

## I'll Tell Me Ma (aka "Belle of Belfast City") (D)

### Chorus

**D** **A**  
I'll tell me ma when I go home,  
**A7** **D**  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
**D** **A**  
They pull my hair, they stole my comb,  
**A7** **D**  
But that's all right 'til I go home  
**D** **G**  
She is handsome, she is pretty,  
**D** **A7**  
She's the belle of Belfast City,  
**D** **G**  
She is courtin', a one, two, three  
**D** **A** **A7** **D**  
Please won't you tell me who is she?

**D** **A**  
Now Albert Mooney says he loves her,  
**A7** **D**  
An' all the boys are fighting for her.  
**D** **A**  
Knocking on the door and they're ringing on the bell,  
**A7** **D** **D** **G**  
Saying, "Oh my true love, are you well?" Out she comes as white as snow  
**D** **A7**  
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.  
**D** **G**  
Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die  
**D** **A** **A7** **D** **Chorus**  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

**D** **A**  
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,  
**A7** **D**  
And the snow come shoveling from the sky.  
**D** **A** **A7** **D**  
She's as nice as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by!  
**D** **G**  
an' When she gets a lad of her own  
**D** **A7**  
She won't tell her ma when she comes home.  
**D** **G**  
Let them all come as they will  
**D** **A** **A7** **D** **Chorus (2x)**  
It's Albert Mooney she loves still!

## I'll Tell Me Ma (aka "Belle of Belfast City") (G)

### Chorus

**G**  
I'll tell me ma, when I get home  
**D** **G**  
The boys won't leave the girls alone they  
**G**  
They pulled my hair, and stole my comb  
**D** **G**  
But that's alright, till I go home  
**G** **Am**  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
**G** **D**  
She is the belle of Belfast city  
**G** **C**  
She is a-courting one, two, three  
**G** **D** **G**  
Please, won't you tell me who is she?

**G** **D** **G**  
Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fightin' for her  
**G**  
They knock at the door, and ring at the bell sayin'  
**D** **G** **G** **Am**  
"Oh, my true love are you well?" Out she comes white as snow  
**G** **D**  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
**G** **C**  
Ol' Jenny Murray says she'll die  
**G** **D** **G**  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye. **Chorus**

**G**  
Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high  
**D** **G** **G**  
And the snow come tumbling from the sky, she's as nice as apple pie  
**D** **G** **Am** **G**  
She'll get her own lad by and by, when she gets a lad of her own  
**D** **G**  
She won't tell her ma when she gets home  
**G** **C**  
Let the boys come as they will  
**G** **D** **G**  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still. **Chorus**