

Sting, Mo Ghile Mear

By sen clrach mac domhnail

Seal da rabhas im' mhaighdean shimh,
's anois im' bhaintreach chaite thrith,
Mo chile ag treabhadh na dtonn go tran
De bharr na gcnoc is I n-imigcin.

's mo laoch, mo ghile mear,
's mo chaesar, ghile mear,
Suan n san n bhfuairias fin
Ó chuaigh I gcin mo ghile mear.

Bmse buan ar buaidhirt gach l&ocute;;
Ag caoi go cruaidh 's ag tuar na nde&ocute;r
Mar scaoileadh uaim an buachail be&ocute;;
's n romhtar tuairisc uaidh, mo bhr&ocute;n.

N labhrann cuach go suairc ar n&ocute;in
Is nI guth gadhair I gcoillte cn&ocute;;
N maidin shamhraidh I gcleanntaibh ceoigh
Ó d'imthigh uaim an buachail be&ocute;.

Marcach uasal uaibhreach &ocute;g,
Gas gan gruaim is suairce sn&ocute;dh,
Glac is luaimneach, luath I ngleo
Ag teascadh an tslua 's ag tuargain treon.

Seinntear stair ar chlairsigh cheoil
's lontair tinte crt ar bord
Le hinntinn ard gan chaim, gan che&ocute;;
chun saoghal is slinte d' fhaghil dom le&ocute;mhan.

Ghile mear 'sa seal faoi chumha,
's eire go lir faoi chl&ocute;caibh dubha;
Suan n san n bhfuairias fin
Ó luaidh I gcin mo ghile mear.

A literal translation by j. mark sugars 1997

Once I was a gentle maiden,
But now I am a spent, worn-out widow,
My consort strongly plowing the waves
Over the hills and far away.

He is my hero, my gallant darling,
He is my caesar, a gallant darling;
I've found neither rest nor fortune
Since my gallant darling went far away.

Every day I am constantly enduring grief,
Weeping nitterly and shedding tears,
Because my lively lad has left me
And no news is told of him - alas!

The cuckoo does not sing cheerfully at noon
And the sound of hounds is not heard in nut-tree woods
Nor summer morning in misty glen
Since my lively boy went away from me.

Noble, proud young horseman,
Youth without gloom, of pleasant countenance,

A swift-moving fist, nimble in a fight,
Slaying the enemy and smiting the strong.

Let a strain be played on musical harps,
And let many quarts be filled on the table,
With high spirit, without fault, without gloom,
That my lion may receive long life and health.

Gallant darling for a while under sorrow,
And Ireland completely under black cloaks,
I have found neither rest nor fortune
Since my gallant darling went far away