

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

**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 **Chorus**  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

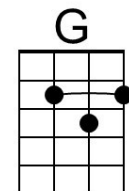
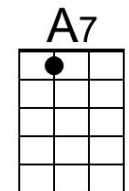
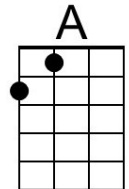
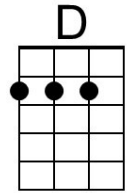
D A  
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,

A7 D  
And the snow come shoveling from the sky.

D A7 A D  
She's as nice as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by!

D G D A 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 **Chorus (2x)**  
Let them all come as they will, but it's Albert Mooney she loves still!



Bari

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

**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 **Chorus**  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

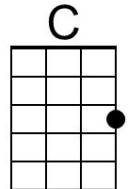
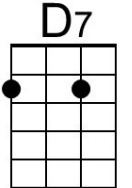
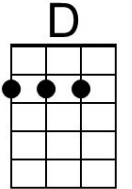
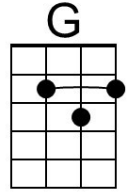
G D  
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,

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 G  
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 **Chorus (2x)**  
Let them all come as they will, but it's Albert Mooney she loves still!



**Bari**