

# Ballad of Big Boss Briggs

A Briggs Striker

"King of Borneo"

Moderato

5 **Vamp**

Oh,

9 F C7 F C7 F Bb F Fdim

Wal - ter Briggs came home one night As rich as he could be. He

13 C7 F Bb F

saw a let - ter on his plate where his meal\_ ought to be.

17 F C7 F C7 F B $\flat$  F

"My dear wife, my dar - ling wife, My lov - ing wife," said he.

21 C7 F B $\flat$  F

What is that up - on my plate Where my meal\_ ought to be?"

25 F B $\flat$  F

"You big boob; you\_ sil - ly ass; You\_ laz - y bum," said she.

29 C7 F B $\flat$  F C7

"That\_ is a tel - e - gram, As\_ an - y fool can see." So

33 F C7 F C7 F7 Bb Bdim

W. B. o - pened it. And this is what he read: "Six

37 F C7 F C7 F C7 F

thou - sand men have left the pen And now pro - duc - tion's dead."—

41

*mf*

45 F C7 F C7 F Bb F Fdim

"My dear wife, my dar - ling wife, My lov - ing wife," said he. "What

*p*

49 C7 F B $\flat$  F

can this wire real - ly mean That Hen - ry sent to me?"

53 F C7 F C7 F B $\flat$  F Fdim

"You big boob; you sil - ly ass; You laz - y bum," said she. It

57 C7 F B $\flat$  F C7

sim - ply means your men are on strike, As sore as they can be." So

61 F B $\flat$  F Fdim

Big Boss Briggs, he took a plane Up from the sun - ny South, And

65 C7 F Bb F C7

when he saw that pick - et line, He\_ o - pened wide his mouth: "Oh

69 F C7 F C7 F7 Bb Bbdim

my, oh me, what shall I say? These slaves want high - er pay, But

73 F C7 F C7 F C7 F

I shall see Judge Con - nol - ly And Gen - er - al Hen - ry."\_\_\_\_\_

77

He

*mf*



97 F B $\flat$  F Fdim

called their dicks with ri - ot sticks; Po - lice with tear gas, too. But the

101 C7 F B $\flat$  F C7

men were on to their dir - ty tricks, For - they were noth - ing new. Each

105 F C7 F C7 F7 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ dim

pa - per tries to spread its lies, But the strik - ers hold their line. They

109 F C7 F C7 F C7 F

or - ga - nize for they are wise: Their u - nion will be fine.

113

*mf*

117

F C7 F C7 F B $\flat$  F Fdim

Then they'll grab each lou - sy scab; They'll kick them in the pants. And

*p*

121

C7 F B $\flat$  F C7

Big Boss Briggs and his stool-ing pigs, Oh, - watch how they will dance! Now

125

F C7 F C7 F B $\flat$  F Fdim

Wal - ter Briggs comes home at night As sore as he can be. "Those



129 C7 F Bb F F

work-ers fight with all their might. They will wreck my fac-tor - y." "My dear wife, my.

134 Bb F C7

dar-ling wife, I have got an aw-ful pain. My head aches; my bel - ly aches. They are

139 F Bb F F C7 F C7 F7

driv-ing me in - sane." "You big boob; you sil - ly ass; You la - zy bum," said

144 Bb Bbdim F C7 F C7 F C7 F

she. If you'll give in-to the strik-ers' de-mands, You'll keep your san-it - y." —