

Corrs

"Brid Og Ni Mhaille"

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Is a BhrÃd Ã“g NÃ MhÃille
 'S tÃº d'fhÃig mo chroÃ crÃiite
 'S chuir tÃº arraingeacha
 An bhÃiis frÃd cheartlÃir mo chroÃ
 TÃi na cÃ©adta fear l ngrÃi
 Le d'Ã©adan ciÃ©in nÃiireach
 Is go dtug tÃº barr breÃichtacht'
 Ar ThÃr Oirghiall mÃis fÃor

NÃi nÃ ar bith is Ãille
 NÃi'n ghealach os cionn a' tsÃille r
 NÃi blÃith bÃin na n-airne
 BÃos ag fÃis ar an draighean
 Ã“ siÃºd mar bÃos mo ghrÃi-sa
 NÃos trilsÃ le breÃichtacht
 BÃ©ilÃn meala na hÃilleacht'
 Nach ndearna riamh claon

Is buachaill deas Ã³g mÃ©
 'TÃi triall chun mo phÃ³sta
 'S nÃ buan l bhfad beo mÃ©
 Mura bhfaighidh mÃ© mo mhian
 A chuisle is a stÃ³irÃn
 DÃ©an rÃ©idh agus bÃ romhamsa
 Cionn deireanach den Domhnach
 Ar BhÃ³ithrÃn Dhroim Sliabh

Is tuirseach 's brÃ³nach
 A chaithimse an Domhnach
 Mo hata 'mo dhorn liom
 'S mÃ© ag osnaÃl go trom
 'S mÃ© ag amharc ar na bÃ³ithre
 'MbÃonn mo ghrÃi-sa ag gabhail ann
 'S Ã ag fear eile pÃ³sta
 Is gan Ã bheith liom

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 sure

No 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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