The Galway Races

With me whack, fol the do, fol the did-de-ly i-dle ay.

As I roved out to Galway town to seek for recreation,

On the seventeenth of August, my mind was elevated:

There were multitudes assembled with their tickets at the station,

My eyes began to dazzle and they goin' to see the races.

Chorus

It's there you'll see confectioners with sugarsticks and dainties,
And lozenges and oranges and lemonade and raisins,
And gingerbread and spices to accomadate the laidies,
And a big crubeen for threepence to be picking while you're able.

Chorus

It's there you'll see the pipers and the fiddlers competing,
And the nimble-footed dancers and they tripping on the daisies.
There were others crying, "Cigars and lights and bills for all the races,
With the colors of the jockeys and the price and horses' ages."

Chorus

It's there you'll see the jockeys, and they mounted on so stately:
The blue, the pink, 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.

Chorus

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

Chorus x 2