring a Rosie, as the light declines,

I remember Dublin city in the rare old times

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