

## I'll Tell Me Ma

Fiddler's Green

I'll tell me ma when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pull my hair, they steal my comb

But that's all right till I get home  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
She is the belle of Belfast city  
She is courting one, two, three  
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fighting for her  
Knock at the door and ring the bell  
Saying, oh my true love, are you well?  
Out she comes, white as snow  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
Old Johnny Murray says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high  
Snow come tumbling from the sky  
She's as nice as apple pie  
She'll get a fellow 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

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