

THE GALWAY RACES

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As I went out from Galway town to seek for recreation
On the seventeenth of August, my mind being elevated
There were multitudes assembled with their tickets at the station
My eyes began to dazzle and I'm off to see the Races!

[CHORUS between each verse]

With your whack-fa-the-da, for the diddly-diddle-day.

There were passengers from Limerick and passengers from Nenagh
Passengers from Dublin and more from Tipperary
There were people there from Kerry and the borders of the nation
And even some from Derry come to see the Galway races!

There were people there from Aran and members from New Quay Shore
Boys from Connemara and a flair of married ladies [*Clare unmarried maidens*]
People from Cork City who were loyal, true and faithful
Who brought home the Fenian prisoners from dying in foreign nations

It's there you'll see the pipers and the fiddlers competing
The nimble-footed dancers a-tripping over the daisies
There were others crying cigars and lights, and bills for all the races
With the colours of the jockeys and the price and horses ages

It's there you'll see magicians with their thimbles and their garters
The sporting wheel of fortune with the four and twenty quarters
There were others without scruples pelting wattles at poor Maggie
And her father well contented to be gawking at his daughter!

It's there you'll see the jockeys and they're mounted out so stately
The pink, the blue, the orange and green, the emblem of our Nation
When the bell was rung for starting, all the horses seemed impatient
I thought they never stood on ground their speed was so amazing

There was half a million people there from all denominations
The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew and Presbyterian
There was yet no animosity, no matter what persuasion
But truth and hospitality inducing fresh acquaintance