

# I'll Tell Me Ma

Traditional

[chorus]

I'll tell me ma when I get home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pulled my hair and they stole my comb  
But that's alright till I get home  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
She is the belle of Belfast city  
She is courtin' - one, two, three  
Please won't you tell me who is she?

Now Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fightin' for her  
They rap on her door and they ring on the bell  
Saying, "Oh my true love, are you well?"  
Out she comes as white as snow  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
Old Jenny Murray says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

one, two, three, four

[repeat chorus]

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high

And the snow come shovellin' from the sky

She's as sweet as apple pie

And she'll get her own lad by and by

When she gets a lad of her own

She won't tell her ma when she gets home

Let them all come as they will

It's Albert Mooney she loves still

one, two, three, four

[repeat chorus]