

Young Dubliners

"Tell Me Ma"

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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?

