# The Irish Ballad

## (Rickety Tickety Tin)

by Tom Lehrer

About a maid I'll sing a song Sing rickety tickety 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 rickety tickety tin 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 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 He face in a hideous grin.

She weighted her brother down with stones Sing rickety tickety tin She weighted her brother down with stones And sent him off to Davey Jones All they ever found were some bones And occasional pieces of skin, of skin Occasional pieces of skin.

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 higher Danced around the funeral pyre Playing a violin, 'olin Playing a violin.

One day she had nothing to do Sing rickety tickety tin One day 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.

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 And lying she knew was a sin.

My tragic tale I won't prolong Sing rickety tickety tin My tragic tale I won't prolong And if you do not like my song You've yourself to blame if it's too long You should never have let me begin, begin You should never have let me begin.