

An Cailín Deas Donn

The Pretty Brown-Haired Maid

O is cai-lín baint lua-chra an cailín deas donn. O is ea 'gus í in uaig-neas a dú - irt sí liom;

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Sláin - te a - gat mo chai-lín deas donn, a - gus céad mí - le fáil - te romhat a dú - irt sí liom.

“Ó is cailín ag baint luachra an cailín deas donn!”

[Oh iss kyleen bant lookhra unn kyleen dyass dunn]

“That maid pulling rushes there is a pretty brown maid!”

“Ó, is ea ‘gus í in uaigneas!” a dúirt sí liom.

[Oh isha ‘gus ee in u-ig-nyess a doo-ert she lumm]

“Oh yes, and she’s lonely!” said she to me.

CURFÁ:

Sláinte agat mo chailín deas donn

[slawntcha agutt mo khyleen dyass dunn]

A health to you my pretty brown maid

A’ céad míle fáilte romhat a dúirt sí liom.

[Ah keyd meelya fawltcha rowat a doo-ert she lumm.]

And welcome to you, she said to me.

“Cá gceanglód mé mo ghearrán a chailín deas donn?”

[caw gyanglod mey mo ghyeraawn a khyleen dyass dunn]

“Can I tie up my mare, O pretty brown maid?”

“Ní raibh clai riamh gan stocán,” a dúirt sí liom.

[Nee rev klee riav gun stukawn, a doo-ert she lumm.]

“There’s no ditch without stake,” she said to me.

CURFÁ

“An raibh deartháir agatsa, a chailín deas donn?”

[unn rah jerhar atsa, a khyleen dyass dunn]

“Had you ever a brother, O pretty brown maid?”

“Ó bhí deartháir agam,” a dúirt sí liom.

[Oh vee jerhar agumm, a doo-ert she lumm.]

“There was one brother only,” said she to me.

CURFÁ

“Cá ndeachaigh do dheartháir, a chailín deas donn?”

[caw nyakha do ghyerhar, a khyleen dyass dunn]

“Where did he go, O pretty brown maid?”

“Ó chuaigh sé ‘na hoileáin,’ a dúirt sí liom.

[oh khua shey na hillawn a doo-ert she lumm.]

“He went off to the islands,” said she to me.

CURFÁ

“An n-aithneofá do dheartháir a chailín deas donn?”

[Ah nanha do ghyerhar, a khyleen dyass dunn]

“Do you think you would know him, O pretty brown maid?”

“Ó d’aithneoinn ach é a fheiceáil,” a dúirt sí liom.

[Oh danon ey a eckawl a doo-ert she lumm.]

“I’d know if I saw him,” said she to me.

CURFÁ

“Cén comhartha bhí ar do dheartháir, a chailín deas donn?”

[keyn corra vee do ghyerhar, a khyleen dyass dunn]

“What marks had your brother, O pretty brown maid?”

“Bhí ball odhar ar a chliathán,” a dúirt sí liom.

[vee ball ogher ar ah khlihawn, a doo-ert she lumm.]

“On his side a brown birthmark,” said she to me.

CURFÁ

“Ó, mise do dheartháir, a chailín deas donn”

[Oh misha do ghyerhar, a khyleen dyass dunn]

“I am your brother, O pretty brown maid”

“Ó tabhair le mo ‘bhaile!’” a dúirt sí liom.

[Oh tawerle mo wallya, a doo-ert she lumm.]

“I’m going home!” said she to me.

CURFÁ