Rare Old Times.

G C G Em C
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 C
The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes,
G C G D G
that once was part of Dublin, in the rare old times.

G C G Em C
Ring a ring a rosie, as the light declines,
G C G D G
I remember Dublin city in the rare old 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.

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 a 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.

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