

Nobody loves like an Irishman [\(intro\)](#)

G - D - G G D G
Dum-dum-a-dimmy, dum-a-dum.

G D G
Dum-dum-a-dimmy, dum-a-dum.

- G C

1. Hey! A turbaned Turk who scorns the world,

D G
may strut about with his whiskers curled,

G C
keep a hundred wives under lock and key,

D G
for nobody else but himself to see. Yet...

Am

Long may he pray with his Al Koran,

D G

before he can love like an Irishman. (2x)

G D G

Dum-dum-a-dimmy, dum-a-dum

G C

2. The gay monsieur, a slave no more,

D G

the solemn Don and the shocked Senor,

G C

the Dutch Mynheer, so full of pride,

D G

the Russian, Prussian, Swede beside.

Am

They all may do whatever they can,

D G

but they never, never love like an Irishman. (2x)

G D G

Dum-dum-a-dimmy, dum-a-dum

G C

3. Now, the London folks themselves beguile,

D G

and think they please in a capital style.

^G But let them ask as they cross the street
^C
^D of any young girl that they happen to meet. And ...
^G

^{Am}
I know she'll say from behind her fan,

^D ^G
"Nobody loves like an Irishman." (2x)

^G ^D ^G
Dum-dum-a-dimmy, dum-a-dum.

+ ^G ~ ^C - ^D - ^G + ^A - ^D - ^G - ^{Am} - ^D - ^G

^G ^D ^G
Dum-dum-a-dimmy, dum-a-dum

^G ^{Am}
4. So I want you to know just how much I care,
^D ^G
and the rest of my life with you I'd share.

^G ^{Am}
I love your face, your hair, your smile,
^D ^G
it's just as sure as I come from the Emerald Isle

^{Am}
It must be clear to your lovely eye,

^D ^G
no boy will love you better than I. (2x)

^G ^D ^G
Dum-dum-a-dimmy, dum-a-dum

^G ^D ^G
+ Dum-dum-a-dimmy, dum-a-dum. (3x)

(Lonnie Donegan)