

The Ballad of Ruby Walsh

Christy Moore

There's Bethlehem and Cheltenham and Lourdes and Limerick Junction
The trip to Mejugori come up for the extra munction
Good people climb Croagh Patrick with serenity on their faces
But Ruby Walsh he saved me life below at the Galway Races.
Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

They're under starters orders, Ted Walsh is commentating,
Ruby's up on the favourite, she'll take some beating
Necks are craned and eyes are trained there's fear upon their faces
There's agony and ecstasy below at the Galway races
Hey Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

It's there you'll see gentility and sheep dressed up like mutton
There's double barrelled names with Mulherns on old melodeons
The talk is all of tillage of silage and corn acre
I fancy Tracy Piggott in the saddle in the enclosure
Hey Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go

Sir John Mucksavage Smythe is there with Smurfits and O'Reilly's
The owners and the trainers, the stable boys and jockeys
With silk around their arses getting up on rich men's horses
The convention wives and daughters and marriages and divorces.
Hey Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

There's Celtic helicopters land bank speculators,
Builders and developers, crocodiles and alligators
Soldiers of destiny their in the fields of frenzy
Their mouths wrapped round the Lamb Of God come back for the gravy,
Hey Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

Thursday is the ladies day and the women all look smashing
Their lashing on the lipstick Philip Tracy's all the fashion
You can see the liposuction the botox and ogmanation
Brazilian haircuts colonic irrigation,
Hey Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

And every one's out in Salthill for the craic and for the porter
There's bookies making odds on two flies walking up the wall
There's folk and trad there's disco karaoke and set dances
While some of us who seen better days were looking to take our chance
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Hey Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.

Their galloping down the back straight, he has her in the canter
A look at her up the jumps be Gad, she's like a ballet dancer
Over the last she hits the front the other one's going to pass her
Winner alright it's up Kildare, follow me up to Carlow
Hey Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go.
Hey Ruby hold her back, give her the craic and up she'll go