

I'll Tell Me Ma

The Blarney Lads

I'll 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 alright till I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Dublin 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 fightin' for her
They knock at the door and the ring at the bell
Sayin' "Oh, my true love are you well?"
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Jenny Murphy says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the rovin' eye

She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Dublin city
She is courtin' one, two, three
Please won't you tell me, who is she?

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come shovelin' from the sky
She's as sweet 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 gets home
Let them all come as they may
But it's Albert Mooney she loves still

She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Dublin city
She is courtin' one, two, three
Please won't you tell me, who is she?

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