



Traditional Irish Sean-nós Singing | Beginner 2 | Lyrics

- The lyrics have extra spacing to enable you to write the lyrics phonetically. The English translation is provided below the lyrics in Irish.
- *Cúrfá* means Chorus

Dá bhFaighinn Mo Rogha Do Thuir Acu

Dá bhfaighinn mo rogha de thriúr acu, De thriúr acu, de thriúr acu,

Dá bhfaighinn mo rogha de thriúr acu, Cé acu siúd ab fhearr liom.

Curfá: Is ó mo mhíle gile thú, Grá mo chroí 'gus fiche thú,

Ó mo mhíle gile thú 'S ní ag magadh leat atáimse.

Ní phósfainn féin an gabha dubh, An gabha dubh an gabha dubh

Ní phósfainn féin an gabha dubh, Mar bíonn sé dubh sa cheártain,

Curfá

Ní phósfainn féin an t-iascaire, an t-iascaire, an t-iascaire,

Ní phósfainn féin an t-iascaire Mar bíonn sé fliuch go bhásta.

Curfá

Ní phósfainn féin an táilliúirín, an táilliúirín, an táilliúirín,

Ní phósfainn féin an táilliúirín, Bíonn codladh grifín ón gclár ann.

Curfá

'Sé mo ghrá an veidhleadóir, An veidhleadóir, an veidhleadóir,

'Sé mo ghrá an veidhleadóir, 'Sé an veidhleadóir is fearr liom.

Curfá

If I had my pick of 3 of them

[Dá bhFaighinn Mo Rogha Do Thuir Acu in English]

If I had my pick of 3 of them, of 3 of them, of 3 of them

If I had my pick of 3 of them, Who would I rather?

**Chorus: Oh my thousand beloved, the love of my heart twenty times over,
oh my thousand beloved, and I'm not joking!**

I wouldn't marry the blacksmith, the blacksmith, the blacksmith,
I wouldn't marry the blacksmith, for he'd be black from the forge.

Chorus

I wouldn't marry the fisherman, the fisherman, the fisherman,
I wouldn't marry the fisherman, for he'd be wet from the waist down.

Chorus

I wouldn't marry the small tailor, the small tailor, the small tailor,
I wouldn't marry the small tailor, He'd have pins and needles from sitting.

Chorus

My love is the fiddler, the fiddler, the fiddler
My love is the fiddler, The fiddler is my favourite!

Táimse 'gus Máire

By Seán Eoghain Ó Súilleabháin

Táimse 'gus Máire go sásta inár n-aighe,
Ó nascadh i bpáirt sinn ag an altóir ró-bheannaithe,
Thug sise grá thar chairde 'gus fearaibh dhom,
Thógas ar láimh í 's go brách brách ní scarfaimid.

**Curfá: Beadsa ag seinnt ceoil, poirtíní béil agam,
Rex-fol-dí-ó, rex-fol-dí-i-e-dil-i-dí.**

Tá mo theaghlach san áit is fearr ar an mbaile seo,
I bpáirc an tsrutháin a sháraíonn seacht n-acra,
Cruithneacht a' fás ann chomh hard leis na clathacha,
'S mé ag feitheamh don lá go bhfeicfidh mé aibidh í.

Curfá

Tá torthaí ag fás im' gháirdín go slachtaithe,
Úlla, spionáin agus cuiríní dearga.
Siúcra i mála le ráithe go taiscithe
Chun subh is misleáin don bhab is do bhanaltra.

Curfá

'Sí mo chéile-se Máire an stáidbhean mhodhúil mhaisiúil,
Í ag luascadh an chliabháin is an bhab ar a sheascaireacht.
Stoca 'na láimh is na bioráin innti a' preabarnaigh,
Í a' cniotáil is a' crónán don leanbhín.

