

# The Galway Races

## The Dubliners

With me whack fol the do fol the diddlely idle ay  
And as I rode out through Galway Town to seek for  
recreation  
On the seventeenth of August, me mind being elevated  
There were multitudes assembled with their tickets at  
the station  
And me eyes began to dazzle and they're going to see  
the races  
With me whack fol the do fol the diddlely idle ay  
There were passengers from Limerick and passengers from  
Nenagh  
Passengers from Dublin and sportsmen from Tipperary  
There were passengers from Kerry and all quarters of  
the nation  
And our member Mr Hardy for to join the Galway Blazers  
With me whack fol the do fol the diddlely idle ay  
There were multitudes from Aran and members from New  
Quay shore  
The boys from Connemara and the Clare unmarried maidens  
People from Cork City who were loyal, true and faithful  
They brought home the Fenian prisoners from dying in  
foreign nations  
With me whack fol the do fol the diddlely idle ay  
And it's there you'll see confectioners with  
sugarsticks and dainties  
The lozenges and oranges, the lemonade and raisins  
Gingerbread and spices to accomodate the ladies  
And a big crubeen for thruppence to be suckin' while  
you're able  
With me whack fol the do fol the diddlely idle ay  
And it's there you'll see the gamblers, the thimbles  
and the garters  
And the sporting Wheel of Fortune with the four and  
twenty quarters  
There was others without scruple pelting wattles at  
poor Maggy  
And her daddy well contented to be gawking at his  
daughter  
With me whack fol the do fol the diddlely idle ay  
And it's there you'll see the pipers and the fiddlers  
competing  
The nimble-footed dancers and they trippin' on the  
daisies  
There was others shoutin' cigars and lights and bills  
for all the races  
With the colours of the jockey and the price and  
horses' ages  
With me whack fol the do fol the diddlely idle ay  
And it's there you'll see the jockeys and they mounted  
on so stately  
The pink, the blue, 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  
With me whack fol the do fol the diddlely idle ay

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 Mr Paisley  
With me whack fol the do fol the diddlely idle ay  
With me whack fol the do fol the diddlely idle ay