

# Galway Races

Liam Clancy

As I roved 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 going to see the races

With a wack fol the do fol  
The diddle idle ay!

It's there you'll see confectioners with sugar sticks and dainties  
And Lozenges and oranges and lemonade and raisins  
And Gingerbread and spices to accommodate the ladies  
And a big crubeen for thrupence to be picking while you're able

With a wack fol the do fol  
The diddle idle ay!

And there you'll see the pipers and the fiddlers competing  
The nimble-footed dancers, and they-tripping on the daisies  
And others crying cigars and lights and bills for all the races  
With the colors of the jockeys and the price and horses ages

With a wack fol the do fol  
The diddle idle ay!

It's there you'll see the jockeys  
And they mounted on so stately  
The the blue, the pink, the red, the 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 a wack fol the do fol  
The diddle 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 failte hospitality  
Inducing fresh acquaintance

With a wack fol the do fol  
The diddle idle ay!  
With a wack fol the do fol  
The diddle idle ay!

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Lyrics submitted by Zachary M. Bush.

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