

**John Spillane****"A song for rory gallagher"**

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Corcra an dath at? ar ghruaig mo ghr?  
Is is duibhe n? dubh iad bratacha a l?mh  
Corcra an dath at? ar ghruaig mo ghr?  
Ag sileadh anuas ar a guailne

If I told you what I thought of you the first time that I  
saw you  
With the sun in your hair and the world at your feet  
And the future far behind you  
Would you care to remember or dare to remember me?

Rory, Rory, Rory?

You had eyes for no one anyone could see  
And the dead ones among us said they'd seen you  
before  
Only the air seemed brighter and our hearts felt lighter  
When you took us out of this world

Rory, Rory  
Can you hear me?  
Rory?

Corcra an dath at? ar ghruaig mo ghr?  
Is is duibhe n? dubh iad bratacha a l?mh  
Corcra an dath at? ar ghruaig mo ghr?  
Ar foluain os cionn mo chro?

If I told you that I thought of you every now and then  
And again when the moon disappears  
Since you walked out the door on the far side of here  
With our hearts held safe in your hands  
Would you ever look after forever and ever  
I know you'll look after me

Rory, Rory, Rory, Rory  
Rory, Rory, Rory  
Can you hear me?

An ? n?r air?s an tuile  
ag l?onadh ort, rabharta cos is l?mh

a dhein bord loinge den url?  
i Halla na Cathrach  
is n? l?onfaidh feasta an poll  
a d'fh?gais ar ard?n l do dhiaidh?

An mbraitheann t? anois ?,  
?r ngile mearluaimneach m?ar,  
agus solas na bhflaitheas  
ag sluaisti? ci?nais ar sh?ile  
an tslua 't? buailte le st?itse  
ag gaoch ar ais ort ?n ndoircheacht

Rory Rory Rory

An gcloiseann t? anois ?r ngu??  
An gcloiseann t? anois ?r ngu??  
An gcloiseann t? anois ?r ngu??  
An gcloiseann t? anois ?r ngu??  
An gcloiseann t? anois ?r ngu??  
An gcloiseann t? anois ?r ngu??  
An gcloiseann t? anois ?r ngu??

(translation)

Sung:

Purple is the colour of my true love's hair  
and blacker than black the flags of her hands  
purple is the colour of my true love's hair  
spilling down on her shoulders

Purple is the colour of my true love's hair  
and blacker than black the flags of her hands  
purple is the colour of my true love's hair  
flying bravely over my heart

Spoken:

Did you really not hear  
the tide flooding in behind you  
the waves of pounding feet  
that rocked the floor of the City Hall  
until it rolled like the deck of a ship  
and will never fill the emptiness  
you left behind you on stage?

Do you feel it now,  
our swiftfingered brightness,  
as the light of heaven  
shovels silence on the eyes  
of the crowd as they press against the stage,  
calling you back from the darkness

Rory Rory Rory?

Now do you hear our prayer?

Now do you hear our prayer

Now do you hear our prayer?

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