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Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come travellin' through 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 gets home
Let them all come as they will
It's Albert Mooney she loves still
   I'll tell me ma when I get home
   But that's all right till I go home
   They pulled me hair and they stole me comb
   But that's all right till I go home
   She is handsome, she is pretty,
   She's the Belle of Belfast city
   She is courtin', one two three
   Please won't you tell me who is she
   I'll tell me ma when I get home
   But that's all right till I go home
   They pulled me hair and they stole me comb
   But that's all right till I go home
   She is handsome, she is pretty,
   She's the Belle of Belfast city
   She is courtin', one two three
   Please won't you tell me who is she
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