

## 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