

# I'll tell me ma

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Irish Folk

Refr.: I'll tell me ma when I go home The boys won't leave the girls a-lone They pull my hair, they

6 steal my comb But that's all right till I get home She is hand-some, she is pret-ty

11 She's the belle of Bel - fast ci - ty She is cour - ting

14 one, two, three Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fighting for her  
Knock at the door and ring the bell  
Saying, oh my true love, are you well?  
Out she comes, white as snow  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
Old Johnny Murray says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high  
Snow come tumbling from the sky  
She's as nice as apple pie  
She'll get a fellow 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