

# Celtic Woman, Siuil A Run (Walk My Love)

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

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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 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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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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