

I'll Tell me Ma

1. I'll tell me ma when I get home, the
 2. † Al - bert Moo-ney says he loves her; 7
 3. Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high, and the
 boys won't leave the girls a-lone, they pulled me hair,
 all the boys are fight-ing for her, they knock at the door, and
 snow come tra-vel-ling from the sky. 7 She's as nice as
 steal my comb but that's al - right when I go home.
 ring at the bell, say-ing: "Oh, my true love, are you well?"
 ap - ple - pie, and she'll get her own lad by and by.
 She is hand-some, she is pret - ty, she is the belle
 Out she comes as white as snow, rings on her fin -
 When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma
 of Bel - fast cit - ty, she is a-cour-ting, one, two,
 gers, bells on her toes. Old John-ny Mur - ray says, she'll
 when she gets home. Let them all come as they
 three, please won't you tell me, who is she.
 die if she doesn't get the fel-low with the rov - ing eye.
 will, it's Al - bert Moo - ney she loves still.

I'll tell me ma

1

I'll tell me ma
when I go home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone,

They pull my hair,
they steal my comb,
But that's all right
till I get home.

Chorus:

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

2

Albert Mooney says he loves her;
All the boys are fighting for her,
They rap at the door, and ring the bell,

Saying, oh my true love, are you well?
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes.
Old Johnny Murray says
she'll die
if she doesn't get the fellow
with the roving eye.

3

Let the wind and the rain
and the hail blow high,
And the snow come tumbling from the sky.
She's as nice 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 will,
It's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Ich sag's meiner Mama
wenn ich heimkomme,
die Buben lassen die Mädchen
[nicht in Ruhe.

sie ziehen an meinen Haaren,
sie stehlen meinen Kamm,
aber das macht nichts
bis ich nach Hause komme.

Sie ist schön, sie ist hübsch,
sie ist die Schönheit von Belfast.
Sie poussiert, eins, zwei, drei;
sag mir bitte, wer sie ist.

Albert Mooney sagt, er liebe sie;
alle Burschen kämpfen um sie,
sie klopfen an die Tür, läuten
an der Türklingel,
sagen: „Meine Liebe, geht's dir gut?“
Sie kommt heraus, weiß wie Schnee
Ringe am Finger, Glöckchen am Fuß.
Der gute, alte John Murray meint,
es werde ihr Tod sein,
wenn sie nicht den Burschen bekommt,
der gerne ein Auge riskiert.

Mag der Wind und der Regen
und der Hagel heftig wehen,
und der Schnee vom Himmel kommen
sie ist so lecker wie Apfelkuchen,
Sie wird einmal einen Burschen für sich
haben.

Wenn sie einen Freund hat,
wird sie es ihrer Mutter nicht erzählen,
wenn sie heimkommt.
Mag kommen, wer da will,
Sie liebt immer noch Albert Mooney.

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