

Van Morrison "I'll 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'll pull my hair, they stole my comb
Well, that's alright till I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast City
She is courtin' one, two, three
Please won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney say's he loves her
All the boy's are fighting for her
They knock at the door and ring at the bell
Oh my true love, are you well?

Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Ole Jenny Murray says she'll die
If you don't get the fella with the roving eye

Let the wind and the rain and hail blow high
And the snow come tumbling 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
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

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