

# I'll Tell Me Ma

## The Young Dubliners

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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