

Van Morrison

"To Mo Chleamhnas Deanta"

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Ta mo chleamhnas deanta o athru areir
S'ni mo na go dtaithnioonn an bhean liom fein
Ach fagfaidh me i mo dhiaidh i
'gus imeoidh me liom fein
Ar fud na gcoillte craobhach

My match it was made here last night
To a girl I neither love nor like
But I'll take my own advice
And leave her behind
And go roaming the wild woods all over.

Shiuil mise thoir agus shiuil mise thiar.
Shiuil mise Corcaigh 'gus sraide Bh'l'ath Cliath
Ach samhail de mo chailin deas ni fhaca mise riamh.
'Si an bhean dubh a dhfhag mo chroi craite

I walked up and I walked down.
I walked Cork, and Dublin, and Belfast towns,
But no equal to my true love could I find.
She's the wee lass that's left my heart broken.

D'eirigh me ar maidin dha uair roimh an la
'gus fuair me litir o mo mhile ghra
Chuala me an smoilin 's an londubh a ra
Gur ealiagh mo ghra thar saile

I got up two hours before day
And I got a letter from my true love.
I heard the blackbird and linnet say
That my love had crossed the ocean.

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