

# Dicey Reilly

O poor aul Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup  
 O poor aul Dicey Reilly she will never give it up  
 It's off each morning to the pub  
 Where she goes in for another little drop  
 Ah, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

She walks along Fitzgibbon Street with an independent air  
 And then it's down by Summerhill and as the people stare  
 She says it's nearly half past one  
 It's time I went for 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 Becky Cooper or Maggie's Mary Wong  
 One woman put them all to shame  
 Just one was worthy of the name  
 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  
 Their balance weighted and they looks all fade  
 But out of all that great brigade  
 Still the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

*O poor aul Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup*  
*O poor aul Dicey Reilly she will never give it up*  
*It's off each morning to the pub*  
*Where she goes in for another little drop ↓*  
*Ah, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly*

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