

## I'll Tell Me Ma

*trad. Irish - FF Version*

I'll tell me ma, when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls a-lone. They  
pulled my hair, they stole my comb, well that's all-right till I go home.  
She is hand-some, she is pret-ty, she's the belle of Bel-fast ci - ty.  
She is cour-tin', one, two, three. Please, won't you tell me who is she?

*Playing Notes: none.*

*(AKA: Come To The Show, Heel And Toe, I'll Tell My Ma, My Aunt Jane, The Wind.)*

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1. Albert Mooney says he loves her,  
all the boys are fighting for her.  
They knock at the door, and they ring the bell,  
saying 'Oh, my true love are you well?'  
Out she comes as white as snow,  
rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.  
Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die,  
if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.
2. Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high,  
and the snow come tumblin' 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,  
for it's Albert Mooney she loves still!

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