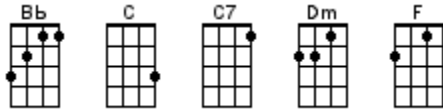


The Town Of Ballybay

Tommy Makem 1977



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
Me-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy

In the [F] town of Bally-[Dm]bay, there [F] was a lassie [C] dwellin'
I [F] knew her very [Dm] well, and her [C7] story's worth a-[F]tillin'
Her [Dm] father kept a [C] still, and he [Dm] was a good dis-[C]tiller
But when [Dm] she took to the [Bb] drink, well the [C] devil wouldn't [F] fill her

With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

And she [F] had the wooden [Dm] leg that was [F] hollow down the [C] middle
She [F] used to tie a [Dm] string on it and [C7] play it like a [F] fiddle
She [Dm] fiddled in the [C] hall, she [Dm] fiddled in the [C] alleyway
She [Dm] didn't give a [Bb] damn, for she [C] had the fiddle [F] anyway

A-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

And she [F] said she wouldn't [Dm] dance, un-[F]less she had her [C] welly on
But [F] when she had it [Dm] on, she could [C7] dance as well as [F] anyone
She [Dm] wouldn't go to [C] bed, un-[Dm]less she had her [C] shimmy on
But [Dm] when she had it [Bb] on, she would [C] go as quick as [F] anyone

A-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

She had [F] lovers by the [Dm] score, every [F] Tom and Dick and [C] Harry
She was [F] courted night and [Dm] day, but [C7] still she wouldn't [F] marry
And [Dm] then she fell in [C] love with the [Dm] fellow with the [C] stammer
When he [Dm] tried to run a-[Bb]way, she [C] hit him with the [F] hammer

With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

She had [F] children up the [Dm] stairs, she had [F] children in the [C] byre
And a-[F]nother ten or [Dm] twelve, sittin' [C7] rottin' by the [F] fire
She [Dm] fed them on [C] potatoes and on [Dm] soup she made with [C] nettles
And on [Dm] rumps of hairy [Bb] bacon that she [C] boiled up in the [F] kettle

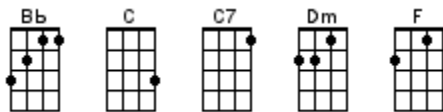
With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

So she [F] led a sheltered [Dm] life, eatin' [F] porridge and black [C] puddin'
And she [F] terrorized her [Dm] man, un-[C7]til he died right [F] sudden
And [Dm] when the husband [C] died, she was [Dm] feelin' very [C] sorry
She [Dm] rolled him in the [Bb] bag and she [C] threw him in the [F] quarry

With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

A-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F]↓ daddy-o



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