

Enya "Na Laetha Geal M'Á³ige"

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Ag amharc trÁ© m'Á³ige
Is mÁ© bhÁ sÁimh
Gan eolas marbh
BhÁ mÁ© Á³g san am,

Anois, tÁiim buartha
's fad ar shiÁ³il an lÁi.
OchÁ³n 's ochÁ³n Á³.

Na laetha geal m'Á³ige
BhÁ siad lÁin de dhÁ³chas
An bealach mÁ³r a bhÁ romham anonn
BhÁ sÁ© i ndÁin domh go mbeinn, slÁin, slÁin.

(Repeat refrain)

(Translation:
The bright days of my youth

(In honor of my father and mother)

Looking back over my youth
I see I was contented
Without knowledge of death
I was young then

Now I am worried
During the course of the day.
(Oh sorrow!) [Alas and woe, oh.]

The bright days of my youth
Were full of hope
The big road that was before us then
Was what was destined to be,
Bye bye...)

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