



DERBY DAY

EPSOM DOWNS RACECOURSE

Saturday 7th June 2008
Official Programme & Racecard £3.50



IN YEARS TO COME - DETTORI'S DERBY

by Henry F. Birtles



As memories go, for those who saw, in reverent tones they'll speak
About a day, a distant day that seemed to last for weeks
Amidst a summer lost to rain, the sun that day shone bright
For one man and his lasting quest, whose grail was now in sight

You see for fifteen years he'd strived and strived and strived again
As time went by the word most used became more If than When
If he could win The Derby, which his record still required
The icing on the cake was his, the race he most desired

Oh I was there young lad I was, my nails down to the quick
The tension was unbearable as time began to tick
Towards a moment in a life that now was surely right
But nothing's guaranteed my boy, especially in daylight

He'd tried to don his winning smile, but no-one was convinced
He'd tried those charming sound-bites from behind his Prada Tints
He'd tried to say the burden wasn't weighing down his soul
But we knew inner turmoil now was fast taking control

So when the gates clanged open and his judgement day arrived
Italians, English, Irish, French, they all took on the ride
They held their breath, they crossed their hearts, on bended knee
they'd pray
That Frankie nailed his dreaded ghost and won this Derby Day

The signs were good, the pace was true, when swinging off the bit
He asked his horse to join the fray, he asked for all of it
As effortlessly Authorized took Frankie through the pack
The drum roll surged from Tattenham Hill and rumbled down the track

Now when the cry went up four out, it wasn't for the horse
It wasn't for an Englishman, they'd argue that of course
Like thunder when it hit the stand, they rose at last as one
To bring him home across the line, an Epsom Champion

They never had a worry; there wouldn't be a fight
No neck 'n' neck, locked horns, short heads, for Authorized took flight
And strode alone towards that post, the most revered in sport
To give Dettori closure on a priceless dream now caught

I'll tell you to this very day relief was not the word
We'd tired of tenth, of ninth and eighth, we'd even tired of third
Because for many years back then, he'd given us such joy
It meant the same to us as him, our own Azzurri Boy

