

# The Ballad of Ronnie's Mare

The Dubliners

You can sing of all your sport'n hero's  
Like Mr. (McGranderas)  
But there's a horse in the county of Wicklow  
That's beaten all of the best  
The slowest humper, the lowest jumper  
The great for a straw 'round the park

The servant lasses, the upper classes  
And daughters of millionaires  
They all appear from far and near  
For a ride on Ronnie's mare  
For a ride on Ronnie Drew's mare

In (Graystone's) town on a Sunday morning  
A crowd will always appear  
To catch a glimpse of the famous mare  
They call the horse of the year  
She's the best at racin', but sees no disgracin'  
In pulling a big old wee cart

In the (Bardeby) bar boys talked of the horse show  
One said she ought to be showed  
She was (chiltered) and trained by the two Heaven's boys  
And the grass by the side of the road  
Though she won 'm in Dublin without any troublin'  
Next day she was back in the cart

Joe Sweeny the puncher suggested one day  
They should enter her in for a race  
So all was arranged, Billy Fox would be jockey  
And New Castle would be the place  
But the boys all agreed it, even if she succeeded  
She'd go back to deliverin' milk

Well, the boys where there to lay out the ready's  
And cheer the horse past the post  
But when Fox had a look at the competition  
He tottended as white as a ghost  
We'll have some hassle to beat Willy Castle  
Says Ronnie "(fuck you sake)"

The race it was tough, but the mare she was flyin'  
They knew that she couldn't loose  
But in the midst of the celebrations  
Arrived some tragic news  
In her finest hour all the milk had gone sour  
So now she was out of a job