

'Twas after I sat on my true love's knee
And many fine tale he has told to me
He has told me a things that ne'er shall be
He is gone, he is gone, my bonnie boy

I've sold my cloak, I've sold my reel
When my flax was spawn, I've sold my reel
To buy my love a sword of steel
He is gone, he is gone, my bonnie boy

With fife and drum he has marched away
He would not heed what I would say
He'll not come back for many a day
He is gone, he is gone, my bonnie boy

But now my love has gone to France
To try his fortune to advance
If he e'er comes back 'tis but chance
He is gone, he is gone, my bonnie boy

I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red
Around the world I'll make my bed
'Till I find my love alive or dead
He is gone, he is gone, my bonnie boy

Síbil, a síbil, a síbil agrar
Only death can end my woe
And the pain in my heart from me did go
He is gone, he is gone, my bonnie boy