

# Tell Me Ma

## Gaelic Storm

I'll tell me ma when I gone home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pull my hair, they stole me comb  
But that's alright till I go home  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
She's the belle of Belfast City  
She is a courting one, two, three  
Please won't you tell me who is she?  
Now Albert Mooney says he loves her  
And all the boys are fighting for her  
Knocking on the door and they're ringing on the bell  
Saying, "Oh my true love, are you well?"  
Oh she comes as white as snow  
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
Old Johnny Murphy says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye  
I'll tell me ma when I gone home  
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They pull my hair, they stole me comb  
But that's alright till I go home  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
She's the belle of Belfast City  
She is a courting one, two, three  
Please won't you tell me who is she?  
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high  
And the snow come shoveling 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 comes home  
Let them all come as they will  
It's Patrick Murphy she loves still  
I'll tell me ma when I gone home  
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They pull my hair, they stole me comb  
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Please won't you tell me who is she?  
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Please won't you tell me who is she?

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