

B'fhearr liom bheith ag scríobh / I would rather write
Mar gheall ar solas an lae / About the nature and character of
daylight
Ná bheith ag cur síos / Than to describe
Ar mianta mo chroí / The yearnings of my heart
B'fhearr liom bheith a'siúl / I would instead, walk
San bhfoirís glé / The illuminated forest

Rain become silver
Leaves turn to gold

B'fhearr liom feachaint siar / I would rather look back
Is bheith ag eitilt san aer / And fly through the air
Ná bheith i gcónaí troid / Than to always fight
In aghaidh an saol / Against the world
B'fhearr liom bheith a'siúl / I would instead, walk
San aoibhnea glé / In intense happiness

Rain become silver
Leaves turn to gold
Cloth become amber
Wind turn to snow

B'fhearr liom luí ar thalamh / I would rather lie on the ground
Is bheith a stánadh ar an ré / And gaze at the heavens
Na bheith féachaint síos uaim / Than to look down
Ar dath an chré / At the color of the earth
B'fhearr liom bheith ag cogar / Instead, I would whisper
Le ceol na n-eán / The songs of birds

Mère, soeur... la guère n'est pas bonne /
Mother, sister... war is not a good thing
Gens du monde la guère n'a que des vaincus... /
People of the world, war has only losers...
Simple orguell de l'homme pour montrer sa capacité en détruisan
t son prochain /
The simple pride of men to demonstrate their power whilst destr
oying their brothers