

Maidrin Rua - Tell Me Ma

The Tossers

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 go home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Dublin city
She is courting one, two, three
Pray, won't you tell me, who is he?

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

Let the wind and the snow and the hail blow high
And a fog come tumbling through the sky
She's as sweet 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
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still