

A Mháire Bháin Óig

Air fal da dal dó horo eil fal da dal dé
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Fal di fal dó hóró eil fal da dal dé.

A Mháire Bháin Óig nach sughadh a bheinnse 'gus tú,
I ngleannta den cheo is go bpógfainn fhéin tú go dlúth,
Do ghrua mar an rós, is milis liom daingne do ghnúis
Is ní fada mé beo má phósann fear eile thú.

Nuair a rachaim ar shráid a ghrá bíonn giní im phóc',
Is d'ólfainn do shláinte gach áit a suífinn chun boird,
Do chroí geall fonnmar, éadrom, aerach óg,
Is is milis liom fhéin an béal a chanann an ceol.

Dá mbeinnse is mo ghrá go hard ar bharr an tsléibh'
Nó ar an muir bhán ar fán dá gcaitheamh i gcéin,
Seacht n-oíche is seacht lá dár ngrá le fuinneamh na n-éan
S'narbh aoibhinn an lá dá mbeadh Máire suite lem' thaobh.

Translation

*Oh fair young Mary, isn't it happy you and I would be
In the misty valleys where I would kiss you passionately
Your cheek like the rose, the openness of your face is sweet to me
And I won't be alive long if another man marries you*

*When I go on the street, my love, I have a guinea in my pocket
And I would drink your health everywhere that I'd sit at a table
Your bright, tuneful, light young heart
And sweet to me is the mouth that sings the music*

*If my love and I were high on the top of the mountain
Or on the white sea wandering far away
Seven days and nights of our love, with the energy of birds
And sweet would be the day, were Máire sitting beside me*

Muireann Nic Amhlaidh a rinne an cheardlann seo