

I'll tell me ma when I get home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pull my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right till I get home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast city
She is courting one, two, three
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high
Snow come tumbling 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 gets home
Let them all come as they will
It's Albert Mooney she loves still

In the days I went a courtin', I was never tired resortin'
To an alehouse or a playhouse or many a house beside,
I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and ge right famous
And before I'd return again I'd roam the world wide.

So goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin,
No more I'll dig the praties, no longer I'll be fooled.
For as sure as me name is Carney
I'll be off to Californiy, where instead of diggin'praties
I'll be diggin'lumps of gold.

Come single belle or beau, come to now pay attention
Don't ever fall in love, it's the devil's own invention.
For once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin'
Miss Henrietta Bell, out in Captain Kelly's kitchen

To my toora loora la, my toora loora laddy
Ri toora loora la, ri toora loora laddy.

Next Sunday bein' the day we were to have the flare-up
I dressed myself quite gay, an' I frizzed and oiled my hair up
The Captain had no wife, he had gone a-fishin'
So we kicked up high life, down below-stairs in the kitchen.

Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah, a thousand times adieu.
For we're going away to the Holy Ground and the girls we all love true.
We will sail the salt seas over and then return for shore,
And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.

Fine girl you are!

Now when we're out a-sailing and you are far behind
Fine letters will I write to you with the secrets of my mind,
The secrets of my mind, my girl, you're the girl that I do adore,
And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.

Fine girl you are!

You're the girl that I do adore,

And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.