

i'll tell me ma



I'll tell me ma whe I go home the boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pulled my hair and they stole my comb, well that's all right till I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the belle of Belfast City.
She is courting one two three please won't you tell me who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loved her, all the boys are fighting for her.
They knock at the door and they ring at 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 Jhonny Murray says she'll die if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eyes.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high, and the snow come tumbling from the sky.
She's as nice als apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by.

Where she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she goes home.
Let them all come as they will, for it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

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