

I'll Tell Me Ma

*I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone they
Pulled me hair, they stole me comb
But that's alright, 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 Moorey says he loves her
All the boys are fightin' for her they
Knock at the door, and ringin' the bell saying
"Oh, my true love are you well?"**

**Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Ol' Johnny Murray says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye**

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**Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come tumblin' from the sky
She's as sweet as an apple pie
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 Moorey she loves still**

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