

The Corrs

"Buachail On Eirne"

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Buachail Áfá³n Áf?irne máfÁ© 's bhrÁfÁ©agfainn
 cailÁfÁn deas ÁfÁ³g
 NÁfÁ iarrfainn báfÁ³ sprÁfÁ© lÁfÁ©i tÁfÁi máfÁ©
 fhÁfÁ©in saibhir go leor
 'S liom Corcaigh da mhÁfÁ©id ÁfÁ©, dhÁfÁi thaobh
 a' ghleanna 's TÁfÁr Eoghain
 'S mura n-athraÁfÁ máfÁ© báfÁ©asaÁfÁ 's máfÁ©
 n' t-oidhr'
 ar Chontae Mhaigh Eo

Rachaidh máfÁ© 'mÁfÁirach ag dhÁfÁ©anamh
 leanna fÁfÁin choill
 Gan choite gan báfÁid gan grÁfÁinnÁfÁn brach' ar
 bith liom
 Ach duilliÁfÁ³r na gcraobh mar ÁfÁ©adaigh leapa os
 mo chionn
 'S ÁfÁ³rÁfÁ³ sheacht m'anam dÁfÁ©ag thÁfÁ³ 's
 tÁfÁ³ 'fÁfÁ©achaint orm anall

Buachailleacht báfÁ³, mo leo, nÁfÁir chleacht mise
 ariamh
 Ach ag imirt 's ag ÁfÁ³l le h'ÁfÁ³gmhnÁfÁi deasa an
 tsliabh
 MÁfÁi chaill máfÁ© mo stÁfÁ³r nÁfÁ moide gur chaill
 máfÁ© mo chiall
 A's nÁfÁ máfÁ³ liom do phÁfÁ³g nÁfÁi'n bhrÁfÁ³g
 atÁfÁiim ag caitheamh le bliain

Translation

I'm a boy from Lough Erne and I could charm a nice
 young girl

I would not ask for her wealth as I am rich enough
 myself
 I own a good part of Cork, two sides of the glen in
 Tyrone

And not to repeat myself I'm the heir of County Mayo
 I will go tomorrow to make ale in the wood
 Without a cot without a boat without a pinch of gruel
 with me

But leaves of the branches as bedclothes over my head
And think well done for you as you watch me from over
there

A cowherd, my pet, I've never been accustomed to be
Instead of playing and drinking with the nice young
women
on the mountain side
If I lost my riches I probably didn't lose my senses
And your kiss is no more to me now than a shoe worn
for a year

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