

I'll Tell Me Ma Irish Traditional

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

D **A7** **D**
Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her...
D **A7** **D**
They knock at the door and they ring at the bell, saying 'Oh, my true-love are you well?'
D **A7** **D** **A7**
Out she comes as white as snow... rings on her fingers, bells on her toes...
D **A7** **D** **A7** **D**
Old Johnny Murray says she'll die, if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye...

D **A7** **D**
I'll tell me ma, when I go home... the boys won't leave the girls alone...
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D **A7** **D**
Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high and the snow come tumblin' from the sky
D **A7** **D**
She's as sweet as apple pie and she'll get her own lad by and by...
D **A7** **D** **A7**
When she gets a lad of her own... she won't tell her ma when she gets home...
D **A7** **D** **A7** **D**
Let them all come as they will, for it's Albert Mooney she loves still...

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