

TELL MY MA

Tell my ma when I go home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone,
They pull my hair and steal my comb,
But that's all right 'til 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?

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

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They pull my hair and they steal my comb,
But that's all right 'til I go 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?

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
The snow come tumblin' from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
She'll get her own fellow, by n' by
When she gets a lad of her own,
She won't tell her ma when she gets home,
Let the boys say what they will,
It's Albert Mooney she loves still.

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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? (Repeat Chorus x2)