

Críocha 'n Oileáin Úir

The Ends of the New World



I bhfad ó bhai - le'a thriall mo stór, go Crío-cha an Oil-eáin Úir, Is d'fhág sí
 9 mi - se'n - seo faoi bhrón, 'sgan trio- mú ar mo shúil; luaigh-eadh mé léi - the'i
 17 dtús mo lae 'snach tru - a leat féin mo scéal, O
 23 grá mo chroí, mo chai-lín deas, 's i thóg-fadh domh-sa cian.

I bhfad ó bhaile a thriall mo stór go críocha 'n Oileáin Úir

[ih wad oh wall-ya hryall mo stór, guh kreekh-an ill-unn yoo-er]
 Far from home, a journey my love to the ends of the New World

Is d'fhág sí mé anseo faoi bhrón, 's gan triomú ar mo shúil

[iss dag she mey an-sho fwee vrone, sgunn trum-moo air mo hool]
 And she left me here in sorrow without drying my eyes

Luaigheadh mé léithe i dtús mo lae 's nach trua leat féin mo scéal

[ly-ya mey ley hih doos muh lay, snakh troo-a latt heyn mo shkyall]
 I was promised with her from the beginning, isn't it a sad story of my own

Ó 'grá mo chroí mo chailín deas, 's í thógfadh domhsa cian.

[oh gra mo khree, mo kha-leen dyass, shee hug-koo doo-sa kyann]
 Oh love of my heart, my pretty girl, she would lift my spirits.

Is mór mo chumhaidh 'do dhiaidh a rún, ó d'éalaigh tú thar toinn

[iss mor mo khoo-wee duh yey-ah a-roon, oh jey-ly too har tunn]
 It's great my homesickness after you, treasure, since you crossed over the waves

Tá 'n saol faoi ghruaim tá 'n aimsir fuar, tá mé cráite buartha tinn

[tawn seel fwee ghroo-um tawn ahmsheer foo-er, taw mey krah-tcha boor-ha chin]
 Life is under sadness and the weather is cold, I am broken up with sickness

Beo ní bhead le cumhaidh ‘do dhiaidh, ‘s a stór táim cloíte i bpéin

[byo nee veyd leh koo-wee duh yey-a, suh stor tawm klee-tcha ih beyn]

I won't live after you, and treasure, I am devastated

Ó ‘grá mo chroí mo chailín deas, ‘s í thógfadh domhsa cian.

[oh gra mo khree, mo kha-leen dyass, shee hug-koo doo-sa kyan]

Oh love of my heart, my pretty girl, she would lift my spirits.

A rún mo chléibh ‘nois pill arís, go bpóstar mé ‘gus tú

[uh roon mo khleyv nish pill a-reesh, guh bos-tar mey guss too]

Oh dear, my treasure, return again, that we might be married

Beidh só ‘gus aoibhneas inár saol, ‘s beidh buaireamh ‘n tsaoil ar shiúl

[bey so-guss eev-nyas in-ar seel, sbey bwa-ryoo teel air hyool]

It will be great in our life, we won't have a care in the world

Beidh saol a’ phósta séanmhar sóúilu, suáilceach sona súairc

[bey seel uh fos-ta shey-nar soe-ull, swal-kakh sunn-a soo-erk]

Our married life will be joyous, luxurious, lucky, happy, content

‘S ní bhead arís faoi bhrón mar ‘bhí, ‘s ní baol domh choíche gruaim.

[shnee veyd a-reesh fwee vron mar vee, shnee bweyl doo khwee-khya groo-im]

It would never be sad like I was, surely I'd never be sad again.