

Bally Hooley - song lyrics

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BALLY HOOLEY.

There's a dashing sort of boy, who is called his mother's joy,
His ructions and his elements they charm me;
He Takes the chief command in a water-drinking band,
Called the Ballyhooly Blue Ribbon Army.
The ladies all declare he's the pride of every fair,
And he bears the patriotic name of Dooley;
When the temperance brigade go out upon parade,
Faith: there's not a sober man in Ballyhooly.

Chorus.
Willoo loo hoo! hoo!
We will all enlist, you know,
For their principle.- and elements they charm me.
Sure they don't cure what they ate.
If they drink their whiskey nate,
In the Ballyhooly Blue Ribbon Army.

When we're out upon patrol sad we're under his control.
We take, of course, a most extended radius;
Although It's very clear we drink only ginger beer,
We find the drinking sometimes rather tadius.
The police, one fine day. faith! they chanced to come our way,
And they said we were behaving most unruly;
When the sergeant he did state, that we were not walking straight.
Faith! we stretched him for a corpse in Ballyhooly.-Chorus,

Then before the magistrate every one of us did state.
That we had taken nothing that could injure:
And as it's very clear we drink only ginger beer,
There must have been some stingo in the singer.
Some of us did own we were drinking zosodone,
But the police were behaving most unruly;
It was of no avail, and within the county jail
Lies the temperance brigade of Ballyhooly.-Chorus.