Darcy's Donkey

Gaelic Storm

Twas up in the Bluestack Mountains Darcy kept a bit of a still
We were sneaking home a bottle when the guards came up the hill.
"Lose the booze!" cried Darcy. Before we could reply,
He dumped it in the nosebag of his donkey standing by.

The donkey had a ganky leg and only one good eye.
When he got a lick of the whiskey, you'd swear that he could fly.
He rocketed through the roundabout and down by Jamesie's bar,
Then he vaulted through the hedges at the track at Ballantrae.

chorus: Here's to you, to me, to one and all
To the Garda, and the gargle, and the trophy on the wall.
Here's to you, to me, to one and all,
To the day that Darcy's drunken donkey won the race at Donnegal.

The Gardai chased the donkey. We followed in pursuit.
For fear they'd spill the whiskey, we begged them not to shoot.
He barreled through the turnstile. We got there just in time
To place our bets before the lot of them reached the starting line.

The flag was up, the race was on! The donkey looked behind (gasp)
He saw the Guardsi were after him but, sure, he didn't mind.
He had himself another sip, a second one as well
Then he bucked and kicked and knocked the competition all to hell
chorus

The donkey passed the post about a lap or two ahead
He finished off the whiskey, then toppled over dead.
We went to check the bets and found, when everything was done,
The Gardai came in second, and paid thirty five to one.

So we dragged the donkey's carcass down to Jamesie's for a pint
To drink up all our winnings and to celebrate the night.
We missed the poor old donkey, but still we had to laugh
When Jamesie made a trophy of the donkey's better half.

So raise your beer in the air to the famous derriere,
Everybody raise a glass to Darcy's ass! Darcy's ass!
Everybody raise a glass to Darcy's ass! Darcy's ass!
chorus

Lyrics submitted by Nancy Parker.

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