## Sarah Jarosz "A Stor A Stor A Ghra"

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## Gaelic:

A st?r, a st?r, a ghr? A st?r, a st?r an dtiocfaidh t?? A st?r, a st?r, a grh? An dtiocfaidh t? n? an bhfanfaidh t??

Bh? me I? bre? samhraidh i mo sheasamh ar an mhargadh 'S is iomai fear a d?irt lion: "Monuar, gan t? sa bhaile

agam".

Gheall mo ghr? domsa cinnte go dtiocfadh si Ni raibh a culaith D?anta agus sin an rud a choinnigh i

Thart t?in an gharrai, a Mh?ire, bhfuil an fhidil leat? Aicearra na bpr?tai go dt?imid' sair an fhidileoir

Mh? mise l?n den tsaoil is bhi cion amuigh is istigh orm Nach m?r a d?thraigh an saol nuair nach bhfuil eion ag duine ar bith orm?

## English:

One fine summers day as I stood there in the market place

Many a fine young man remarked, ?I?m sad you are not home with me.?

## Chorus:

me.

My darling, my darling, my love My darling, my darling, will you come with me My darling, my darling, my love will you come with me or settled be.

My true love promised kindly that she would surely come with me Her wedding dress not ready, delayed her in joining We have got water from the Eirne, and green grass from the heaven?s stems

Cows udders are near rending from the overflow of milk in them.

By the bottom of the garden, a Mary, is the fiddle there?

The shortcut by the praties, we?ll hasten to the fiddler.

At one time in my life I was dearly loved by everyone Haven?t times changed when no one cares a whit for me?

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