

# Rare Old Times

Pete St.John 197X

**Raised on songs and stories, heroes of renown  
 Ah, the passing tales and glories that once was Dublin town  
 The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting childrens' rhymes  
 That once was part of Dublin in the rare ould times**

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

**Well 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**

Solo

**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.**

|: Refr :|

**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**

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