# The Town Of Ballybay

Tommy Makem 1977

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**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Am][G] / [F][G]**

With me **[C]** ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong, a-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[G7]**daddy-o

Me-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong **[G]** whack fol the **[C]** daddy

In the **[C]** town of Bally-**[Am]**bay, there **[C]** was a lassie **[G]** dwellin’

I **[C]** knew her very **[Am]** well, and her **[G7]** story's worth a-**[C]**tellin’

Her **[Am]** father kept a **[G]** still, and he **[Am]** was a good dis-**[G]**tiller

But when **[Am]** she took to the **[F]** drink, well the **[G]** devil wouldn't **[C]** fill her

With me **[C]** ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong, a-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[G7]**daddy-o

**[C]** Ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong **[G]** whack fol the **[C]** daddy-o

**/ [Am][G] / [F][G]**

And she **[C]** had the wooden **[Am]** leg that was **[C]** hollow down the **[G]** middle

She **[C]** used to tie a **[Am]** string on it and **[G7]** play it like a **[C]** fiddle

She **[Am]** fiddled in the **[G]** hall, she **[Am]** fiddled in the **[G]** alleyway

She **[Am]** didn't give a **[F]** damn, for she **[G]** had the fiddle **[C]** anyway

A-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong, a-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[G7]**daddy-o

**[C]** Ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong **[G]** whack fol the **[C]** daddy-o

**/ [Am][G] / [F][G]**

And she **[C]** said she wouldn't **[Am]** dance, un-**[C]**less she had her **[G]** welly on

But **[C]** when she had it **[Am]** on, she could **[G7]** dance as well as **[C]** anyone

She **[Am]** wouldn't go to **[G]** bed, un-**[Am]**less she had her **[G]** shimmy on

But **[Am]** when she had it **[F]** on, she would **[G]** go as quick as **[C]** anyone

A-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong, a-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[G7]**daddy-o

**[C]** Ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong **[G]** whack fol the **[C]** daddy-o

**/ [Am][G] / [F][G]**

She had **[C]** lovers by the **[Am]** score, every **[C]** Tom and Dick and **[G]** Harry

She was **[C]** courted night and **[Am]** day, but **[G7]** still she wouldn't **[C]** marry

And **[Am]** then she fell in **[G]** love with the **[Am]** fellow with the **[G]** stammer

When he **[Am]** tried to run a-**[F]**way, she **[G]** hit him with the **[C]** hammer

With me **[C]** ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong, a-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[G7]**daddy-o

**[C]** Ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong **[G]** whack fol the **[C]** daddy-o

**/ [Am][G] / [F][G]**

She had **[C]** children up the **[Am]** stairs, she had **[C]** children in the **[G]** byre

And a-**[C]**nother ten or **[Am]** twelve, sittin’ **[G7]** rottin’ by the **[C]** fire

She **[Am]** fed them on **[G]** potatoes and on **[Am]** soup she made with **[G]** nettles

And on **[Am]** rumps of hairy **[F]** bacon that she **[G]** boiled up in the **[C]** kettle

With me **[C]** ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong, a-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[G7]**daddy-o

**[C]** Ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong **[G]** whack fol the **[C]** daddy-o

**/ [Am][G] / [F][G]**

So she **[C]** led a sheltered **[Am]** life, eatin’ **[C]** porridge and black **[G]** puddin’

And she **[C]** terrorized her **[Am]** man, un-**[G7]**til he died right **[C]** sudden

And **[Am]** when the husband **[G]** died, she was **[Am]** feelin’ very **[G]** sorry

She **[Am]** rolled him in the **[F]** bag and she **[G]** threw him in the **[C]** quarry

With me **[C]** ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong, a-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[G7]**daddy-o

**[C]** Ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong **[G]** whack fol the **[C]** daddy-o

A-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong, a-**[C]**ring-a-ding-a-**[G7]**daddy-o

**[C]** Ring-a-ding-a-**[Am]**dong **[G]** whack fol the **[C]↓** daddy-o

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