

Altan**"St?r, A St?r, A Ghr"**

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Gaelic:

A st?r, a st?r, a ghra
A st?r, a st?r an dtiocfaidh tu?
A st?r, a st?r, a grha
An dtiocfaidh tu n? an bhfanfaidh tu?

Bhi me la brea samhraidh i mo sheasamh ar an
mhargadh
'S is iomai fear a duirt lion: "Monuar, gan tu sa bhaile
agam".

Gheall mo ghra domsa cinnte go dtiocfadh si
Ni raibh a culaith D?anta agus sin an rud a choinnigh i

Thart t?in an gharrai, a Mhaire, bhfuil an fhidil leat?
Aicearra na bpratai go dt?imid' sair an fhidileoir

Mhi mise lan den tsaol is bhi cion amuigh is istigh orm
Nach m?r a dathraigh 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, ?I?m sad you are
not home with me.?

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 heaven'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, we'll hasten to the fiddler.

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

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