

I'll Tell Me Ma

The Irish Rovers

I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right 'til I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the Belle of Belfast City
She is a courting one, two, three
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are after her
Rap at the door and ring on the bell
Oh, my true love, are you well?

Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Wee Jenny Murray said she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

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A-skippping she's the best of all
She never slips, she never falls
Double Dutch or Heel and Toe
She's the one that steals the show

When they all come out to play
She's the one that leads the way
And Albert Mooney's always there
To see the girl with the golden hair

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Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come tumbling from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
And 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 well
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

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