

Rock Sham "Tell Me Ma"

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Tell me ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right till I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the bell of Belfast city
She is a-courting one, two, three
Pray won't you tell me who is she

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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
Old Jenny Murphy says she will die
If she couldn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

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Let the wind and rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come tumblin' 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 'till she comes home

Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

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