

Coinleach Ghlas An Fhomhair

Clannad

Ar chonnlaigh ghlais an Fhogmhair
A stóirín gur dhearc mé uaim
Ba deas do chos I mbróig
'Sba ró-dheas do leagan siubhail
Do ghruaidh ar dhath na rósaí
'Sdo chúirníní bhí fighte dlúith
Monuar gan sinn 'ár bpósadh
Nó'r bórd luinge 'triall 'un siubhail
II
Tá buachaillí na h-áite seo
A' gartha 'gus ag éirghe teann
Is lucht na gcochán árd
A' deánamh fárúis do mo chailín donn
Dá ngluaiseadh Rí na Spáinne
Thar sáile 's a shlóighte cruinn
Bhrúighfinn féar is fásach
'S bhéinn ar láimh le mo chailín donn

Ceannacht buaibh ar aontaigh'
Dá mbínn agus mo chailín donn
Gluais is tar a chéad-searc
Nó go dtéidh muid thar Ghaoth-Bearra 'nonn
Go sgartar ó n-a chéile
Bárr na gcraobh 's an eala ón tuinn
Ní sgarfar sin ó chéile
'S níl ach baois díbh á chur 'n mur gcionn

Chuir mé leitir scríobhtha
Annsoir mo sweetheart agus casaoid ghéar
Chuir sí chugam arís í
Go rabh a croidhe istuigh I lár mo chléibh
Cum na h-eala is míne
Ná'n síoda 's ná cluimh na n-éan
Nach trom an osna ghním-se
Nuair a smaoitighim ar a bheith 'sgaradh léi

'Sé chuala m/e Dé Domhnaigh
Mar chómhrádh 'gabháil eadar mhnáibh
Go rabh sí 'gabháil 'a pósadh
Ar óigfhear dá bhfuil san áit
A stóirín glac mo chomhairle
'S a' foghmhar seo fan mar tá
'S cha leigim le 'bhfuil beo thú
A stór nó 's tú mo ghrádh

On the green stubble-fields of Autumn
I saw you, my sweetheart
Nice were your feet in shoes
And wonderful your nimble gait
Your hair the color of roses
And your ringlets tightly plaited
Alas that we're not married
Or on board ship sailing away

The boys around here are
Laughing and getting bold
And the people of the high straw?

Are making?? of my brown girl
If the King of Spain would
Go abroad with his assembled men
I would flatten grass and rank grass
And I would be with my brown girl

Buying cows at the fair
If I were? and my brown girl
Go and come first love
Until we go over to Gaoth-Bearra
Until we separate from each other
The tops of the branches and the swan
From the waves?
That won't separate us
And it's only folly for you to put it??

I wrote a letter
To my sweetheart and a sharp complaint
She sent it back to me
That her heart was inside me
Compose the artsswannoble person?
Finer than silk or bird feathers
Heavy is my sigh
When I think of being apart from her

What I heard on Sunday
As conversation among the women
That she was going to be married
To a young man from the place
Sweetheart take my advice
And this Autumn stay as you are
And don't tell anyone, my love
That you are my love