

## I'll Tell Me Ma

I'll tell my ma when I get home,  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pull my hair and stole my comb  
But that's all right till I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty,  
She is the Belle of Dublin city  
She is a courtin' 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  
Knock at the door and ring at 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  
Ould Johnny Morrissey says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

She is handsome, she is pretty,  
She is the Belle of Dublin city  
She is a courtin' one, two, three,  
Please won't you tell me who is she

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high  
And the snow come travellin' through the sky  
She's as sweet as 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  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

She is handsome, she is pretty,  
She is the Belle of Dublin city  
She is a courtin' one, two, three,  
Please won't you tell me who is she

I'll tell my ma when I get home,  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pull my hair and stole my comb  
But that's all right till I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty,  
She is the Belle of Dublin city  
She is a courtin' 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  
Knock at the door and ring at 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  
Ould Johnny Morrissey says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high  
And the snow come travellin' through the sky  
She's as sweet as 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  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

I'll tell my ma when I get home,  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pull my hair and stole my comb  
But that's all right till I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty,  
She is the Belle of Dublin city  
She is a courtin' one, two, three,  
Please won't you tell me who is she