

Pogues

"Medley (Recruiting Sergeant, Rocky Road To Dublin, Galway R"

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[Recruiting Sergeant]

As I was walking down the road
A feeling fine and larky oh
A recruiting sergeant came up to me
Says he, you'd look fine in khaki oh
For the King he is in need of men
Come read this proclamation oh
A life in Flanders for you then
Would be a fine vacation oh

That may be so says I to him
But tell me sergeant dearie-oh
If I had a pack stuck upon my back
Would I look fine and cheerie oh
For they'd have you train and drill until
They had you one of the Frenchies oh
It may be warm in Flanders
But it's draughty in the trenches oh

The sergeant smiled and winked his eye
His smile was most provoking oh
He twiddled and twirled his wee mustache
Says he, I know you're only joking oh
For the sandbags are so warm and high
The wind you won't feel blowing oh
Well I winked at a cailin passing by
Says I, what if it's snowing oh

Come rain or hail or wind or snow
I'm not going out to Flanders oh
There's fighting in Dublin to be done
Let your sergeants and your commanders go
Let Englishmen fight English wars
It's nearly time they started oh
I saluted the sergeant a very good night
And there and then we parted oh

[The Rocky Road to Dublin]

(instrumental)]

[Galway Races]

As I went down to Galway Town
To seek for recreation
On the seventeenth of August
Me mind being elevated
There were passengers assembled
With their tickets at the station
And me eyes began to dazzle
And they off to see the races

With me wack fol the do fol
The diddle idle day

There were passengers from Limerick
And passengers from Nenagh
The boys of Connemara
And the Clare unmarried maiden
There were people from Cork City
Who were loyal, true and faithful
Who brought home the Fenian prisoners
From dying in foreign nations

And it's there you'll see the pipers
And the fiddlers competing
And the sporting wheel of fortune
And the four and twenty quarters
And there's others without scruple
Pelting wattles at poor Maggie
And her father well contented
And he gazing at his daughter

And it's there you'll see the jockeys
And they mounted on so stably
The pink, the blue, the orange, and green
The colors of our nation
The time it came for starting
All the horses seemed impatient
Their feet they hardly touched the ground
The speed was so amazing!

There was half a million people there
Of all denominations
The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew, the Presbyterian
Yet there was no animosity
No matter what persuasion
But failte hospitality

Inducing fresh acquaintance

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