Traditional Irish Music
www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Galway Races

C
As I rode down to Galway Town to seek for recreation
Am G C
On the seventeenth of August, me mind being elevated
G Am C
There were multitudes assembled with their tickets at the station
Em Am
Me eyes began to dazzle and I'm going to see the races
C G Am G Am
With me whack fol-da-da, fol-da-diddly-ida- day

There were passengers from Limerick and more from Tipperary
Boys from Connemara and the flair of married ladies
People from Cork City who were loyal, true and faithful
Who brought home the Fenian prisoners from dying in foreign nations
With me whack fol-da-da, fol-da-diddly-ida-day

It's there you'll see the pipers and the fiddelers competing
The nimble-footed dancers a-tripping o'er the daisies
There were others crying cigars and likes, and bills for all the races
With the colours of the jockeys and the price and horses' ages
With me whack fol-da-da, fol-da-diddly-ida-day

It's there you'll see the jockeys and they're mounted out so stately
The pink, the blue, the orange and green, the emblem of our Nation
When the bell was rung for starting, all the horses seemed impatient
I thought they never stood on groung, their speed was so amazing
With me whack fol-da-da, fol-da-diddly-ida-day

There was half a million people there from all denominations
The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew and Presbyterian
There was yet no animosity, no matter what persuasion
But sportsman hospitality and induce fresh aquaintance
With me whack fol-da-da, fol-da-diddly-ida-day

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.