

Mo ghile mear

Mary Black

Curfa

'si mo laoch, mo ghile mear
'si mo chaesar, ghile mear.
Suan na sian nm bhfuairias fiin
O chuaigh in gciin mo ghile mear.

Bmmse buan ar buairt gach ls
Ag caoi go ctuaidh 's ag tuar na ndeor
Mar scaoileadh uaim an buachaill beo
's na rmomhtar tuairisc uaidh mo bhrsn.

Nm lagnrann cuach go suairc ar nsin
Is nml guth gadhair I gcoillte cns
Na maidin shamhraidh I gcleanntaibh ceoi
O d'imigh uaim an buachaill beo.

Marcach uasal uaibhreach sg
Gas gan gruaime is suairce sns
Glac is luaimneach luath I ngleo
Ag teascadh an tslua 's ag tuairgan tria

Seinntear stair ar chlairsigh cheoil
Is liontair tainte cart ar bord
Le hinntinn ard gan chaim gan cheo
Chun saol is slainte d'fhail don leon.

Ghile mear 'sa seal faoi chumha
's eire go liir faoi chlscaibh dubha
Suan na sian nm bhfuairias fiin
O luaidh I gciin mo ghile mear.

Seal da rabhas im'mhaighdean shiimh
's anois im' bhaintreach chaite thriith
Mo chiile ag treabhadh ne dtonn go trian
De bharr na gcnoc is in imigiin.

English translation (thanks to marina antolioni)

Chorus

He is my hero, my dashing darling
He is my caesar, dashing darling.
I've had no rest from forebodings
Since he went far away my darling.

Every day I am constantly sad
Weeping bitterly and shedding tears
Because our lively lad has left us
And no news from him is heard alas.

The cuckoo sings not pleasantly at noon
And the sound of hounds is not heard in nut-filled woods,
Nor summer morning in misty glen
Since he went away from me, my lively boy.

Noble, proud young horseman
Warrior unsaddened, of most pleasant countenance
A swift-moving hand, quick in a fight,

Slaying the enemy and smiting the strong.

Let a strain be played on musical harps
And let many quarts be filled
With high spirit without fault or mist
For life and health to toast my lion.

Dashing darling for a while under sorrow
And all ireland under black cloaks
Rest or pleasure I did not get
Since he went far away my dashing darling.

For a while I was a gentle maiden
And now a spent worn-out widow
My spouse ploughing the waves strongly
Over the hills and far away.