

Orthodox Celts

I`ll Tell Me Ma

I'll tell me Ma when I go home the boy's won't leave the girls alone.
They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb, that's all right till I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty, She is the bell of BELGRADE CITY,
She is courtin' one, two, three, please mother tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney say's he loves her, all the bhoys are fightin' for her.
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.
Oul Jenny Murray say's she will die if you don't get the fella with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high. Snow come tumbling from the sky.
She's as nice as apple pie, she will get him 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.