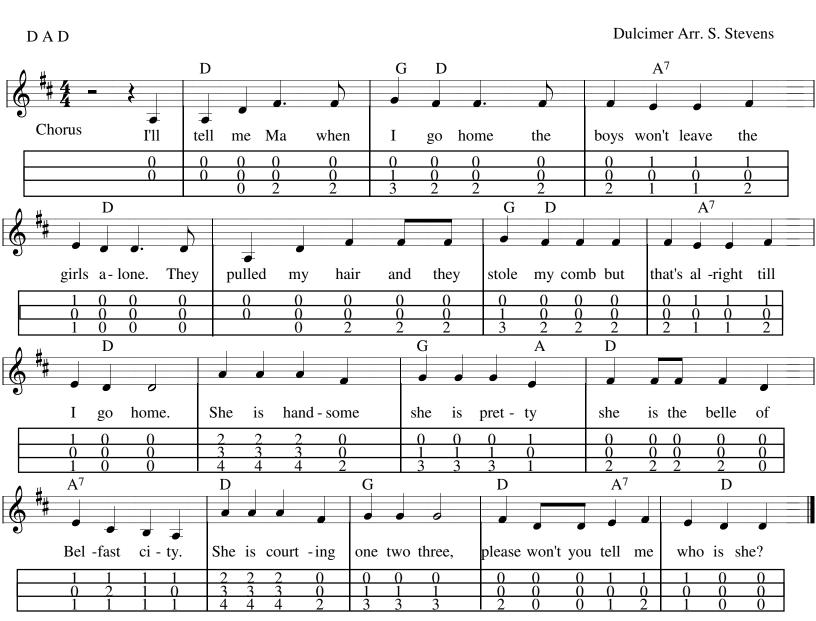
## Belle of Belfast City



Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her.

They knock at the door and they ring 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 Johnny Murphy says she'll die, if she doesn't get the boy with the roving eye.

Chorus

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high, and the snow come tumblin' from the sky She's as pure 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 comes home. Let them all come as they will, it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Chorus