## Il Tell me Ma

Irish trad

## <u>Chorus</u>

.Ill tell me Ma when I go home The boys won't leave the girls alone. They pull my hair, they stole my comb, But that's allright till 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?

## 1

Albert Mooney says he loves her, All the boys are fighting for her. They knock at the door and ring at 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. Oul Jenny Murray says she'll die, If she don't get 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 And 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 goes home. Let them all come as they will It's Albert Mooney she loves still.

> Délices Irlandaises transcription Bruno Escafit 2/22

## I'll Tell Me Ma

Irish trad polka

