

# The Pogues, Galway Races

(Traditional)

As I went down to Galway Town  
To seek for recreation  
On the seventeenth of August  
Me mind being elevated  
There were passengers assembled  
With their tickets at the station  
And me eyes began to dazzle  
And they off to see the races

With me wack fol the do fol  
The diddle idle day

There were passengers from Limerick  
And passengers from Nenagh  
The boys of Connemara  
And the Clare unmarried maiden  
There were people from Cork City  
Who were loyal, true and faithful  
Who brought home the Fenian prisoners  
From dying in foreign nations

And it's there you'll see the pipers  
And the fiddlers competing  
And the sporting wheel of fortune  
And the four and twenty quarters  
And there's others without scruple  
Pelting wattles at poor Maggie  
And her father well contented  
And he gazing at his daughter

And it's there you'll see the jockeys  
And they mounted on so stably  
The pink, the blue, the orange, and green  
The colors of our nation  
The time it came for starting  
All the horses seemed impatient  
Their feet they hardly touched the ground  
The speed was so amazing!

There was half a million people there  
Of all denominations  
The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew, the Presbyterian  
Yet there was no animosity  
No matter what persuasion  
But failte hospitality  
Inducing fresh acquaintance