G D G

One fine May, I courted a lady –

C D

The lovely Mary-Kate O’Doyle.

G D G

She was bright and fair and a tad bit crazy

C D G

And, all in all, my kind o’ girl!

G C G

Mary-Kate, she was rum and thunder.

G C D

Mary-Kate was a rainbow beam.

G C G

She was coy, and she was frisky,

G D G

And… lum da-da-dum, la-da-dum dum-dee.

G D G

And Mary-Kate was the finest barmaid

C D

From Tipperary to Tyrone,

G D

So ev’ry night – as a faithful suitor –

C D G

Down the road to the pub I’d go.

G C G

And Mary-Kate, she had rum and brandy.

G C D

Mary-Kate made her own poiteen.

G C G

And come closin’ time, we would climb the stairway,

G D G

And… lum da-da-dum, la-da-dum dum-dee.

G D G

But one black night, that slit-eyed scoundrel

C D

Walking codpiece Tim McGee,

G D G

He asked me how I liked *his* Mary,

C D G

And I asked him if he liked his teeth.

G C G

Now, I can’t recall just quite what happened,

C D

But I kicked him, and he bit me.

G C G

And in two licks flat, the entire tavern

C D G

Joined in the row right happily.

G D G

But Mary-Kate, she was death and thunder.

C D

Lord, what an angry rainbow beam!

G D G

She beaned us both with a fifth of whiskey

C D G

And tossed us out into the street.

G C G

And that was the end of my time with Mary.

C D

After that, she was through with me.

G C G

But I tell you all, it’s a right rare lady

G D G

Packs a punch to match poiteen.

G D G

And Mary-Kate was a right rare lady,

C D G

Lum da-da-dum, la-da-dum dum-dee.