

# The Irish Ballad

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

Authentically

*mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The music is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Dm Gm

1. A - bout a maid I'll sing a song, Sing rick-e - ty-tick-e - ty -  
(2. One) morn - ing in a fit of pique, Sing rick-e - ty-tick-e - ty -

This system contains the first two lines of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics below it. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The first line of music is marked with a repeat sign. The piano part is marked *mf*.

Dm Gm Dm C

tin. A - bout a maid I'll sing a song Who did - n't have her  
tin. One morn-ing in a fit of pique, She drowned her fa - ther

This system contains the third and fourth lines of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics below it. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment style.

Dm Gm Dm Gm

fam - 'ly long, Not on - ly did she do them wrong, She  
in the creek, The wa - ter tast - ed bad for a week, And we

This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics below it. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment style.

Dm C Dm C  
 did ev' - ry - one of them in, them in, She  
 had to make do with gin, with gin, We

a tempo

Dm C Verses 1 through 7 Last verse  
 Dm Dm D

did ev'-ry-one of them in. 2. One gin.  
 had to make do with gin. 3. Her

3. Her mother she could never stand,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
Her mother she could never stand,  
And so a cyanide soup she planned.  
The mother died with the spoon in her hand,  
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin,  
Her face in a hideous grin.
4. She set her sister's hair on fire,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
She set her sister's hair on fire,  
And as the smoke and flame rose high'r,  
Danced around the funeral pyre,  
Playing a violin, -olin,  
Playing a violin.
5. She weighted her brother down with stones,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
She weighted her brother down with stones,  
And sent him off to Davy Jones.  
All they ever found were some bones,  
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin,  
Occasional pieces of skin.
6. One day when she had nothing to do,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
One day when she had nothing to do,  
She cut her baby brother in two,  
And served him up as an Irish stew,  
And invited the neighbors in, -bors in,  
Invited the neighbors in.
7. And when at last the police came by,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
And when at last the police came by,  
Her little pranks she did not deny,  
To do so, she would have had to lie,  
And lying, she knew, was a sin, a sin,  
Lying, she knew, was a sin.
8. My tragic tale I won't prolong,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
My tragic tale I won't prolong,  
And if you do not enjoy my song,  
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long,  
You should never have let me begin, begin,  
You should never have let me begin.