

The Corrs

"Buachhail On Eirne"

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Buachhail n-áirne mé is bhráthair fáin
cailín deas ág.

Ná iarrfainn bá spráil, tá mé fáin saibhir go
leor

Is liom Corcaigh dá mháid á, dhá thaobh an
ghleanna, is Tá Eoghain,

Is mura n-athra' mé bása, is mé an t-oidhre ar
chontae Mhuigheo.

Buachailleacht bá, mo leo, náir chleacht mise riamh
ach ag imirt is ag áil le hágmhá deasa fá shliabh.
Má chail mé mo stáir ná máide gur chail mé mo
chiall

Is ná má liom do pháig ná an bhráthair atá ar
caitheamh le bliain.

Rachaidh mé amáirach a dháanamh leanna fáin
choill,

gan coite gan báid gan gráin brach' ar bith liom,
ach duilliáir na gcraobh mar áide leaba os mo
cheann

is árá, a sheacht m'anam dá ag thá, is tá ag
fáachaint orm anall.

[Translation:]

I am a boy from Ireland and I'd coax a nice young girl,
I wouldn't ask for a dowry with her, I'm rich enough
myself,

I own Cork, big as it is both sides of the glen and
Tyrone,

And if I don't change my ways I'll be the heir for County
Mayo.

Cow herding, my Leo, I did not never practice,
But playing and drinking with new young women by the
mountain.

If I lost my wealth and I don't think I lost my sense,
And your kiss is no more to me than a show worn for a
year.

My love and treasure, don't marry the old grey man,
But marry a young man, my Leo, even though he lives
but a year,
Or you'll still be without a daughter or son above you,
Crying in the afternoon or in the morning hard.

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