

# Coinleach Ghlas An Fhomhair

Clannad

Ar chonnlalaigh ghlaist an Fhoghmhair  
A stóirín gur dhearc mé uaim  
Ba deas do chos I mbróig  
'Sba ró-dheas do leagan siubhail  
Do ghruaidh ar dhath na rósáí  
'Sdo chúirníní bhí fighte dlúith  
Monuar gan sinn 'ár bpósadh  
Nó'r bód luinge 'triall 'un siubhail

II

Tá buachaillí na h-áite seo  
A' gartha 'gus ag éirghe teann  
Is lucht na gcochán árd  
A' deánamh fáruis do mo chailín donn  
Dá ngluaiseadh Rí na Spáinne  
Thar síle 's a shlöighte cruinn  
Bhrúighfinn féar is fásach  
'S bhéinn ar láimh le mo chailín donn

Ceannacht buaibh ar aontaigh'  
Dá mbínn agus mo chailín donn  
Gluais is tar a chéad-searc  
Nó go dtéidh muid thar Ghaoth-Bearra 'nonn  
Go sgartar ó n-a chéile  
Bárr na gcraobh 's an eala ón tuinn  
Ní sgarfar sin ó chéile  
'S níl ach baois díbh á chur 'n mur gcionn

Chuir mé leitir scriobhtha  
Annsoir mo sweetheart agus casaoid ghéar  
Chuir sí chugam arís í  
Go rabh a croidhe istuigh I lár mo chléibh  
Cum na h-eala is míne  
Ná'n síoda 's ná cluimh na n-éan  
Nach trom an osna ghním-se  
Nuair a smaoitighim ar a bheith 'sgaradh léi

'Sé chuala m/e Dé Domhnaigh  
Mar chómhrádh 'gabháil eadar mhnáibh  
Go rabh sí 'gabháil 'a pósadh  
Ar óigfhear dá bhfuil san áit  
A stóirín glac mo chomhairle  
'S a' foghmar seo fan mar tá  
'S cha leigim le 'bhfuil beo thú  
A stór nó 's tú mo ghrádh

On the green stubble-fields of Autumn  
I saw you, my sweetheart  
Nice were your feet in shoes  
And wonderful your nimble gait  
Your hair the color of roses  
And your ringlets tightly plaited  
Alas that we're not married  
Or on board ship sailing away

The boys around here are  
Laughing and getting bold  
And the people of the high straw?

Are making?? of my brown girl  
If the King of Spain would  
Go abroad with his assembled men  
I would flatten grass and rank grass  
And I would be with my brown girl

Buying cows at the fair  
If I were? and my brown girl  
Go and come first love  
Until we go over to Gaoth-Bearra  
Until we separate from each other  
The tops of the branches and the swan  
From the waves?  
That won't separate us  
And it's only folly for you to put it??

I wrote a letter  
To my sweetheart and a sharp complaint  
She sent it back to me  
That her heart was inside me  
Compose the artsswannable person?  
Finer than silk or bird feathers  
Heavy is my sigh  
When I think of being apart from her

What I heard on Sunday  
As conversation among the women  
That she was going to be married  
To a young man from the place  
Sweetheart take my advice  
And this Autumn stay as you are  
And don't tell anyone, my love  
That you are my love