

I'll Tell Me Ma

I'll tell me ma when I go home the boys wan't leave the girls a - lone. They
pulled my hair, they stole my comb but that's al - right till I go home.
She is hand - some she is pret - ty. She is the belle of Du - blin ci - ty.
She is cour - ting one two three. Please wan't you tell me who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loves her; all the boys are fighting for her.
They rap at the door and they ring the bell saying: "O my true love are you well".
Out she comes as white as snow; rings on her fingers bells on her toes.
Jenny Murray says she'll die if she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye.

I'll tell me ma when I go home the boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb but that's alright till I go home.
She is handsome she is pretty. She is the belle of Dublin city.
She is courting one two three. Please wan't you tell me who is she.

Let the wind and the rain and the hall blow high and the snow come tumbling from the sky.
She's nice 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 goes home.
But let them all come as they will; it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

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