

Una's Love

Alan Stivell

Pity that I were not like the raven
That could fly to Una on the hill,
Or that I were a sunbeam shining on the eddying stream,
With my love everywhere I could be.

Na cheithre Una, na cheithre Aine, na cheithre Maire's na cheithre Nora,
Na cheithre mn? ba cheithre bre?cha i gceire gcearda na Fodhla,
Na cheithre c?irni a chuaidh 's na cheithre clara, na cheithre cl? racha conra.
Ach na cheithre gr?in ar na cheithre mn? nach dtug na cheithre gr? go na
Cheithre poga,

Pity...

A Una Bh?n nach gr?nna an lui t? ort,
Do cheann le f?na i mearc na milte corp.
Ach mora dcuga th? f?ir orm, a phlandoig bhi riamh gan locht
Ni dhiocfaidh mise 'd-aras go br?th ach an oiche 'nocht.

Na kaer eo karout 'noc'h, mui?? karet
Una bh?n, Anna ar wenn
Un de' e oamp,
Nemet ur galon
Un de' e oamp Love, just love

The four Unas, the four Annas, the four Mairies, the four Noras
,
The four women finest by fourfold in the four quarters of Fodhla,
The four nails driven into the four coffin boards, the four oak coffins 0