

The Rare Ould Times (Pete St. John)

G / C G / / Em /
Raised on songs and stories, heroes of renown
G / C G D / / /
The passing tales and glories that once was Dublin Town
G / C G / / Em /
The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes
G / C G D / G /
That once was Dublin City in the rare ould times.

Chorus

G / C G / / Em /
Ring a ring a rosey, as the light declines
G / C G D / G /
I remember Dublin City in the rare ould 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 Dignam, 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.

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.

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 ould times.