

Belle of Belfast City

The Irish Rovers (Mando intro whole chorus D, D3, A1)

Tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair and stole my comb
But that's all right 'til I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast city
She is a-courtin', one, two, three
Please, won't you tell me who is she?
{pause 3, 4 after each chorus}

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
They're up at the door, they're ringing the bell
Saying, "Oh, my true love, are you well?"

Out she comes, as white as snow
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Old Johnny Mary she says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

CHORUS

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
Let the snow come tumbling from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
She'll get her own lad by and by

When she gets a lad of her own,
She won't tell her ma 'till she comes home,
Let the boys come as they will,
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

CHORUS, Instrumental whole song, CHORUS 2x (shave and a haircut end)