

The Songs My Mammy Sang - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE SONGS MY MAMMY SANG.

By J. W. Kelley.

I can always find a solace when my spirits may be low,
In the thoughts of happy childhood und the songs of long ago,
And often in the evening, after sipping tea,
I've tried to sing old-fashioned songs my mammy sang for me;
"They'll kiss you and caress you, they'll spend their money free.
And of all the towns in Ireland, Killkenny for me.

Chorus.

I love to sing the old-time songs, with their old-fashioned melody;
There are no songs, that seem so sweet as the songs my mammy sung for me.

When my mother would be busy in the kitchen through the day,
I'd often mind the baby if I wasn't off at play.
And If the baby bumped his nose she took him on her knee.
And then she sang sweet lullabys, when she had paddled me.

Gyp, Gyp, my little horse; Gyp, Gyp, again, sir;
How many miles to Dublin? three score and ten, sir;
Gyp, Gyp, my little horse; Gyp, Gyp, again, sir;
Will I be there by candle light? yes, and back again, sir.

When dad came home at evening, his heart was always light,
If he saw the supper ready, and mother smiling bright;
And when the meal was over, I'd never let him be,
Until he sat close by the fire, and then he'd sing for me:

Rock-a-bye, baby, upon the tree top.
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall.
And down comes baby, the cradle and all.

Then, oh! ho! ho! ho! anch, baby, lie aisy.
It's not your ould mammy that's nursing you now;
For I'm weeping and wailing and rocking the cradle.
And nursing the gossoon that's all my own.