

Mo Ghile Mear ("Our Hero")

The Chieftains

'Se/ mo laoch, mo Ghile Mear
'Se/ mo Chaesar Gile Mear
Suan na/ se/an ni/ bhfuairias fe/in
O/ chuaigh i gce/in mo Ghile Mear
Grief and pain are all I know
My heart is sore
My tears a'flow
We saw him go
No word we know of him...

Chorus

A proud and gallant cavalier
A high man's scion of gentle mean(?)
A fiery blade engaged to reap(?)
He'd break the bravest in the field

Chorus

Come sing his praise as sweet harps play
And proudly toast his noble frame
With spirit and with mind aflame
So wish him strength and length of day

Chorus