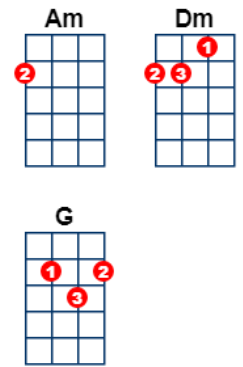


Irish Ballad

artist: Tom Lehrer , writer: Tom Lehrer

Tom Lehrer: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=47bKtTlwrO4>



Verse 1:

[Am]About a maid, I'll sing a song, Sing [Dm]rickety tickety [Am]tin
[Dm]About a maid, I'll [Am]sing a song [G]Who didn't have her [Am]family long
[Am]Not only [G]did she [Am]do them [Dm]wrong
She [Am]did every [G]one of them [Am]in, them [G]in, She [Am]did every [G]one of
them [Am] in

Verse 2:

[Am]One morning in a fit of pique, Sing [Dm]rickety-ticket[Am]y-tin
[Dm]One morning in a [Am]fit of pique. [G]She drowned her father in [Am]the creek
[Am]The water [G]tasted [Am]bad for a [Dm]week
And [Am]we had to make do with [Am]gin, with [G]gin. We [Am]had to make [G]do with [Am]gin

Verse 3:

[Am]Her mother she could never stand, Sing [Dm]rickety-tickety-[Am]tin
[Dm]Her mother she could [Am]never stand. And [G]so a cyanide [Am]soup she planned
[Am]The mother died with a [Am]spoon in her [Dm]hand
And [Am]her face in a [G]hideous [Am]grin, a [G]grin. Her [Am]face in a [G]hideous [Am]grin

Verse 4:

[Am]She set her sister's hair on fire, Sing [Dm]rickety-tickety-[Am]tin
[Dm]She set her sister's [Am]hair on fire. And as the [G]smoke and [Am]flame grew higher
[Am]She danced [G]around the [Am]funeral [Dm]pyre
[Am]Playing a [G]vio[Am]lin, o-[G]lin, [Am]Playing a [G]vi-o-[Am]lin.

Verse 5:

[Am]She tied her brother down with stones, Sing [Dm]rickety-tickety-[Am]tin
[Dm]She tied her brother [Am]down with [G]stones, And sent him off to [Am]Davy Jones
[Am]All they [G]ever [Am]found were the [Dm]bones
And [Am]occasional [G]pieces of [Am]skin, of [G]skin, [Am]Occasional [G]pieces of [Am]skin

Verse 6:

[Am]One day when she had nothing to do, Sing [Dm]rickety-tickety-[Am]tin
[Dm]One day when she had [Am]nothing to do. She [G]cut her baby [Am]brother in two
[Am]Served him [G]up in an [Am]Irish [Dm]stew
And [Am]invited the [G]neighbors [Am]in, -bors [G]in, [Am]Invited the [G]neigh-bors [Am]in.

Verse 7:

[Am]When at last the police came by, Sing [Dm]rickety-tickety[Am]-tin
[Dm]When at last the [Am]police came by, these [G]terrible deeds she [Am]did not deny
[Am]To do so [G]she would [Am]have to [Dm]lie
And [Am]lying she [G]knew was a [Am]sin, a [G]sin, and [Am]lying she knew was a [Am]sin

Verse 8:

[Am]Just one last thing before I go, Sing [Dm]rickety-tickety-[Am]tin
[Dm]Jus' one last thing before I go, There's somethin' I think you [Am]ought to know
[Am]They had no [G]proof so [Am]they let her [Dm]go
An' [Am]they say [G]she was tall and [Am]thin, and [G]thin, [Am]They say she [G]was tall and [Am]thin.

Verse 9:

[Am]My tragic tale I won't prolong, Sing [Dm]rickety-tickety-[Am]tin
[Dm]My tragic tale I [Am]won't prolong, [G]And if you didn't enjoy this [Am]song
[Am]You've your[G]selves to [Am]blame if it's too [Dm]long
You [Am]should've [G]never let me [Am]begin, [G]begin. You [Am]should've [G]never let me [Am]begin!