

## Tell Me, Ma

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, 'til I go home  
***She is handsome, she is pretty***  
***She is the belle of Belfast City***  
***She is a-courting one, two, three***  
***Please, won't you tell me who is she?***

Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fighting for her  
Knock at the door and they ring that bell  
Oh, my true love, are you well?  
Out she comes, as white as snow  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
Johnny Murphy says, "She'll die  
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye"  
***She is handsome, she is pretty***  
***She is 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 blow high  
And the snow come a-tumbling 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, 'til she gets home  
Let them all come, as they will  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still  
***She is handsome, she is pretty***  
***She is the belle of Belfast City***  
***She is a-courting one, two, three***  
***Please, won't you tell me who is she?***  
***She is handsome, she is pretty***  
***She is the belle of Belfast City***  
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***Please, won't you tell me who is she?***