

Altan "A Stor A Stor A Ghra"

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Gaelic:

A stór, a stór, a ghrÃi A stór, a stór an dtiocfaidh tú? A stór, a stór, a grhÃi An dtiocfaidh tú nó an bhfanfaidh tú?

Bhà me lÃi breÃi samhraidh i mo sheasamh ar an mhargadh 'S is iomai fear a dúirt lion: "Monuar, gan tú sa bhaile agam".

Gheall mo ghrÃi domsa cinnte go dtiocfadh si Ni raibh a culaith Déanta agus sin an rud a choinnigh i

Thart tóin an gharrai, a MhÃiire, bhfuil an fhidil leat? Aicearra na bprÃitai go dtéimid' sair an fhidileoir

Mhà mise lÃin den tsaoil is bhi cion amuigh is istigh orm

Nach $m\tilde{A}^3$ r a d \tilde{A} ithraigh an saol nuair nach bhfuil eion ag duine ar bith orm?

English:

One fine summers day as I stood there in the market place

Many a fine young man remarked, \hat{A} "I \hat{A} 'm sad you are not home with me. \hat{A} "

Chorus:

My darling, my darling, my love My darling, my darling, will you come with me My darling, my darling, my love will you come with me or settled be.

My true love promised kindly that she would surely come with me Her wedding dress not ready, delayed her in joining

me.

We have got water from the Eirne, and green grass from the heavenÂ's stems

Cows udders are near rending from the overflow of milk in them.

By the bottom of the garden, a Mary, is the fiddle there?

The shortcut by the praties, weÂ'll hasten to the fiddler.

At one time in my life I was dearly loved by everyone HavenÂ't times changed when no one cares a whit for me?

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