

'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