

Randwick Races

Words by John Dengate to a variant of the Galway Races; John wrote this vicariously based on reports of friends who were there.

G **Em**
We ar - rived at Rand-wick rac - es, in a tax - i from Clo - vel - ly.

C **D** **G**
We had mon - ey in our pock - ets, boys, and schoo - ers in our bel - lies.

G **D** **Em**
Well the book - ies saw us com - ing and they pan - icked in a cris - is

G **Em** **D** **G**
They tink - ered with the odds and they short - ened all their pric - es.

Chorus **G** **D** **Em** **Em**
With me whack, fol de ra, fol de did - dle - y i - dle day.

Hunger it was gnawing and the thirst was in us rising
And the crowd's excited roaring reached a level quite surprising.
So we swallowed several middies and demolished pies and sauces
And we set to work comparing jockeys, prices, weights and horses.

Denis Kevans said, "We will finish rich as Pharaoh
If we back the chestnut filly from the district of Monaro.
She's a trier, she's a flier, never knock her or decry her –
She's fifty-five to one; when she wins we'll all retire."

There was every kind of punter from illiterates to scholars;
I struggled through the betting ring and wagered twenty dollars
Then the horses were away; from the barrier they thundered
I hoped that very day to collect the eleven hundred.

We shouted in despair; Denis Kevans tore his hair,
O'Dea began to swear at the filly from Monaro.
She was struggling in the pack and our very hearts were bleeding
She was falling further back and the favourite was leading.

It seems the filly heard us for suddenly she sprinted.
She raced around the ruck with a purpose quite unstinted.
At the ledger she was third, oh you should have seen her flying;
I got so damned excited that I choked upon my pie,

They stormed into the straight like cavalry invading
The filly was improving and the favourite was fading
She's won it by a nose ... but a protest has been entered!
The stewards have upheld it. Curse the day they were invented!

We walked back to Clovelly from the blasted Randwick races
With ulcers in our bellies, boys, and gloom upon our faces.
We cursed the filly's jockey and we cursed the Randwick stewards
Then drowned our disappointment in a flood of amber fluids.