

## 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