

## Sting & Police

### "Mo Ghile Mear"

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By Se  t   Cl  t  ach Mac Domhnaill

Seal da rabhas im' mhaighdean sh  -mh,  
'S anois im' bhaintreach chaite thr  -th,  
Mo ch  -le ag treabhadh na dtonn go tr  -n  
De bharr na gcnoc is i n-imigc  -n.

'S  t  , mo laoch, mo Ghile Mear,  
'S  t  , mo Caesar, Ghile Mear,  
Suan n  t   s  -n n  t   bhfuairesas f  -n  
  t   chuaigh i gc  -n mo Ghile Mear.

B  'se buan ar buaidhirt gach l  t  ,  
Ag caoi go cruaidh 's ag tuar na nde    
Mar scaoileadh uaim an buachaill be  t    
n  t   r  "mhtar tuairisc uaidh, mo bhr  t  .

N  t   labhrann cuach go suairc ar n  <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>n  
Is n  ' guth gadhair i gcoillte cn  t  ,  
N  t   maidin shamhraidh i gcleanntaibh ceoigh  
  t   d'imthigh uaim an buachaill be  t  .

Marcach uasal uaibhreach   ,  
Gas gan gruaim is suaice sn  'h,  
Glac is luaimneach, luath i ngleo  
Ag teascadh an tslua 's ag tuargain treon.

Seinntear stair ar chlairsigh cheoil  
's l  "ntair t  nte c  t   ar bord  
Le hinntinn ard gan chaim, gan che  t    
saoghal is sl  t   d' fhag  t   dom le  than.

Ghile mear 'sa seal faoi chumha,  
's Eire go l  -r faoi chl  <sup>3</sup>aibh dubha;  
Suan n  t   s  -n n  t   bhfuairesas f  -n  
  t   luaidh i gc  -n mo Ghile Mear.

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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