

I'll tell me ma

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Irish Folk



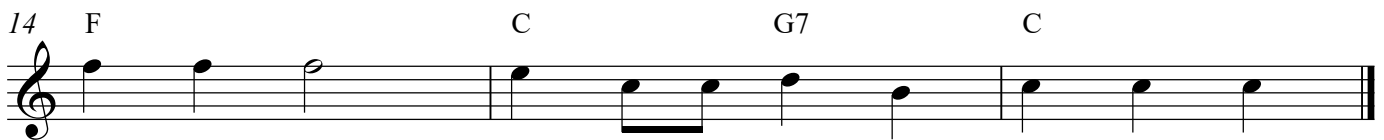
Refr.: I'll tell me ma when I go home The boys won't leave the girls a-lone They pull my hair, they



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



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



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