

John Spillane

"Rinn na mara"

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Shaothra?os an talamh dorcha sa phar?iste faoin leaba
Gur fh?s crann ard cast?in go d?anach san o?che
Fr?amha mo chosa, craobhacha mo l?mha
Fr?amha mo chosa, cosa insan l?ib
Duilli?r mo ghruaig, ag s?ideadh sa ghaoth
Aniar aduaidh, c? a dh?iseoidh m??

T?ir s?os go Rinn na Mara t? aimitis ar an tr?
Cuir in uisce reatha ? go ceann tr? l?
Ceangail l gceirt is caith ar do chorp
Corcra an lia, corcra an chloch
Aniar aduaidh an t-?in?n is l?
Aon fhocal uaidh, sin a dh?iseoidh t?.

Translation;

I worked the dark land in the parish under the bed
Till there grew a tall chestnut tree late in the night
My feet are the roots, my arms the branches
My feet the roots, roots in the earth
My hair the leaves, waving in the wind
From the northwest, who will wake me up?

Go down to the point of the sea there's amethyst on the
strand
Place it in running water for three days
Wrap it in a cloth and wear it on your body
Purple the healer, purple the stone
From the northwest the tiniest of birds
One word from him, that's what will wake you up.

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