

Corrs, The "Bríd Óg Ní Mháille"

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Is a Bhráid Ág Ní Mháille
'S tá d'fháig mo chroí cráite
'S chuir tá arraingeacha
An bháis frád cheartláir mo chroí
Tá na cáadta fear i ngrá
Le d'áadan ciá in náireach
Is go dtug tá barr breáichtacht'
Ar Tháir Oirghiall máis fáor

Ná ná ar bith is áille
Ná'n ghealach os cionn a' tsáile r
Ná bí áith báin na n-airne
Báos ag fáis ar an draighean
Á siá d mar báos mo ghrá-sa
Náos trils le breáichtacht
Bá ilán meala na háilleacht'
Nach ndearna riamh claon

Is buachaill deas ág má
'Tá triall chun mo phásta
'S ná buan i bhfad beo má
Mura bhfaighidh má mo mhian
A chuisle is a stáirán
Dá an ráidh agus bá romhamsa
Cionn deireanach den Domhnach
Ar Bháithrán Dhroim Sliabh

Is tuirseach 's bránach
A chaithimse an Domhnach
Mo hata 'mo dhorn liom
'S má ag osnáil go trom
'S má ag amharc ar na báithre
'Mbáonn mo ghrá-sa ag gabhail ann
'S á ag fear eile pásta
Is gan á bheith liom

[Translation:]

Oh Brid Og O'Malley
You have left my heart breaking
You've sent the death pangs

Of sorrow to pierce my heart sore
A hundred men are craving
For your breathtaking beauty
You're the fairest of maidens
In Oriel for sure

No spectacle is fairer
Than moonbeams on the harbor
Or the sweet scented blossoms
Of the sloe on the thorn
But my love shines much brighter
In looks and in stature
That honey-lipped beauty
Who never said wrong

I'm a handsome young fellow
Who is thinking of wedlock
But my life will be shortened
If I don't get my dear
My love and my darling
Prepare now to meet me
On next Sunday evening
On the road to Drum Slieve

'Tis sadly and lonely
I pass the time on Sunday
My head bowed in sorrow
My sights heavy with woe
As I gaze upon the byways
That my true love walks over
Now she's wed to another
And left me forlorn

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