

Irish Ballad
Tom Lehrer

[Verse 1]

Dm **F** **C** **Dm**
About a maid, I ll sing a song Sing rickety tickety tin
Dm **C** **F** **C** **Dm**
About a maid, I ll sing a song Who didn t have her family long
F **C** **Dm** **F** **C** **Dm**
Not only did she do them wrong She did every one of them in,
C **F** **C** **Dm**
Them in, She did every one of them in

[Verse 2]

Dm **F** **C** **Dm**
One morning in a fit of pique, Sing rickety tickety tin
Dm **C** **F** **C** **Dm**
One morning in a fit of pique, she drowned her father in the creek
F **C** **Dm** **F** **C** **Dm**
The water tasted bad for a week So we had to make do with gin
C **F** **C** **Dm**
With gin, we had to make do with gin

[Verse 3]

Dm **F** **C** **Dm**
Her mother she could never stand, Sing rickety tickety tin
Dm **C** **F** **C** **Dm**
Her mother she could never stand, and so a cyanide soup she planned
F **C** **Dm** **F** **C** **Dm**
The mother died with a spoon in her hand, and her face in a hideous grin
C **F** **C** **Dm**
A grin, her face in a hideous grin

[Verse 4]

Dm **F** **C** **Dm**
She weighted her brother down with stones, Sing rickety tickety tin
Dm **C** **F** **C** **Dm**
She weighted her brother down with stones, and sent him off to Davey Jones
F **C** **Dm** **F** **C** **Dm**
And all that they ever found were some bones, and occasional pieces of skin
C **F** **C** **Dm**
Of skin, occasional pieces of skin

[Verse 5]

Dm **F** **C** **Dm**
She set her sister s hair on fire, Sing rickety tickety tin
Dm **C** **f** **C** **Dm**
She set her sister s hair on fire, and as the smoke and flames rose higher
F **C** **Dm** **F** **C** **Dm**

Danced around the funeral pyre, playing the vi-o-lin

C F C Dm
o-lin, playing the violin

[Verse 6]

Dm F C Dm
One day when she had nothing to do, Sing rickety tickety tin
Dm C F C Dm
One day when she had nothing to do, she cut her baby brother in two
F C Dm F C Dm
And served him up as an Irish stew, and invited the neighbors in,
C F C Dm
Bors in, Invited the neighbors in

[Verse 7]

Dm F C Dm
And when at last the police came by, Sing rickety tickety tin
Dm C F C Dm
And when at last the police came by, her foolish pranks she did not deny
F C F C Dm
For to do so she would have had to lie, and lying she knew was a sin
C F C Dm
A sin, lying she knew was a sin

[Verse 8]

Dm F C Dm
My tragic tale I won t prolong, Sing rickety tickety tin
Dm C F C Dm
My tragic tale I won t prolong, and if you did not enjoy my song
F C Dm F C Dm
You ve yourselves to blame if it was too long, you should never have let me
C F C Dm
begin, Begin, you should never have let me begin