Woman of Aran

Woman of Aran, stirring your oil,
A child sleeps . . .
A child stirs in his sleep
With dreams of the Sea.
Cradle your child, woman of
Aran . . feed your lamb.
The storm keens above the Sea
A woman waits, man of Aran,
A woman waits for you.
Strain your eyes, man of Aran.
Sing, Man of Aran. Heave away!
A woman waits for you!

Land of Aran, rocky land
Cradle my child: feed my lamb
Rocks and sea-weed, sun and Sea
Land of Aran, cover me!
Break my rocks, plough my Sea
Land of Aran, cover me!