I'll Tell My Ma

D G D
I'll tell my ma, when I go home,
A7 D
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
G D
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb,
A7 D
But that's alright 'till I go home.
G
She is handsome, she is pretty,
D A7
She is the belle of Belfast city.
D G
She is a courtin', one-two-three,
D A7 D
Pray, won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her.
They rap on the door and they ring on the bell,
Saying, "Oh my true love, are you well?"
Out she comes as white as snow,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fella with the rovin' eye.

Chorus

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,
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,
It's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Chorus