

# 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 Macgraw,  
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.

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Lyrics submitted by Natasha Martin.

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