

## Pogues

# "Medley (Recruiting Sergeant, Rocky Road To Dublin, Galway Ra"

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[Recruiting Sergeant]

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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  
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(instrumental)]

[Galway Races]

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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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