

The Irish Ballad

About a maid I'll sing a song, sing rickity tickity tin,

About a maid I'll sing a song, who didn't have her family long.

Not only did she do them wrong,

She did every one of them in, them in, She did every one of them in.

One morning in a fit of pique, sing rtt

One morning in a fit of pique, she drowned her father in the creek.

The water tasted bad for a week,

And we had to make do with gin , with gin, we had to make do with gin.

Her mother she could never stand, sing RTT

Her mother she could never stand, and so a cyanide soup she planned

Her mother died with a spoon in her hand,

And her face in a hideous grin, a grin, her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sisters hair on fire, sing RTT

She set her sister's hair on fire, and as the smoke and flames grew higher

She danced around the funeral pyre

Playing the violin, olin, playing the violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones, sing RTT
She weighted her brother down with stones, and sent him off to
Davie Jones...

All they ever found were some bones,
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin, and occasional pieces of
skin.

One day when she had nothing to do, Sing RTT
One day when she had nothing to do, she cut her baby brother in
two.
And served hem up in an Irish stew....
And invited the neighbors in, bor's in, invited the neighbor's in.

My tragic tale I won't prolong, sing RTT
My tragic tale I won't prolong, and if you do not enjoy my
song..
Give yourselves to blame if its to long...
You should never have let me begin, begin,
You should never have let me begin.