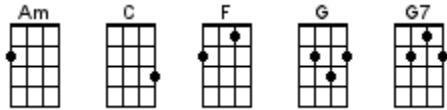


The Town Of Ballybay

Tommy Makem 1977



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

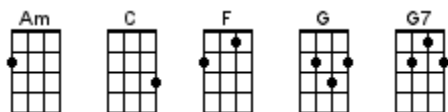
With me [C] ring-a-ding-a-[Am]dong, a-[C]ring-a-ding-a-[G7]daddy-o
[C] Ring-a-ding-a-[Am]dong [G] whack fol the [C] daddy-o

/ [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
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