

## 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**  
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** **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**  
It's Albert Mooney she loves still! **Chorus (2x)**

## 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**