**I'll Tell Me Ma (aka “Belle of Belfast City”) (D)**

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| **Intro (4 measures) D A A7 D****Chorus** **D A A7 D**I'll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls alone. **D A A7 D**They pull my hair, they stole my comb, but that's all right 'til I go home.**D G D A7**She is handsome, she is pretty, she's the belle of Belfast City.**D G D A A7 D**She is courtin', one, two, three. Please won't you tell me who is she? **D A A7 D**Now Albert Mooney says he loves her, an' all the boys are fighting for her.**D A**Knocking on the door and they're ringing on the bell, **A7 D** Saying, "Oh my true love, are you well?" **D G D A7**Out she comes as white as snow, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.**D G**Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die,**D A A7 D**If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye. **Chorus** **D A**Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,  **A7 D**And the snow come shoveling from the sky.**D A7 A D**She's as nice as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by! **D G D A7** An' when she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she comes home.**D G D A A7 D**Let them all come as they will, but it's Albert Mooney she loves still! **Chorus (2x)** |  |
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|  |  |  | **Bari** |  |  |  |  |

**I'll Tell Me Ma (aka “Belle of Belfast City”) (G)**

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| **Intro (4 measures) G D D7 G****Chorus** **G D D7 G**I'll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls alone. **G D D7 G**They pull my hair, they stole my comb, but that's all right 'til I go home.**G C G D7**She is handsome, she is pretty, she's the belle of Belfast City.**G C G D D7 G**She is courtin', one, two, three. Please won't you tell me who is she? **G D D7 G**Now Albert Mooney says he loves her, an' all the boys are fighting for her.**G D**Knocking on the door and they're ringing on the bell, **D7 G**Saying, "Oh my true love, are you well?" **G C G D7**Out she comes as white as snow, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.**G C**Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die,**G D D7 G**If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye. **Chorus** **G D**Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,  **D7 G**And the snow come shoveling from the sky.**G D7 D G**She's as nice as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by! **G C G D7**An' when she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she comes home.**G C G D D7 G**Let them all come as they will, but it's Albert Mooney she loves still! **Chorus (2x)** |  |
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|  |  |  | **Bari** |  |  |  |  |