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!

Lyrics submitted by Zachary M. Bush.

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