

Derby Day

Christy Moore

Bishop walked in circles inside the cloistered wall
Pondering in solitude on leather soles
Just outside the palace down on his wretched knees
Husband begged for whiskey beneath the lilac trees

Over in the courthouse Judge sat wrestling with a yawn
Wondering would the gardener pluck the daisies off the lawn
Annoyed and irritated by a "guilty" woman's whine
Poor wife pleading innocence to an alleged crime

Next day was a Derby Day down on the Curragh plains
Dry old men of cloth and silk watched the sport of kings
Meanwhile back down the town a husband battered down the door
Beat his wife around the face and kicked her to the floor

Husband took his own life, wife passed away
Judge donned his veil of sorrow, put the children into care
They became God's little orphans, learned to serve and to obey
To be unobtrusive when Bishop knelt to pray