

Celtic Woman "Siuil A Run"

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Siuil, siuil, siul a run,
Siuil go sochair agus siuil go ciuin
Siuil go doras agus ealaigh lion

Siuil, siuil, siul a run,
Siuil go sochair agus siuil go ciuin
Siuil go doras agus ealaigh lion
Is go dte tu mo mhuirnin slan

I wish I was on yonder hill
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
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

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Siuil go sochair agus siuil go ciuin
Siuil go doras agus ealaigh lion
Is go dte tu mo mhuirnin slan

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,

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