

Alan Stivell "Una's Love"

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Pity that I were not like the raven
That could fly to Una on the hill,
Or that I were a sunbeam shining on the eddying
stream,
With my love everywhere I could be.

Na cheithre Una, na cheithre Aine, na cheithre Maire's
na cheithre Nora,
Na cheithre mn? ba cheithre bre?cha i gceire gcearda
na Fodhla,
Na cheithre c?irni a chuaidh 's na cheithre clara, na
cheithre cl? racha conra.
Ach na cheithre gr?in ar na cheithre mn? nach dtug na
cheithre gr? go na
Cheithre poga,

Pity...

A Una Bh?n nach gr?nna an lui t? ort,
Do cheann le f?na i mearc na milte corp.
Ach mora dcuga th? f?ir orm, a phlandoig bhi riamh
gan locht
Ni dhiocfaidh mise 'd-aras go br?th ach an oiche
'nocht.

Na kaer eo karout 'noc'h, mui?? karet
Una bh?n, Anna ar wenn
Un de' e oamp,
Nemet ur galon
Un de' e oamp Love, just love

The four Unas, the four Annas, the four Mairies, the
four Noras,
The four women finest by fourfold in the four quarters
of Fodhla,
The four nails driven into the four coffin boards, the
four oak coffins 0

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