



GAELIC STORM TELL ME MA

I'll 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 'til I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She's the belle of Belfast City,
She goes courtin', a one, two, three
Please won't you tell me who is she?

Now Albert Mooney says he loves her,
Now the boys are fighting for her.
Knockin' on the door and they're ringin' the
bell, sayin'
"Oh my true love, are you well?"
Out she comes as white as snow
With rings on her fingers and bells on her
toes.
Johnny Murphy says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the
roving eye.

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Let the wind and the rain and the hail come
high,
And the snow come shoveling 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 comes home.
Let them all come as they will
It's Patrick Murphy she loves still!

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(2x)