

## Meav Ni Mhaolchatha "Morning In Bearra"

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Is Á% Mo ChoÁ Gan Mise Maidin Aerach  
Amuigh I MbÁarra Im' Sheasamh Ar An DtrÁi  
Is Guth Na N-Áan 'o'm Tharraing Tha Na SlÁibhte  
Cois Na Farraige  
Go CÁim An Aitinn Mar AmbÁonn Mo GhrÁi  
Is Obann Aoibhinn Aiteasach Do LÁimhinn  
Do Rithfhinn Saor Á" Anabhroid An TÁiis  
Do Thabharfainn Droim Le Scamallaibh An Tsaoil Seo  
DÁi Bhfaighinn Mo LÁirdhothain D'amharc Ar Mo  
Chaoimshearc BÁin

Is Á% Mo DhÁth Bheith Ceangailte Go Faonlag  
Is Neart Mo ChLÁibh DÁi Thachtadh 'nseo Sa TsrÁiid  
An Fhad TÁi RÁim Na Habhann Agus Gaoth Ghlan Na  
Farraige  
Ag Glaoch Is Gairm Ar An GcroÁ Seo I M'Áir  
Is Milis BrÁomhar Leathanbhog An T-Aer Ann  
Is Gile Á"n NgrÁin Go Farsing Ar An MbÁin  
Is OchÁ³n, A RÁbhean BhanÁil Na Gcraobhfholt  
Gan Sinne Araon I Measc An Aitinn Mar Do BhÁmis  
TrÁith

English Translation:

I regret that on this airy morning  
I am not out in BÁarra sitting on the beach  
With the voices of birds drawing me over the  
mountains beside the sea  
To the Pass of the Furze where my love is  
I would caper about happily, pleasantly  
I would run free from doubts and fears  
I turn my back on the clouds of this life

If I could ever get my fill of looking at my fair  
sweetheart

It is my sadness to be bound here in weakness  
The power of my spirit suffocated here in the streets  
While the rivers flow and the pure sea wind  
Calls and summons the heart within me  
The air there is sweet and vigorous and soft  
And bright is the sun that shines on the grasslands  
But alas, oh gentle queen of the curly hair

That we are not together amidst the furze as once we  
were

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