**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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**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** |  |  |  |  |