

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## BULLOCKIES' BALL

The teams were camped along the gully, soon the news flew round about  
Plans were worked out by Pat Skulley, to give the boys a grand blowout  
We had an awning of tarpaulin, kegs and casks came quickly rolling  
Then the boys and girls came strolling, to have a burst at the Bullockies'  
Ball.

cho: Oh, my hearty, that was a party  
Help yourself, free, gratis all  
Lots of prog and buckets of grog  
To swig away at the Bullockies' Ball

First came Flash Joe, but Jimmy was flasher Hopping Billy the one-eyed boss  
Brisbane Sal and the Derwent Slasher Billy the Bull and Paddy the Hoss  
Nanny the Rat, the real macassar Brisbane Bess and Mother McCall  
All came rolling up together, to have a burst at the Bullockies' Ball

Soon pint pots began to rattle, the cry was "Pass the rum this way!"  
The boys began to blow their cattle, and the ladies, of course, must have  
their say  
Sal said she'd take cheek from no man, down to a dish of hash did stoop  
She got a smack in the eye with a doughboy, put her sitting in a bucket of  
soup.

Oh then, boys, there was the ructions, man the tucker and let fly  
Brisbane Bess with a hunk of damper caught Flash Joe right in the eye  
Nanny the Rat, the real macassar, with a frying pan a dozen slew  
He got a clip with a leg of mutton, took a dive in an Irish stew

There was a wallowman Doughty Rolly Foley, said he's put them to the rout  
Seized a junk of roly-poly, but a poultice of pigweed stopped his mouth  
Now, this raised his old woman's dander, into an awful tanter flew  
"Fair play" cried she to a bleedin' overlander, "You pumpkin-peeling, toe  
rag snob!

### Last Chorus

Oh, my hearty, that was a party  
Help yourself, free, gratis all  
Blackened eyes and broken noses  
That wound up the Bullockies' Ball