

# Irish Ballad

Written by: Tom Lehrer



[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

[Am] One morning in a fit of pique, sing [Dm]  
rickety-tickety-[Am]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

[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

[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.

[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

[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] neighbors  
[Am] in.

[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

[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.

[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!