

Gaelic Storm, Tell Me Ma

CHORUS: I'll tell me ma when I go home,
the boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pull my hair, they stole me comb,
but that's alright when i go home.
She is handsome, she is prety,
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,
all the boys are fighting for her.
Knocking on the door and ringing on the bell,
saying:"Oh my true love, are you well?"
Down 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.

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,
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
but it's Patrick Murphy she loves still!