An Cailin Rua (The Red-Headed Girl)

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Nach doiligh domhsa mo chailin a mholadh
'S ni he amhain mar bhi si rua
Bhi si mar gath greine a dhul in eadan na gloinne
Is bhi sceimh mhna na finne le mo cailin rua

(It isn't hard for me to praise my girl
And not only because she's a red-head:
She's like a sunbeam reflecting from a glass surface
And she resembles the <classical> women of beauty)

cho: Thug me liom i o bhaile go baile
O gheaftai Dhoire is go Baile an Luain
Chan fhiul aon mhile ar shiul me 'r a fad sin
Nach dtug me deoch leanna do mo chailin rua

(I went from town to town
From Derry's gates to Baile an Luain <?>
And not even a mile did I walk along that road
Without giving a drop of ale to my red-headed girl)

B'fhearr liom i na bo is na bearrach
A bhfuil da loinghis a' tarraingt chun cuain
B'fhearr liom aris na cios cluain maidne
Go mbeinn is mo chailin in mBaile an Luain

(I prefer her to cows and ???
And ships drawing near to the harbors
I prefer her too to the rent from an east-facing meadow
<Oh> If I were with my red-headed girl in Baile an Luain!)

Chuir me mo chailin go margadh Shligidh
B'e sin fein an margadh bhi daor
Bhi scilling agus punt ar a pheice mine
No go dtug mise na fuinneadh do mo chailin rua

(I sent my girl to the market in Sligo
- That one was the most expensive!
A shilling and a pound for a peck of meal
So I gave it to my red-headed girl for kneading)

Chuaigh si siar le broga breach' uirthi
Ribini glasuaine teannta 'ar a gruaig

D'ealaigh si uaimse le buachaill an tsiopa
'S a Ri, nar dheas i mo chailin rua

(Back she came with fancy shoes on
Blue ribbons tied in her hair
She had slipped away from me with the shop-boy
But begod, my red-headed girl was a fine one!)

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