

Crúiscín Lán

THE LITTLE FULL JUG

Let the far-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 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)