

# Altan

## "Stór, A Stór, A Ghrá"

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Gaelic:

A stÃ³r, a stÃ³r, a ghra  
A stÃ³r, a stÃ³r an dtiocfaidh tu?  
A stÃ³r, a stÃ³r, a grha  
An dtiocfaidh tu nÃ³ 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 DÃ©anta agus sin an rud a choinnigh  
i

Thart tÃ³in an gharrai, a Mhaire, bhfuil an fhidil leat?  
Aicearra na bpratai go dtÃ©imid' sair an fhidileoir

Mhi mise lan den tsaol is bhi cion amuigh is istigh orm  
Nach mÃ³r 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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