

Brid Og Ni Mhaille

The Corrs

Is a Bhird g N Mhille
'S t d'fhg mo chro crite
'S chuir t arraingeacha
An bhis frd cheartlr mo chro
T na cadta fear i ngr
Le d'adan ciin nireach
Is go dtug t barr brechtacht'
Ar Thr Oirghiall ms forNl n ar bith is ille
N'n ghealach os cionn a' tsile r
N blth bn na n-airne
Bos ag fs ar an draighean
sid mar bos mo ghr-sa
Nos trils le brechtacht
Biln meala na hilleacht'
Nach ndearna riamh claonIs buachaill deas g m
'T triall chun mo phsta
'S n buan i bhfad beo m
Mura bhfaighidh m mo mhian
A chuisle is a stirn
Dan ridh agus b romhamsa
Cionn deireanach den Domhnach
Ar Bhithrn Dhroim SliabhIs tuirseach 's brnach
A chaithimse an Domhnach
Mo hata 'mo dhorn liom
'S m ag osnal go trom
'S m ag amharc ar na bithre
'Mbonn mo ghr-sa ag gabhail ann
'S ag fear eile psta
Is gan bheith liom[Translation:]Oh Brid Og O'Malley
You have left my heart breaking
You've sent the death pangs
Of sorrow to pierce my heart sore
A hundred men are craving
For your breathtaking beauty
You're the fairest of maidens
In Oriel for sureNo spectacle is fairer
Than moonbeams on the harbor
Or the sweet scented blossoms
Of the sloe on the thorn

But my love shines much brighter
In looks and in stature
That honey-lipped beauty
Who never said wrong I'm a handsome young fellow
Who is thinking of wedlock
But my life will be shortened
If I don't get my dear
My love and my darling
Prepare now to meet me
On next Sunday evening
On the road to Drum Slieve 'Tis sadly and lonely
I pass the time on Sunday
My head bowed in sorrow
My sights heavy with woe
As I gaze upon the byways
That my true love walks over
Now she's wed to another
And left me forlorn

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