

# Tell It Unto Me

Christy Moore

What put the blood on your right shoulder?  
Son come tell it unto me  
Son come tell it unto me

That is the blood of a hare mama  
You may pardon me  
You may pardon me

The blood of a hare never run so red  
Son come tell it unto me  
Son come tell it unto me

That is the blood of my youngest brother  
You may pardon me  
You may pardon me

What came between you and your youngest brother?  
Son come tell it unto me  
Son come tell it unto me

It was all from the cutting of a hazel rod  
That never will grow into a tree  
Never will grow into a tree

What will you do when your daddy finds out?  
Son come tell it unto me  
Son come tell it unto me

I will leave my foot down on a ships board  
And sail across the sea  
And sail far over the sea

What will you do with your two fine children?  
Son come tell it unto me  
Son come tell it unto me

I'll give one to my mammy and the other to my daddy  
To keep them company  
To keep them company

What will you do with your darlin' wife?  
Son come tell it unto me  
Son come tell it unto me

She will leave her foot down on ships board  
And she'll sail across the sea  
And she'll sail right after me

What will you do with your woods and your lands?  
Son come tell it unto me  
Son come tell it unto me

I leave it there to the birds of the air  
To mourn and sing for me  
To mourn and sing for me