

Poor Old Dicey Reilly

The Dubliners

Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup
Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up
For it's off each morning to the pop
And then she's in for another little drop
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Oh she walks along Fitzgibbon street with an independent air
And then it's down be 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 Beckie Cooper or Maggie's Mary Wong
One woman put them all to shame, just one was worthy of the nam
e
And the name of the dame was Dicey Reilly

Oh but time went catching up on her like many pretty whores
And it's after you along the street before you're out the door
The balance weighed and they looks all fade, but out of all tha
t great brigade
Still the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly