

I'll Tell Me Ma

The Young Dubliners

I'll tell me ma, when I get home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
Pulled me hair, stolen me comb
But that's alright, till I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Dublin city
She is a-courting one, two, three
Pray, can you tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fightin' for her
Knock at the door, they're ringin' the bell
"Hello, my true love are you well?"

Out she comes white as snow
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Ol' Jenny Murray says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come travelin' through the sky
She's as sweet as apple pie
She'll get her own right 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
It's Albert Mooney she loves still

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Lyrics submitted by Isabell Rong.

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