

^F
I'll tell my ma when I go home
^{C7}
The boys won't leave the girls alone
^F ^{B b} ^F
They pull my hair, they stole my comb
^{C7}
And that's all right till I go home.
^F ^{F7} ^{B b}
She is handsome, she is pretty
^F ^{C7}
She is the belle of Belfast city
^F ^{F7} ^{B b}
She is courtin one, two, three
^F ^{C7} ^F
Please won't you tell me who is she.

^F ^{B b} ^F
Albert Mooney says he loves her
^{C7} ^F
All the boys are fighting for her
^F ^{B b} ^F
They rap at the door and they ring at the bell
^{C7} ^F
Sayin' "Oh my true love, are you well?"
^F ^{F7} ^{B b}
Out she comes as white as snow
^F ^{C7}
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
^F ^{F7} ^{B b}
Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die
^F ^{C7} ^F
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

----Chorus

^F ^{B b} ^F
Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
^{C7} ^F
And the snow come shovelling from the sky
^F ^{B b} ^F
She's as nice as apple pie
^{C7} ^F
She'll get her own lad by and by.
^F ^{F7} ^{B b}
When she gets a lad of her own
^F ^{C7}
She won't tell her ma when she gets home
^F ^{F7} ^{B b}
Let them all come as they will
^F ^{C7} ^F
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

---- Chorus (twice)