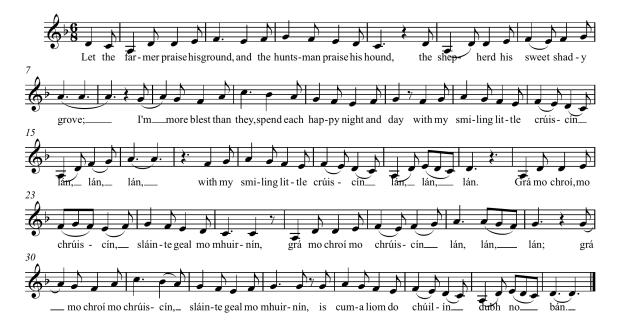
# Crúiscín Lán

#### THE LITTLE FULL JUG



Let the farmer praise his ground and the huntsman praise his hound The shepherd his sweet shady grove I'm more blessed than they, spend each happy night and day With my smiling little *crúiscín lán*, *lán*, *lán* With my smiling little *crúiscín lán*, *lán*, *lán* 

## Grá mo chroí mo chrúiscín, sláinte geal mo mhuirnín

[Graw mo khree mo khrooshkeen, slawncha gyal mo voorneen] Love of my heart, my little jug, bright health my darling

### Grá mo chroí mo chrúiscín, lán, lán, lán

[Graw mo khree mo khrooshkeen, lawn, lawn, lawn] Love of my heart, my little jug, full, full, full

### Grá mo chroí mo chrúiscín, sláinte geal mo mhuirnín

[Graw mo khree mo khrooshkeen, slawncha gyal mo voorneen] Love of my heart, my little jug, bright health my darling

#### Is cuma liom do chúilín dubh nó bán.

[Iss cumma lum do khooleen doov no bawn.] It's all the same to me (if) your hair is black or white.

Immortal and divine, sweet Bacchus, god of wine Create me by adoption of your son In hopes that you'll comply that my glass will ne'er run dry Nor my smiling little *crúiscín lán*, *lán*, *lán* (2x)

There's my *cailín deas*, she's a kind, true-hearted lass [ky-leen dyass, "pretty girl"] She's as modest, she's as gentle as a swan Her smile is so divine, I could quaff it up with wine Her sweet lips should be my *crúiscín lán*, *lán*, *lán* (2x)

And when grim death appears in a few unpleasant years And says that my glass it has drawn I'll say, Begone, you knave, for great Bacchus gave me leave To fill another *crúiscín lán*, *lán*, *lán* (2x)

Then fill your glasses high, let them part with lips not dry For the lark now proclaims it is dawn And since we can't remain, may we shortly meet again To fill another *crúiscín lán*, *lán*, *lán* (2x)