

Afro Celt Sound System "Amber"

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B'fhearr liom bheith ag scriobh/ I would rather write
Mar gheall ar solas an lae / About the nature and
character of daylight
Na' behith ag cur sios / Than to describe
Ar miant mo chroi / The yearnings of my heart
B'fhearr liom bheith a siul / I would instead, walk
San bhfoiris gle / The illuminated forest

Rain becomes silver
Leaves turn to gold

B'fhearr liom feachaint siar / I would rather look back
Is bheith ag eitilt san aer / And fly through the air
Na' behith I cgonai troid / Than to always fight
In aghaidh an saol / Against the world
B'fhearr liom bheith I'm' leanbh / Instead of this I would
be a child
San aoibhneas gie / In intense happiness

Rain becomes silver
Leaves turn to gold
Cloth become amber
Wind turn to snow

Rain becomes silver
Leaves turn to gold
Cloth become amber
Wind turn to snow

B'fhearr liom lui ar thalahm / I would rather lie on the
ground
Is bheith a stanadh ar an re / And gaze at the heavens
Na' behith feachaint sios uaim / Than to look down
Ar dath an chre / At the colour of the earth
B'fhearr liom bheith ag cogar / Instead, I would whisper
Le ceol na n-ean / The song of birds

Mere, soeur... la guere n'est pas bonne / Mother,
sister... war is not a good thing
Gens du monde la guere n'a que des vaincus / People
of the world, war has only losers
Simple orguell de l'homme pour montrer sa capacite

en detruisant son prochain /
The simple pride of men to demonstrate their power
whilst destroying their brothers

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