

Bríd Óg Ní Mháille

The Corrs

Is a Bhríd Óg Ní Mháille
'S tú d'fhág mo chroí cráite
'S chuir tú arraingeacha
An bháis fríd cheartlár mo chroí
Tá na céadta fear i ngrá
Le d'éadan ciúin náireach
Is go dtug tú barr breáchtacht'
Ar Thír Oirghiall más fíor

Níl ní ar bith is áille
Ná'n ghealach os cionn a' tsáile r
Ná bláth bán na n-airne
Bíos ag fás ar an draighean
Ó siúd mar bíos mo ghrá-sa
Níos trilsí le breáchtacht
Béilín meala na háilleacht'
Nach ndearna riamh claon

Is buachaill deas óg mé
'Tá triall chun mo phósta
'S ní buan i bhfad beo mé
Mura bhfaighidh mé mo mhian
A chuisle is a stóirín
Déan réidh agus bí romhamsa
Cionn deireanach den Domhnach
Ar Bhóithrín Dhroim Sliabh

Is tuirseach 's brónach
A chaithimse an Domhnach
Mo hata 'mo dhorn liom
'S mé ag osnaíl go trom
'S mé ag amharc ar na bóithre
'Mbíonn mo ghrá-sa ag gabhail ann
'S í ag fear eile pósta
Is gan í bheith liom

Oh Brid Og O'Malley
You have left my heart breaking
You've sent the death pangs
Of sorrow to pierce my heart sore
A hundred men are craving
For your breathtaking beauty
You're the fairest of maidens
In Oriel for sure

No spectacle is fairer
Than moonbeams on the harbor
Or the sweet scented blossoms
Of the sloe on the thorn
But my love shines much brighter
In looks and in stature
That honey-lipped beauty
Who never said wrong

I'm a handsome young fellow
Who is thinking of wedlock
But my life will be shortened

If I don't get my dear
My love and my darling
Prepare now to meet me
On next Sunday evening
On the road to Drum Slieve

'Tis sadly and lonely
I pass the time on Sunday
My head bowed in sorrow
My sights heavy with woe
As I gaze upon the byways
That my true love walks over
Now she's wed to another
And left me forlorn