

I'll tell my ma

D A
I'll tell my ma when I go home,
D
the boys won't leave the girls alone.
D A
They pulled my hair and they stole my comb,
D
well that's alright till I go home.
F#m Em
She is handsome, she is pretty,
D A
she is the belle of Belfast city.
D G
She's courting, one, two three,
D A D AD
please won't you tell me, who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
all the boys are fighting for her,
they knock at the door and they ring 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.
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 blow high,
and the snow come tumbling from the sky.
She's as nice as applepie,
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 comes home.
Let them all come as they will,
for it's Albert Mooney she loves still.