

That was 2011, so it was

The National is gripped by the modern day trip,
Frankel says test Newton's laws.
O'Connor and Codd just point to the gods.
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Sized up for pace, a champion chase,
Ireland's own 1-2-3-4.
Expectancies rise as Hurricane flies,
The baker can manage one more.

And how many, you think, will Weld have this week?
I've bought at six and a half.
No more than eight, I'd say, nine would be great,
But seventeen? Are you having a laugh?

Ballydoyle zings and three mounted kings
Take Classic turns to score.
Never did Fate say we'd conquer the States.
What never? No Moore.

But that's not enough, and the Breeders' Cup Turf
Is never in serious doubt.
A young ice cube steers, belying his years,
As St Nic turns it into a rout.

The trainer's on hold as the cameras roll.
"Put that into words if you can."
He's as fast as we reckoned, but hold on, one second,
I'm just on the phone to my mam.

Confusion rains on the National games,
Organised, and well worth a bet.
She's the first lady here in 27 years,
A real modern day suffragette.

Hit them once, no twice, three times if you're nice,
Rules change like the English weather.
But four should suffice with this cushioned device
And, after the last, with a feather.

Hills in a spin, not all bookies win
Looks like we'll have to go back.
Fob Tees way too late for Ivan the Great,
Retreat the best form of attack.

As a sport you are fine, but make up your minds,
Yes Minister, professes to care.
But an industry gets more euros, more cents.
We're all farmers here, we swear.

More use is made of the bucket and spade,
A storm in the sands of time.
Riders beware, 30 mins to prepare?
A horse only needs 29.

It's not a surprise that he's conquered the skies
But the turf warms his House now instead.
Novices cast from First to Last,
As Davy just scratches his head.

Kauto on stage, gets younger with age,
A Betfair return, some buzz.
Nach aisteach an rud, an Irish National Stud,
One loves one's racing, one does.

Some facial hair is still going spare,
But all in a very good cause.
A Lightning run, a lion's Group 1,
That was 2011, so it was.

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