

## Buachhail On Eirne

The Corrs

Buachaill ón Éirne mé is bhréagfainn féin cailín deas óg.  
Ní iarrfainn bó spré léi, tá mé féin saibhir go leor  
Is liom Corcaigh dá mhéid é, dhá thaobh an ghleanna, is Tír Eoghain,  
Is mura n-athra' mé béasaí, is mé an t-oidhre ar chontae Mhuigheo.

Buachailleacht bó, mo leo, nár chleacht mise riamh  
ach ag imirt is ag ól le hógmhna deasa fá shliabh.  
Má chaill mé mo stór ní móide gur chaill mé mo chiall  
Is ní mó liom do phóg ná an bhróg atá ar caitheamh le bliain.

Rachaidh mé amárach a dhéanamh leanna fán choill,  
gan coite gan bád gan gráinín brach' ar bith liom,  
ach duilliúir na gcraobh mar éide leaba os mo cheann  
is óró, a sheacht m'anam déag thú, is tú ag féachaint orm anall  
.

I am a boy from Ireland and I'd coax a nice young girl,  
I wouldn't ask for a dowry with her, I'm rich enough myself,  
I own Cork, big as it is both sides of the glen and Tyrone,  
And if I don't change my ways I'll be the heir for County Mayo.

Cow herding, my Leo, I did not never practice,  
But playing and drinking with new young women by the mountain.  
If I lost my wealth and I don't think I lost my sense,  
And your kiss is no more to me than a show worn for a year.

My love and treasure, don't marry the old grey man,  
But marry a young man, my Leo, even though he lives but a year,  
Or you'll still be without a daughter or son above you,  
Crying in the afternoon or in the morning hard.