

# Crúiscín Lán

## THE LITTLE FULL JUG

Let the fár-mer praise his ground, and the hunts-man praise his hound, the shep- herd his sweet shad - y

7  
grove; I'm more blest than they, spend each hap-py night and day with my smi-ling lit-tle crúis- cín

15  
lán, lán, lán, with my smi-ling lit-tle crúis - cín lán, lán, lán. Grá mo chroí, mo

23  
chrúis - cín, sláin-te geal mo mhuir-nín, grá mo chroí mo chrúis- cín lán, lán, lán; grá

30  
— mo chroí mo chrúis- cín, sláin-te geal mo mhuir-nín, is cum-a liom do chúil - ín dubh nó bán.

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 mhuirín***  
[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 mhuirín***  
[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)