

Siúil A Rúin

Trad. Irish Song

1 wish I was on yon - der hill. 'Tis There I'd sit and cry my fill till

5 ev' - ry tear would turn a mill. Is go dté tu, mo mhuir - nín slán.

9 Siúil, siúil, siúil a rúin, siúil go so-car ag-us siúil go ciúin.

13 Siúil go do-ras ag-us éa - laigh liom. Is go dté tu, mo mhuir - nín slán.

1) I wish I was on yonder hill
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill
Until every tear would turn a mill
Is go dté tu, mo mhuir-nín slán

Siúil, siúil, siúil a rúin
Siúil go socar agus siúil go ciúin
Siúil go doras agus éalaigh liom
Is go dté tu, mo mhuir-nín slán

2) I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel
I'll sell my only spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel
Is go dté tu, mo mhuir-nín slán

Siúil, siúil, siúil a rúin...

3) I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red
And 'round the world I'll beg my bread
Until my parents shall wish me dead
Is go dté tu, mo mhuir-nín slán

Siúil, siúil, siúil a rúin...

4) I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
I wish I had my heart again
And vainly think I'd not complain
Is go dté tu, mo mhuir-nín slán

Siúil, siúil, siúil a rúin...

5) But now my love has gone to France
To try his fortune to advance
If he e'er come back, 'tis but a chance
Is go dté tu, mo mhuir-nín slán

Siúil, siúil, siúil a rúin...

Translation:

*Come, come, come, o love,
Quickly come to me, softly move;
Come to the door, and away we'll flee,
And safe for aye may my darling be!*