Curfá

'Sé mo ghuí chun an Ard-Mhic a ghrásta do scaipeadh orainn,

'S go leanfaidh an t-ádh san gan ghátar gan easpa orainn

'S nuair a thiocfaidh lá an áirimh in áitreabh úd Jasapheth,

Go dtóga Dia ar láimh sinn in airde go Parrathas.

Myself and Máire [Táimse 'gus Máire]

Máire and I are very happy,
Since we were married at the holy altar.
She gave me love over everyone else,
I took her hand and we will never separate.

Chorus: I'll play my music, lilting away:
Rex-fol-dí-ó, rex-fol-dí-i-e-dil-i-dí.

My family are in the best place in this village,
In the field by the river over 7 acres.
Wheat growing tall,
And I'm waiting to see it mature.

There is fruit growing here with great vitality,
apples, gooseberries and redcurrants;
Sugar waiting safely in a bag,
To make jam and sweets for the baby and nurse.

My wife Máire is a modest, beautiful woman,
Swinging the baby in the crib contentedly.
Needles bouncing, making socks,
Singing and knitting for the child.

My wish to the Heavens is to give us His Grace,
That luck will follow us without want,
When the day of judgement comes,
That God will take us in his arms to Heaven.

Cá Rabhais Ar Feadh An Lae Uaim?

Cá rabhais ar feadh an lae uaim, a bhuachaillín óig,
Cá rabhais ar feadh an lae uaim, a lao ghil 's a stóir;
Bhíos ag fiach 's ag foghléireacht a mháthairín, ó!
Ach anois cóirigh mo leabaigh táim breoite go leor

Cad a bhí agat dod dhinéar, a bhuachaillín óig,
Cad a bhí agat dod dhinéar, a lao ghil 's a stóir;
Bhí feol agam go raibh ní inti, a mháthairín, ó!
Ach anois cóirigh mo leabaigh táim breoite go leor.

Cad a fhágfar ag t'athair, a bhuachaillín óig,
Cad a fhágfar ag t'athair, a lao ghil 's a stóir;
Fágfad cóiste is ceithre chapall, a mháthairín, ó!
Ach anois cóirigh mo leabaigh táim breoite go leor.

Cad a fhágfar a'd mháthair, a bhuachaillín óig,
Cad a fhágfar a'd mháthair, a lao ghil 's a stóir,
Fágfad póg is míle beannacht, a mháthairín ó!
Ach anois cóirigh mo leabaigh táim breoite go leor.

Cad a fhágfar a'd mhnaoi chéile, a bhuachaillín óig,
Cad a fhágfar a'd mhnaoi chéile, a lao ghil 's a stór,
Fágfad rópa chun í do chrocadh a mháthairín ó!
Ach anois cóirigh mo leabaigh táim breoite go leor.

Cár mhaith leat bheith curtha, a bhuachaillín óig,
Cár mhaith leat bheith curtha, a lao ghil 's a stór;

I dteampall Chill Mhuire, a mháthairín ó!

Ach anois cóirigh mo leabaigh, táim breoite go leor.

Where Were You All Day, My Little Boy O?

[Cá Rabhais Ar Feadh An Lae Uaim?]

Where were you all day, my little boy-o?

Where were you all day, my bright calf and treasure?

I was hunting and fowling, Mother-o!

Now make my bed, I'm very sick.

What did you eat for dinner, my little boy-o?

What did you eat for dinner, my bright calf and treasure?

I had meat that was poisoned my mother-o.

Now make my bed, I'm very sick.

What will you leave your father, my little boy-o?

What will you leave your father, my bright calf and treasure?

My coach and four horses, my mother-o.

Now make my bed, I'm very sick.

What will you leave your mother, my little boy-o?

What will you leave your mother, my bright calf and treasure?

I'll leave a kiss and a thousand blessings, my mother-o.

Now make my bed, I'm very sick.

What will you leave your wife, my little boy-o?

What will you leave your wife, my bright calf and treasure?

A rope to hang herself my mother-o

Now make my bed, I'm very sick.

