

23- I'll Tell Me Ma

Irish

Violin

I'll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the
girls a-lone. They tossed my hair and stole my comb But that's all right till I go home
She is hand-some, She is pret-ty, She is the belle of Bel-fast ci-ty She is court-in'
one, two, three, Please won't you tell me who is she.

1. 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,
And that's right till I go 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.

2. Albert Moorey says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her,
They rap at the door and they ring at 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,
Old John Murray says she'll die,
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

3. Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high,
And the snow come travelling from the sky,
She's as nice as apple-pie,
And she'll get her own lad bye and bye.
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,
But 'tis Alber Mooney she loves still.