

## Derby Day

Christy Moore

Bishop walked in circles inside the cloistered wall  
Pondering in solitude on leather soles  
Just outside the palace down on his wretched knees  
Husband begged for whiskey beneath the lilac trees

Over in the courthouse Judge sat wrestling with a yawn  
Wondering would the gardener pluck the daisies off the lawn  
Annoyed and irritated by a "guilty" woman's whine  
Poor wife pleading innocence to an alleged crime

Next day was a Derby Day down on the Curragh plains  
Dry old men of cloth and silk watched the sport of kings  
Meanwhile back down the town a husband battered down the door  
Beat his wife around the face and kicked her to the floor

Husband took his own life, wife passed away  
Judge donned his veil of sorrow, put the children into care  
They became God's little orphans, learned to serve and to obey  
To be unobtrusive when Bishop knelt to pray