E B7
I'll tell my ma when I go home
B7 E
The boys won't leave the girls alone
E B7
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
B7 E
But that's all right till I go home.

E A
She is handsome, she is pretty
E B7
She is the bell of Belfast city
E A
She is counting one, two, three
E B7 E
Please won't you tell me who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
They knock at the door and they ring at the bell
Sayin' "Oh my true love, are you well?"

Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old John Murray says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

Let the wind and rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come tumblin' 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 when she goes home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.