

# Mo Ghile Mear

## Mary Black

Curfa

'si mo laoch, mo ghile mear

'si mo chaesar, ghile mear.

Suan na sian nm bhfuaireas 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 gruaim is suairce sns

Glac is luaimneach luath I ngleo

Ag teascadh an tslua 's ag tuairgan triaSeinntear 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 bhfuaireas 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.

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