

Buachaill Á“n Eirne

Celtic Thunder

Buachaill o/n E/ireann Me/'s bhe/as faoi fe/in caili/n deas o/g,
Ni/ iarr fain bo/ spre/ le/ithe ta/ me/ fe/in saibhir go leor,
's liom corcaigh 'a/ mhe/id e/ dha/ thaobh a ghleanna 's Tir Roghain,
's mur na thiai/ me/ n' t-oidhr' ar Chonthae Mhaigeo.
Buachaileacht bo/, mo Leo, nar chleacht mise ariamh,
Ach ag imirt 's ag 'ol 'le ho/gmhna/ deasa fa/ shliabh,
Ma/ chaill me/ mo sto/r ni/ do/' gur chaill me/ mo chiall,
A's ni/ mo/ liom do pho/g na/ 'n bhro/g ata/ 'n caitheamh le bliain.
A chuisle 's a sto/r na/ po/s an sean duine liath,
Ach po/s a' fein o/g, mo Leo, muir' maine se/ ach bliain,
No/ beidh tu/ go fo/oill gan o/ no/ mac os da chionn,
A shilleadh an deor tra/thno/na no/ 'n maidin go trom.

English Translation

I am a boy from Ireland and I'd coax a nice young girl,
I wouldn't ask for a dowry with her, I'm rich enough myself,
I own Cork, big as it is both sides of the glen and Tyrone,
And if I don't change my ways I'll be the heir for County Mayo.
Cow herding, my Leo, I did not never practice,
But playing and drinking with new young women by the mountain.
If I lost my wealth and I don't think I lost my sense,
And your kiss is no more to me than a show worn for a year.
My love and treasure, don't marry the old grey man,
But marry a young man, my Leo, even though he lives but a year,
Or you'll still be without a daughter or son above you,
Crying in the afternoon or in the morning hard.

by: Traditional

from: "Magical Ring"

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