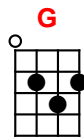
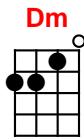
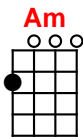


The Irish Ballad (Rickety-Tickety-Tin)

Tom Lehrer



Verse 1:

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

Verse 2:

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

Verse 3:

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

Verse 4:

Am Dm Am
She weighted her brother down with stones, Sing rickety tickety tin
Dm
She weighted her brother down with stones,
Am G
and sent him off to Davey Jones
Am Dm Am Dm
And all they ever found were some bones,
Am G Am
And oc--casional pieces of skin,
G Am G Am
Of skin, oc--casional pieces of skin

Instrumental - Verse

Am Dm Am
She weighted her brother down with stones, Sing rickety tickety tin

She weighted her brother **Dm** down with stones,
Am and sent him off to Davey **G** Jones
Am And all they ever found were some **Dm** bones,
Am And oc--casional **G** pieces of **Am** skin,
Am Of skin, oc--casional **G** pieces of **Am** skin

Verse 5:

Am She set her sister's hair on fire, **Dm** Sing rickety tickety **Am** tin
Dm She set her sister's hair on fire,
Am and as the smoke and **G** flames rose higher
Am She danced a- **Dm** round the **Am** funeral **Dm** pyre,
Am Playing the **G** vio--lin, **Am**
G O--lin, **Am** playing the **G** vio--lin **Am**

Verse 6:

Am One day when she had nothing to do, **Dm** Sing rickety tickety **Am** tin
Dm One day when she had nothing to do,
Am She cut her baby **G** brother in two
Am And served him **Dm** up as an **Am** Irish **Dm** stew,
Am and in--vited the **G** neighbors **Am** in,
G Bors in, **Am** In--vited the **G** neighbors **Am** in

Verse 7:

Am And when at last the police came by,
Dm Sing rickety tickety **Am** tin
Dm And when at last the po--lice came by,
Am Her foolish pranks she did **G** not deny
Am For to do so she would have **Dm** had to **Am** lie,
Am and lying she knew was a **G** sin
G A sin, lying she knew was a **Am** sin

Verse 8:

Am My tragic tale I won't prolong, **Dm** Sing rickety tickety **Am** tin
Dm My tragic tale I won't prolong,
Am and if you did not en--joy my **G** song
Am You've your--selves to **Dm** blame if **Am** it's too **Dm** long,
Am You should never have **G** let me be--gin, **Am**
G Be--gin, you should never have **Am** let me be--gin **G** **Am**

Instrumental – last 2 lines:

Am **G** **Am**
You should never have let me be--gin,
G **Am** **G** **Am**
Be--gin, you should never have let me be--gin