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.