

## Clannad

# "Coinleach Ghlas an Fhomhair"

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[from gerard manning's list of clannad lyrics]

i.

Ar chonnlaigh ghlais an fhoghmhair  
 A stÃ³irÃ³n gur dhearc mÃ© uaim  
 Ba deas do chos I mbrÃ³ig  
 'sba rÃ³-dheas do leagan siubhail.  
 Do ghruaidh ar dhath na rÃ³sa  
 'sdo chÃ³irnÃ³ bhÃ³ fighte dlÃ³ith  
 Monuar gan sinn 'Ã³ir bpÃ³sadh  
 NÃ³'r bÃ³rd luinge 'triall 'un siubhail.

ii.

TÃ³i buachaillÃ³ na h-Ã³ite seo  
 A' gartha 'gus ag Ã³irghe teann  
 Is lucht na gcochÃ³in Ã³ird  
 A' deÃ³inamh fÃ³iruis do mo chailÃ³n donn  
 DÃ³i ngluaiseadh rÃ³ na spÃ³inne  
 Thar sÃ³iile 's a shlÃ³ighte cruinn  
 BhrÃ³ighfinn fÃ³ar is fÃ³isach  
 's bhÃ³inn ar lÃ³imh le mo chailÃ³n donn.

lii.

Ceannacht buaibh ar aontaigh'  
 DÃ³i mbÃ³n agus mo chailÃ³n donn  
 Gluais is tar a chÃ³ad-searc  
 NÃ³ go dtÃ³idh muid thar ghaoth-bearra 'nonn  
 Go sgartar Ã³ n-a chÃ³ile  
 BÃ³ir na gcraobh 's an eala Ã³n tuinn  
 NÃ³ sgarfar sin Ã³ chÃ³ile  
 's nÃ³l ach baois dÃ³bh Ã³i chur 'n mur gcionn.

lv.

Chuir mÃ© leitir scrÃ³obhtha  
 Annsoir mo sweetheart agus casaoid ghÃ³ar  
 Chuir sÃ³ chugam arÃ³s Ã³  
 Go rabh a croidhe istuigh I lÃ³ir mo chlÃ³ibh.  
 Cum na h-eala is mÃ³ne  
 NÃ³i'n sÃ³oda 's nÃ³i cluimh na n-Ã³an  
 Nach trom an osna ghnÃ³m-se  
 Nuair a smaotighim ar a bheith 'sgaradh lÃ³i.

v.

'sÃ³ chuala m/e dÃ³ domhnaigh

Mar chÃfÃ³mhrÃfÃidh 'gabhÃfÃiil eadar mhnÃfÃiibh  
Go rabh sÃfÃ 'gabhÃfÃiil 'a pÃfÃ³sadh  
Ar ÃfÃ³igfhear dÃfÃi bhfuil san ÃfÃiit.  
A stÃfÃ³irÃfÃn glac mo chomhairle  
's a' foghmhar seo fan mar tÃfÃi  
's cha leigim le 'bhfuil beo thÃfÃº  
A stÃfÃ³r nÃfÃ³ 's tÃfÃº mo ghrÃfÃidh.

Translation

[from larry keith ogle]

On the green stubble-fields of autumn  
I saw you, my sweetheart.  
Nice were your feet in shoes  
And wonderful your nimble gait.  
Your hair the color of roses  
And your ringlets tightly plaited  
Alas that we're not married  
Or on board ship sailing away

The boys around here are  
Laughing and getting bold  
And the people of the high straw?  
Are making ? ? of my brown girl  
If the king of spain would  
Go abroad with his assembled men  
I would flatten grass and rank grass  
And I would be with my brown girl

Buying cows at the fair  
If I were ? and my brown girl  
Go and come first love  
Until we go over to gaoth-bearra  
Until we separate from each other  
The tops of the branches and the swan  
From the waves ?  
That won't separate us  
And it's only folly for you to put it ? ?

I wrote a letter  
To my sweetheart and a sharp complaint  
She sent it back to me  
That her heart was inside me.  
Compose the artsswannoble person ?  
Finer than silk or bird feathers  
Heavy is my sigh  
When I think of being apart from her.

What I heard on sunday  
As conversation among the women  
That she was going to be married  
To a young man from the place.  
Sweetheart take my advice

And this autumn stay as you are  
And don't tell anyone, my love,  
That you are my love.

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