

I'll Tell Me Ma - Trad arranged by Van Morrison

1. I'll tell me Ma when I go home,
the boys won't leave the girls alone.
They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb,
well, that's alright till I go home.

2. Albert Mooney say's he loves her,
all the boys are fighting for her
They knock at the door and ring at the bell,
sayin', "Oh my true love, are you well"?

3. Let the wind and the rain and 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.

4. I'll tell me Ma when I go home,
the boys won't leave the girls alone.
They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb,
well, that's alright till I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the belle of Belfast City.
She is courtin', one, two, three,
please, won't you tell me, who is she?

Out she comes as white as snow,
rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die,
if you don't get the fella with the roving eye.

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,
t's Albert Mooney she loves still.

She is handsome, she is pretty,
she is the belle of Belfast City.
She is courtin', one, two, three,
please, won't you tell me, who is she?