

The Ballad of Ronnie's Mare

The Dubliners

You can sing of all your sport'n hero's
Like Mr. (McGranderas)
But there's a horse in the county of Wicklow
That's beaten all of the best
The slowest humper, the lowest jumper
The great for a straw 'round the park

The servant lasses, the upper classes
And daughters of millionaires
They all appear from far and near
For a ride on Ronnie's mare
For a ride on Ronnie Drew's mare

In (Graystone's) town on a Sunday morning
A crowd will always appear
To catch a glimpse of the famous mare
They call the horse of the year
She's the best at racin', but sees no disgracin'
In pulling a big old wee cart

In the (Bardeby) bar boys talked of the horse show
One said she ought to be showed
She was (chiltered) and trained by the two Heaven's boys
And the grass by the side of the road
Though she won 'm in Dublin without any troublin'
Next day she was back in the cart

Joe Sweeny the puncher suggested one day
They should enter her in for a race
So all was arranged, Billy Fox would be jockey
And New Castle would be the place
But the boys all agreed it, even if she succeeded
She'd go back to deliverin' milk

Well, the boys where there to lay out the ready's
And cheer the horse past the post
But when Fox had a look at the competition
He tottened as white as a ghost
We'll have some hassle to beat Willy Castle
Says Ronnie "(fuck you sake)"

The race it was tough, but the mare she was flyin'
They knew that she couldn't loose
But in the midst of the celebrations
Arrived some tragic news
In her finest hour all the milk had gone sour
So now she was out of a job