

Gaelic Storm, Darcy's Donkey

T'was up in the Bluestack mountains, D'arcy kept a bit of a still
We were sneaking home a bottle, when the guards came up the hill
Lose the booze cried D'arcy and before we could reply,
He'd dumped it in the nosebag of his donkey standing by.
The donkey had a ganky leg, and only one good eye.
When he got a lick of the whiskey, he'd swear that he could fly
He rocketed through the roundabout, and down by Jamesie's bar,
Then he vaulted through the hedges at the track at Ballintra

Here's to you, to me and one and all
To the garda, and the gargle, and the trophy on the wall
Here's to you, to me and one and all
The day that D'arcy's drunken donkey won the race at Donegal

The garda chased the donkey, and we followed in pursuit,
For fear they'd spill the whiskey, we begged them not to shoot
We barreled through the turnstiles, we got there just in time,
To place our bets before the lot of em reached the starting line.
The flag was up, the race was on, the donkey looked behind
He saw the guards were after him but sure he didn't mind
He had himself another sip, and a second one as well,
Then bucked and kicked and knocked the competition all to hell.

Here's to you, to me and one and all
To the garda, and the gargle, and the trophy on the wall
Here's to you, to me and one and all
The day that D'arcy's drunken donkey won the race at Donegal

The donkey passed the post about a lap or two ahead
He finished off the whiskey, then toppled over dead
We went to check the bets and found when everything was donem
The garda came in second and paid 25 to one!
So we dragged the donkey's carcass down to Jamesie's for a pint
To drink up all our winnings, and to celebrate the night
We missed the poor old Donkey, but still we had to laugh
When Jamesie made a trophy of the Donkey's better half

So raise a beer in the air, to the famous derriere
Everybody raise a glass to D'arcy's ass! D'arcy's ass!
Everybody raise a glass to D'arcy's ass! D'arcy's ass!

Here's to you, to me and one and all
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