



THE
BALLYMAQUILTY STRIKE

HUMOROUS SONG



WORDS BY

FRANK JAY FOXE

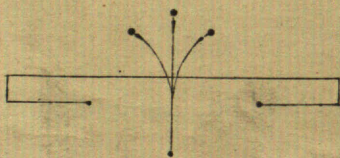
MUSIC BY

S.F. PENN

As Sung with the greatest Success by

MR. EDWARD LEWIS.

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The Ballymaquilty Strike.

Words by
FRANK JAY FOXE.

Music by
S. F. PENN.

Vivace.

Piano.

sgad lib.

In the town of Ballyma - quil - ty not a thous - and miles a - way We've a splen - did loc - al
The Mayor of Ballyma - quil - ty brought the strik - ers let me state To the near - est pub - lic
Next day they found the blackleg who was hid - in' by the way At the back of Cas - ey's

band be - dad you ought to hear them play, And their mus - ic was the sweetest sure you nev - er heard the
house and asked the boys to ar - bi - trate, For he said without their mus - ic sure his own prestige was
cow - shed cam - ou - flaged behind the hay, Then they bashed him with the cor - net and they biffed him with the

like, But a ter - ri - ble thing has hap - pen'd now the band's gone out on strike! The peo - ple they were
ruin'd And the fame of Bal - ly - ma - quil - ty town in his - to - ry was doom'd, Then out step'd Mi - key
drum And they swore they'd make him swallow the big bas - soon be - fore they'd done, To fin - ish up they

stag - gered when they heard of the af - fair And as - sem - bled in their hun - dreds in the loc - al mar - ket
Mul - li - gan who played the big bas - soon And ad - dressed the Mayor and cor - por - a - tion stand - ing in the
twist - ed round his neck an ould trom - bone And they made him play a fun - ral march on a pap - er and a

square, — The Mayor and cor-por - a - tion came to know the rea-son why, But near - ly lost their
 room, — Said he "Our bands been slighted by a black-leg from Ath-lone, Who play'd at Murphy's
 comb, — And so the trou-ble fin-ished in con-clu-sion let me say, If you've any second hand

Chorus:
 dig - ni - ty when they heard the townsfolk cry Oh there'll be
 wed-din' on a pap - er and a comb So there'll be no more danc - ing in the
 in-struments, well, they're needed down our way Or there'll be

vill-age, — no more prancing in the Hall, The Thomas cats can't ev - en hold a

con-cert in the night, — For ev-er-y-thing in Bal-ly-ma-quil-ty town's dead quiet, And no one dare

hum an ould "Come all ye" Such a change you never heard the like — } For ev-en the Sing-er
 For the on-ly place of a -
 And the town clock that was
 And the out - of-work do-

sewing machines are not allowed to sing, Since the
 muse-ment now's the ould church-yard, Since the
 si - lent start-ed strik-ing yes-ter - day, When the } Ballymaquil-ty Band went out on strike There'll be strike
 na - tion clerk he skipped with all the pay, When the

1. 2.

D.S. ad lib

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