## The Irish Ballad

## by Tom Lehrer

Intro: Am Riff (Low G) (2x)
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22
Verse 1
Am Riff (1x) Am Dm Am About a maid I sing a song, sing rickety tickety tin.
Dm Am G Am Am Riff (1x) About a maid I sing a song, who didn't have her family long.
Am G C Dm (pause) C G Am Not only did she do them wrong she did every one of them in,
G C G Am Am Riff (2x) them in. She did every one of them in.
Verse 2
Am Riff (1x) Am Dm Am One morning in a fit of pique, sing rickety tickety tin.
Dm Am G Am Am Riff (1x) One morning in a fit of pique, she drowned her father in the creek
Am G C Dm (pause) C G Am The water tasted bad for a week and we had to make do with gin,
G C G Am Am Riff (2x) with gin. We had to make do with gin.

Verse 3
Am Riff (1x) Am Dm Am Her mother she could never stand, sing rickety tickety tin.
Dm Am G Am Am Riff (1x) Her mother she could never stand, and so a cynide soup she planned.
Am G C Dm (pause) C G Am The mother died with a spoon in her hand and her face in a hideous grin,
G C G Am Am Riff (2x) a grin. Her face in a hideous grin.
Verse 4
Am Riff (1x) Am Dm Am She set her sister's hair on fire, sing rickety tickety tin.
Dm Am G Am Am Am Riff (1x) She set her sister's hair on fire, and as the smoke and flames grew higher
Am G C Dm (pause) C G Am She danced around the funeral pyre playin' a violin,
G C G Am Am Riff (2x) -olin. Playin' a violin.
Verse 5
Am Riff (1x) Am Dm Am She weighted her brother down with stones, sing rickety tickety tin.
Dm Am G Am Riff (1x) She weighted her brother down with stones and sent him off to Davey Jones.
Am G C Dm (pause) C G Am And all they ever found were some bones and occasional pieces of skin,
G C G Am Am Riff (2x) of skin. Occasional pieces of skin.

Verse 6
Am Riff (1x) Am Dm Am One day when she had nothing to do, sing rickety tickety tin.
Dm Am G Am Am Riff (1x) One day when she had nothing to do, she cut her baby brother in two.
Am G C Dm (pause) C G Am And served him up as an Irish stew and invited the neighbors in,
G C G Am Am Riff (2x) -bors in. And invited the neighbors in.
Verse 7
Am Riff (1x) Am Dm Am And when at last the police came by, sing rickety tickety tin.
Dm Am G Am Am Riff (1x) And when at last the police came by her little pranks she did not deny.
Am G C Dm (pause) C G Am For to do so she would have had to lie and lyin' she knew was a sin,
G C G Am Am Riff (2x) a sin. And lyin' she knew was a sin.
Verse 8
Am Riff (1x) Am Dm Am My tragic tale I'll not prolong, sing rickety tickety tin.
Dm Am G Am Am Riff (1x)  My tragic tale I'll not prolong, and if you did not enjoy my song,
Am G C Dm (pause) C G Am You've yourselves to blame if it's too long you should never have let me begin,
G C G A begin. You should never have let me begin.