

Ardaidh Chuain (Seán Mac Ambróis 1793-1873)
Mícheál Ó Domhnaill *Kells, Co. Meath*



Dá mbeinn féin in Ardaidh Chuain
In aice an tsléibhe úd 'tá 'bhfad uaim
B'annamh liom gan dul ar cuairt
Go Gleann na gCuach Dé Domhnaigh

Curfá:
Agus och och Éire lig is ó
Éire lionn dubh agus ó
'S é mo chroí 'tá trom agus brónach

Is iomaí Nollag a bhí mé féin
I mBun Abhann Duinne is mé gan chéill
Ag iomáint ar an trá bhán
'S mo chamán bán ins mo dhorn liom

Curfá:

[Nach tuirseach mise anseo liom féin
Nach n-airím guth coiligh, londubh nó traon,
Gealbhán, smaolach, naoscach féin,
Is chan aithním féin an Domhnach.]

Curfá:

Dá mbeadh agam féin ach coite 's rámh
D'iomaróinn liom ar dhroim a' tsnáimh
'Dúil as Dia go sroichfinn slán
'S go bhfaighinnse bás in Éirinn

Curfá:

If I were in Ardicoan
Beside that distant mountain
It's seldom I wouldn't go on a visit
To the Glen of the Cuckoo on Sunday

Chorus:
And oh! oh! Ireland [???)
Ireland of sorrows and oh!
My heart is heavy and sad

Many's the Christmas I was
without care in Cushendun
Playing hurling on the white strand
My bright hurley stick in my fist

Chorus:

Isn't it tired I am here alone
I don't hear a cock's cry, blackbird,
or corncrake, sparrow, thrush, snipe
and I don't recognize when it's Sunday]

Chorus:

If I had but a wherry and oars
I'd row over the crest of the tide
Hoping to God that I'd arrive safely
And that I'd die in Ireland

Chorus:

