I’ll tell me ma. Irish traditional

I’ll tell me ma when I go home the boys wont leave the girls alone
They pulled me hair and stole my comb, and thats all right till I go home

chorus
She is handsome, she is pretty,
she is the belle of Belfast City
She is courting one two three,
Pray can you tell me who is she

Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her
They knock at her door they ring on her bell, saying oh me true love are you well.
Out she comes as white as snow, rings on her fingers bells on her toes,
Old Jenny Murray says she’ll die, if she doesn’t get the fella with the roving eye.

chorus

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high, an the snow come falling from the sky
She’s as sweet as apple pie, and she’ll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own, she wont tell her ma when she gets home,
Let them all come as they will,its Albert Mooney she loves still.

chorus twice