

Deserted Soldier

The Chieftains

Nuair a d'eirigh mé 'r maidin Dé Céadaoin
Níor choisreac mé m'éadan faraor
Nó gur bheir mé ar an arm a ba ghéire
Agus chuir mé a bhéal le cloich liomhth'

Dá mbínnse seacht mbliana faoin talamh
Nó i bhfiabhras na leapa mo luí
A chéadsearc an dtighteá 'gus m'fhiafraí
Scéal cinnte go mbeinn leat mo shuí

Is trua nach marb bhí m'athair
Nuair a chuir sé mé go harm an Rí'
Is gurbh í an uaigh mo chrualeaba feasta
Is a chéadsearc nach trua leat mo luí

Is fada mo chrá croise a dhéanamh
Mo thumba á prionntáil ag saor
'Gus mo chónra á tógáil lá 'n Earraigh
'Gus na buachailli deasa gabháil faoi

Is trua nach marbh bhí m'athair
Nuair a chuir sé mé go harm an Rí'
Is gurbh í an uaigh mo chrualeaba feasta
Is a chéadsearc nach trua leat mo luí

Translation:

As I woke up on Wednesday morning
I forgot to bless myself, alas
And took the sharpest sword
And made its blade more keen

Were I seven years buried
Or lying in my bed with fever
If you asked for me, my beloved
I would surely be up and by your side

Tisn't it a pity my father wasn't dead
When he put me into the King's army
For my bed is surely the grave
And darling do you not pity me?

I have suffered for too long
A mason carves my name for the tomb
This Spring day my coffin is being made
And fine boys ready to carry it

Tisn't it a pity my father wasn't dead
When he put me into the King's army
For my bed is surely the grave
And darling do you not pity me?