

## Mary Black "Mo Ghile Mear"

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Curfa

'si mo laoch, mo ghile mear  
'si mo chaesar, ghile mear.  
Suan na sian nm bhfuaireas fiin  
O chuaigh in gciin mo ghile mear.

Bmmse buan ar buairt gach ls  
Ag caoi go ctuaidh 's ag tuar na ndeor  
Mar scaoileadh uaim an buachaill beo  
's na rmomhtar tuairisc uaidh mo bhrsn.

Nm lagnrann cuach go suairc ar nsin  
Is nml guth gadhair l gcoillte cns  
Na maidin shamhraidh l gcleanntaibh ceoi  
O d'imigh uaim an buachaill beo.

Marcach uasal uaibhreach sg  
Gas gan gruaim is suairce sns  
Glac is luaimneach luath l ngleo  
Ag teascadh an tslua 's ag tuairgan tria

Seinntear stair ar chlairsigh cheoil  
Is liontair tainte cart ar bord  
Le hinntinn ard gan chaim gan cheo  
Chun saol is slainte d'fhail don leon.

Ghile mear 'sa seal faoi chumha  
's eire go liir faoi chlscaibh dubha  
Suan na sian nm bhfuaireas fiin  
O luaidh l gciin mo ghile mear.

Seal da rabhas im'mhaighdean shiimh  
's anois im' bhaintreach chaite thriith  
Mo chiile ag treabhadh ne dtonn go trian  
De bharr na gcnoc is in imigiin.

English translation (thanks to marina antolioni)

Chorus

He is my hero, my dashing darling  
He is my caesar, dashing darling.  
I've had no rest from forebodings

Since he went far away my darling.

Every day I am constantly sad  
Weeping bitterly and shedding tears  
Because our lively lad has left us  
And no news from him is heard alas.

The cuckoo sings not pleasantly at noon  
And the sound of hounds is not heard in nut-filled  
woods,  
Nor summer morning in misty glen  
Since he went away from me, my lively boy.

Noble, proud young horseman  
Warrior unsaddened, of most pleasant countenance  
A swift-moving hand, quick in a fight,  
Slaying the enemy and smiting the strong.

Let a strain be played on musical harps  
And let many quarts be filled  
With high spirit without fault or mist  
For life and health to toast my lion.

Dashing darling for a while under sorrow  
And all Ireland under black cloaks  
Rest or pleasure I did not get  
Since he went far away my dashing darling.

For a while I was a gentle maiden  
And now a spent worn-out widow  
My spouse ploughing the waves strongly  
Over the hills and far away.

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