


# I'll Tell Me Ma

Irish Folk

G D G




I tell me ma when I go home The boys won't leave the girls a-lone They

D G




pull my hair they stole my come But that's al-right till I go home.

C G D



She is hand-some she is pret-ty She is the belle of Bel-fast ci-ty

G C G D G



She is cour-tin' one, two, three! Please won't you tell me who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fightin' for her  
They knock on the door they ring the bell  
Sayin' "Oh my true love are you well?"  
Out she comes as white as snow  
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes  
Old Jenny Moury says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the rovin' eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high  
And the snow come tumblin' from the sky  
She's as sweet as apple pie  
She'll get a fellow by an' 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  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.