

Delaney's Donkey

Val Doonican

Now Delaney had a donkey that everyone admired,
Tempo'rily lazy and permanently tired
A leg at ev'ry corner balancing his head,
And a tail to let you know which end he wanted to be fed
Riley slyly said "We've underrated it, why not train it?"
Then he took a rag
They rubbed it, scrubbed it,
They oiled and embrocated it,
Got it to the post
And when the starter dropped his flag
There was Riley pushing it, shoving it, shushing it
Hogan, Logan and ev'ryone in town lined up
Attacking it and shoving it and smacking it
They might as well have tried to push the Town Hall down
The donkey was eyeing them,
Openly defying them
Winking, blinking and twisting out of place
Riley reversing it,
Ev'rybody cursing it
The day Delaney's donkey ran the half mile race.

The muscles of the mighty never known to flinch,
They couldn't budge the donkey a quarter of an inch
Delaney lay exhausted, hanging round its throat
With a grip just like a Scotchman on a five pound note
Starter, Carter, he lined up with the rest of 'em.
When it saw them, it was willing then
It raced up, braced up, ready for the best of 'em.
They started off to cheer it but it changed its mind again
There was Riley pushing it, shoving it and shushing it
Hogan, Logan and Mary Ann Macgaw,
She started poking it, grabbing it and choking it
It kicked her in the bustle and it laughed "Hee Haw!"
The Whigs, the conservatives,
Radical superlatives
Lib'rals and Tories,
They hurried to the place
Stood there in unity,
Helping the community

The day Delaney's donkey ran the half mile race.
The crowd began to cheer it. Then Rafferty, the judge
He came to assist them, but still it wouldn't budge
The jockey who was riding, little John MacGee,
Was so thoroughly disgusted that he went to have his tea
Hagan, Fagan was students of psychology,
Swore they'd shift it with some dynamite
They bought it, brought it, then without apology
The donkey gave a sneeze and blew the darn stuff out of sight
There was Riley pushing it, shoving it and shushing it
Hogan, Logan and all the bally crew,
Police, and auxiliary,
The Garrison Artillery
The Second Enniskillen's and the Life Guards too
They seized it and harried it,
They picked it up and carried it
Cheered it, steered it to the winning place
Then the Bookies drew aside,
They all committed suicide
Well, the day Delaney's donkey won the half mile race.

Lyrics submitted by Natasha Martin.

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