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Corrs, The
"Buachhaill On Eirne"

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Buachaill Ã³n Ã‰irne mÃ© is bhrÃ©agfainn fÃ©in cailÃn deas Ã³g.
NÃ iarrfainn bÃ³ sprÃ© lÃ©i, tÃ¡ mÃ© fÃ©in saibhir go leor
Is liom Corcaigh dÃ¡ mhÃ©id Ã©, dhÃ¡ thaobh an ghleanna, is TÃr Eoghain,
Is mura n-athra' mÃ© bÃ©asaÃ, is mÃ© an t-oidhre ar chontae Mhuigheo.

Buachailleacht bÃ³, mo leo, nÃ¡r chleacht mise riamh
ach ag imirt is ag Ã³l le hÃ³gmhnÃ¡ deasa fÃ¡ shliabh.
MÃ¡ chaill mÃ© mo stÃ³r nÃ mÃ³ide gur chaill mÃ© mo chiall
Is nÃ mÃ³ liom do phÃ³g nÃ¡ an bhrÃ³g atÃ¡ ar caitheamh le bliain.

Rachaidh mÃ© amÃ¡rach a dhÃ©anamh leanna fÃ¡in choill,
gan coite gan bÃ¡d gan grÃ¡inÃn brach' ar bith liom,
ach duilliÃºir na gcraobh mar Ã©ide leaba os mo cheann
is Ã³rÃ³, a sheacht m'anam dÃ©ag thÃº, is tÃº ag fÃ©achaint 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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