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## I'll tell me Ma *(Tradition enfantine XIXe s.)*

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D  
I'll tell me Ma when I go home,  
    A                                D  
The boys won't leave the girls alone.  
D  
They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb,  
    A                                D  
Well that's alright till I go home.  
D                                G  
She is handsome. She is pretty.  
D                                A  
She is the bell of Belfast City.  
D                                G  
She is courtin' one, two, three.  
D                                A                D  
Please won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney say's he loves her.  
All the boy's are fighting for her.  
They knock at the door and ring at the bell  
Sayin' "Oh my true love, are you well »?  
Out she comes as white as snow,  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.  
Ole Jenny Murray says she'll die  
If you don't get the fella  
With the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and hail blow high  
And the snow come tumbling from the sky,  
She's as nice 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.

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They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb,  
Well that's alright till I go home.  
She is handsome. She is pretty.  
She is the bell of Belfast City.  
She is courtin' one, two, three.  
Please won't you tell me, who is she?