

# Clancy Medley

## Celtic Thunder

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.