

Jan Smit

"The Belle Of Belfast"

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the belle of belfast by Jan Smit
I tell me ma when i go home
the boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pull my hair, they stole my comb
but that's allright till i go home.

She is handsome, she is pretty
she's the Belle of Belfast city
she is a-courtin -one, two three
please would you tell me who is she.

Albert Moonney says he loves her
and all the boys are fighting for her
they rap at the door and they're ringing the bell
saying:"Oh my true love are you well?
As she comes as white as snow
rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
oh, Jenny Murphy says she will die if she doesn't get
A fella with a rovin' eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the gale blow high and
the snow goes shov'lling from the sky.
She's as nice as apple-pie to get her own at by 'n' by.
When she gets a letter own
she won't tell her ma when she gets home
let them mark 'em as they will
but it's Albert Mooney that she loves still.

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