

# The Galway Farmer

## Show Of Hands

I worked my days on a Galway Farm  
In the sun and rain and wind and storm  
But once a year I'll chance my arm  
And cross the sea to England  
I'll scrimp and save 2000 pounds  
Spend the week in Cheltenham town  
But the racing over always down  
I come back poor from England

I dreamed one night before I left  
A coal black mare with a white star chest  
Crossed the line and beat the rest  
I came back rich to Galway  
I rose at dawn and drove all day  
Thinking, wondering all the way  
Lady luck have you come to stay  
Or steal away in the morning

When I got to Cheltenham town  
Irish faces all around  
No bed or mattress to be found  
I slept out on the hillside  
I spent three days at the viewing ring  
Saw the horses they led in  
And just as I was giving in  
I stood and stared in wonder

With stamping hooves and steaming breath  
A coal black mare with a white star chest  
I ran my finger down the list  
I matched the name and number  
Well Lady Luck had come half way  
The horses name was Galway Bay  
20-1 were the odds that day  
I went to make my wager

I counted out 2000 pounds  
Held it high, slapped it down  
The bookie smiled but made no sound  
I knew what he was thinking  
The biggest loser in all the land  
With pounding heart and shaking hands  
I made my way up to the stand  
The horses came to order

But at the first she nearly fell  
I cursed my farmers luck to hell  
The second and third she took quite well  
Way behind the leaders  
Then moving swiftly from the back  
Found the rails and caught the pack  
Ten to go and from the track  
Her hooves were drumming thunder

She's catching horses one by one  
Bridle flashing in the sun  
Eight to go and a mile to run

Two are left before her  
Down the straight and on they sped  
Left one at the last for dead  
Caught the next and by a head  
She came home a winner

So I came back to my Galway farm  
A wiser and a richer man  
But never again I'll chance my arm  
Or cross the sea to England  
'Cos Lady Luck was mine that day  
I held her close and she went my way  
I raised a glass to the Galway Bay  
And the dream of the Galway farmer