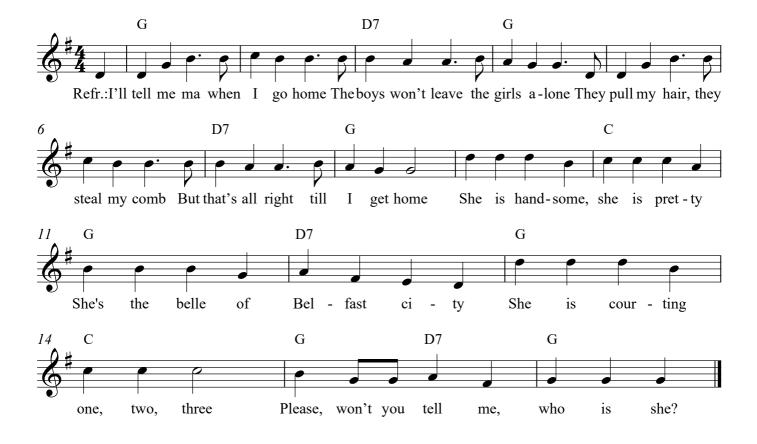
I'll tell me ma

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Irish Folk



Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
Knock at the door and ring the bell
Saying, oh my true love, are you well?
Out she comes, white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Johnny Murray says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high Snow come tumbling from the sky She's as nice as apple pie She'll get a fellow by and by When she gets a lad of her own She won't tell her ma when she gets home Let them all come as they will It's Albert Mooney she loves still