

Ulster-Scots Songs

Taken from Our Wee Scull. Ulster-Scots songs for Weans!

I'll Tell Me Ma!

I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pull my hair, they stole my comb,
And that's alright 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?

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her.
They rap at the door and they ring at the bell.
Saying "Oh, my true love are you well"?
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
Old Johnny Murray says she'll die,
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come shovelling from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
And 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,
But 'tis Albert Mooney she loves still.



Ulster-Scots Songs

My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me.

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my Bonnie to me.



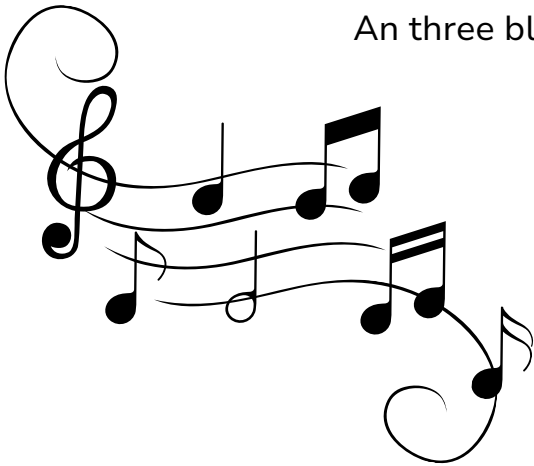
Ulster-Scots Songs

My Aunt Jane

My Aunt Jane she tuk me in
An gien me tay oot o her wee tin
Half a bap wae sugar on tha tap
An three black balls fae her wee shap

My Aunt Jane sez drink yer tay
An sing oot til yer dyin' day
An ye wunner why I an sae prood
An ye wunner why I sing sae lood

For my Aunt Jane she tuk me in
An gien me tay oot o her wee tin
Half a bap wae sugar on tha tap
An three black balls fae her wee shap.



Ulster-Scots Songs

Auld Lang Syne

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hea roar'd
Sin, auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin, auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

