

Tell Me Ma.

G

I'll tell me ma when I get home,

D

G

the boys won't leave the girls alone.

G

They pulled my hair, and stole my comb,

D

G

but that's alright till I go home.

G

C

She is handsome she is pretty,

G

D

she's the belle of Belfast City.

G

C

She's a-courting one, two, three,

G

D

G

please won't you tell me who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loves her,  
all the boys are fighting for her.  
They knock at the door and ring the bell,  
saying, hello darling are you well.

Out she comes as white as snow,  
with rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes.  
Ol' Jenny Murray says she'll die,  
if she doesn't get the feller with the roving eye.

Let the wind and rain and hail blow high,  
and snow come falling from the sky.  
For she's as sweet as apple pie,  
she'll get her own right 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.