

## Sting "Mo Ghile Mear"

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By seÁin clÁirach mac domhnaill

Seal da rabhas im' mhaighdean shÁ©imh,  
's anois im' bhaintreach chaite thrÁ©ith,  
Mo chÁ©ile ag treabhadh na dtonn go trÁ©an  
De bharr na gcnoc is I n-imigcÁ©in.

'sÁ© mo laoch, mo ghile mear,  
'sÁ© mo chaesar, ghile mear,  
Suan nÁi sÁ©an nÁ bhfuaires fÁ©in  
Á“ chuaigh I gcÁ©in mo ghile mear.

BÁmse buan ar buaidhirt gach IÁ³,  
Ag caoi go cruaidh 's ag tuar na ndeÁ³r  
Mar scaoileadh uaim an buachaill beÁ³  
's nÁi rÁomhtar tuairisc uaidh, mo bhrÁ³n.

NÁ labhrann cuach go suairc ar nÁ³in  
Is nÁI guth gadhair I gcoillte cnÁ³,  
NÁi maidin shamhraidh I gcleanntaibh ceoigh  
Á“ d'imthigh uaim an buachaill beÁ³.

Marcach uasal uaibhreach Á³g,  
Gas gan gruaim is suairce snÁ³dh,  
Glac is luaimneach, luath I ngleo  
Ag teascadh an tslua 's ag tuargain treon.

Seinntear stair ar chlairsigh cheoil  
's IÁontair tÁiinte cÁirt ar bord  
Le hinntinn ard gan chaim, gan cheÁ³  
chun saoghal is slÁiinte d' fhaghÁiil dom leÁ³mhan.

Ghile mear 'sa seal faoi chumha,  
's eire go IÁ©ir faoi chlÁ³caibh dubha;  
Suan nÁi sÁ©an nÁ bhfuaires fÁ©in  
Á“ luaidh I gcÁ©in mo ghile mear.

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A literal translation by j. mark sugars 1997

Once I was a gentle maiden,

But now I am a spent, worn-out widow,  
My consort strongly plowing the waves  
Over the hills and far away.

He is my hero, my gallant darling,  
He is my caesar, a gallant darling;  
I've found neither rest nor fortune  
Since my gallant darling went far away.

Every day I am constantly enduring grief,  
Weeping nitterly and shedding tears,  
Because my lively lad has left me  
And no news is told of him - alas!

The cuckoo does not sing cheerfully at noon  
And the sound of hounds is not heard in nut-tree  
woods  
Nor summer morning in misty glen  
Since my lively boy went away from me.

Noble, proud young horseman,  
Youth without gloom, of pleasant countenance,  
A swift-moving fist, nimble in a fight,  
Slaying the enemy and smiting the strong.

Let a strain be played on musical harps,  
And let many quarts be filled on the table,  
With high spirit, without fault, without gloom,  
That my lion may receive long life and health.

Gallant darling for a while under sorrow,  
And ireland completely under black cloacks,  
I have found neither rest nor fortune  
Since my gallant darling went far away

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