

The Pubcrawlers

"I'll Tell Me Ma"

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I'll tell me ma when I get home, the boys won't leave
the girls alone
Pulled me hair, stole me comb but that's all right till I go
home
She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the Belle of
Dublin city
She is a courtin' a one two three, Pray can you tell me
who is she
Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are
fightin' for her
Knock at the door and ring at the bell, and Oh, me true
love, are you well
Out she comes, white as snow, rings on her fingers,
bells on her toes
Ould Johnny Morrissey says she'll die if she doesn't get
the fella with the roving eye
Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high and the
snow come travellin' through the sky
She's as sweet 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 gets home
Let them all come as they will for it's Albert Mooney she
loves still

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