

Teach Pobail an Spáinnigh

Focail ón leabhar *Gleann an Bhaile Dhuibh*,
Mícheál Mac Giolla Easpaig.
Fonn le Eabhan Mac Oirghiolla (Evan McGarrigle)

Shuigh an seanfhear in aice liom
A phíopa ina bhéal
Ní scairfínn leis ar ór an domhain
Go gcloisfínn uaidh a scéal. (x2)

Thosaigh sé ag caint go mall
Fá na blianta a bhí
An sagart bocht a threoraigh iad
Ar bheag leis fuil a chroí.

An tAthair Seán ab ainm dó
Is fuair sé gloach tráth
Cé dubh an oíche ar Shliabh Liag
Ní fhanfadh leis an lá

Trasna na sléibhte a d'imigh sé
Is minic a shlí a chaill
Nuair séideadh chuige ar an ghaoth
An gloach ó bhun an aill.

“Cé ‘tá ann in ainm Dé?”
Arsa an tAthair Seán leis féin
“Ní mór dom freastal ar an té
Atá ansin i bpéin.”

Chonaic sé mairnéalach bocht
A tháinig i dtír aréir
Labhair leis ina theanga féin
Dá chreideamh bhí sé fíor.

Tháinig an tAthair Seán ar ais
“Mairnéalach óg”, ar sé
“**A tháinig i dtír ón Spáinn aréir**
Inniu i bhflaitheas Dé.”

“D’fhág sé agam mála óir”
Arsa an tAthair Seán le cách
“**Le séipéal a thógáil**
Mar chuimhne air go brách.”

Shuigh an seanfhear in aice liom
Labhair go réidh is go mall
“**Tá fothrach an tséipéil le feiceáil fós**
Anseo i nDún na nGall.”
(Ní fios cé a scríobh)

The Spaniard's Church

Words from the book *Gleann an Bhaile Dhuibh*,
Mícheál Mac Giolla Easpaig.
Melody by Eabhan Mac Oirghiolla (Evan McGarrigle)

*The old man sat by me
His pipe in his mouth
I wouldn't part him for the gold of the world
Until I heard his story.*

*He started speaking slowly
Of days gone by
The poor priest who directed them
Who put his own health last.*

*Father Seán was his name
And he received a calling once
Although the night was dark on Sliabh Liag
He wouldn't wait for day*

*Across the hills he went
He often lost his way
When there came to him on the wind
A voice from the bottom of the cliff*

*“Who is it, in God's name?”
Said Father Seán to himself
“I must go and attend the one
Who is down there in pain.”*

*He saw a poor sailor
Who came to land last night
He spoke to him in his own tongue
He was true to his faith.*

*Father Seán came back
“A young sailor” he said
“Who came to land from Spain last night
Is today in God's Heaven”*

*“He left me a bag of gold”
Said Father Seán to all
“To build a chapel
To remember him forever”*

*The old man sat by me
He spoke softly and slowly
The ruins of the chapel can still be seen
Here in Donegal
(Author unknown)*

Maidin Fhómhair (Traidisiúnta)

Maidin fhómhair 's mo thriall go Fochair,
Cé a tharla sa ród orm ach stór mo chroí,
Ba deirge a gruaidhe ná na rósaí,
'S ba bhinne liom go mór í ná na ceolta sí,
Leag mé mo lámh ar a mín-chroibh ró-dheas,
Is d'iarr mé póg uirthi, stór mo chroí.
'Sé dúirt sí, 'Stad is ná stróc mo chlóca
Nó tá tú pósta le seal den tsaol'

“Seo mo lámh duit nach bhfuil mé pósta,
'Is gur buachaill óg mé 'thug cion do mhnaoi,
'S dá dtéightheá-sa liomsa sa tír ar chóir dúinn,
Go gceannóchainn-se seomra dhuit ar bheagán cís'
Chuirfinn *high-caul-cap* ort den fhaisian ró-dheas,
Hata, clóca agus bainéid buí.
Siléir dreamannaí 'mbeadh brandaí 's beoir ann,
'S do leanbh ródheas a' siúl a tígh

Is cailín óg mé fuair scoil is foghlaim
Agus tógáil ró-mhaith i dtús mo shaoil;
'S dá maireadh m'athair-sa go haois mo phósta
Go mbeinnse i gcóiste le mo mhian.
Tá mo mháithrín 'mo dhiaidh 'sna bóithre
'S gan fiú na mbróg uirthi 's a gruaig le gaoith,
Bheirim-se mo bheannacht don aois 's don óige
Is ar ais go Fochair ní phillfidh mé choích'.

One Autumn Morning (Traditional)

*One Autumn morning on my way to Fochair,
Who appeared before me but my own true love,
Her cheeks were redder than the roses,
She was sweeter than the music of the birds above,
I laid my hand upon her shoulder,
I asked one kiss of her, my only dear,
'She answered, 'Stop, and don't tear my clothing,
For you've been married for many's the year'*

*“I give you my word I was never married,
'But I am a young man with love is free
'If you'll come along to where we should be,
'I'll buy your lodgings and pay meat and fee.
You'll wear a high-caul-cap of the newest fashion,
Yellow bonnet, hat, cloak and more
And surely we'd drink beer and brandy
And your little baby would walk the floor”*

*“I am a young girl who had school and learning,
And in my youth I was raised with pride,
If my father had lived to see me married
In a fine carriage I would surely ride.
My mother walks the roads beside me,
Her hair to the wind, her feet without shoe,
I'll raise a glass to the health of all Ireland,
But return to Fochair I never will do.*

Dán Caointe an Eala Bháin (*Traidisiúnta*)

Fonn le Seosaí Nic Rabhartaigh

Búireann cuan ó buaireann cuan fá oidhre crodha Rinn-dá-bhárc;
Báthadh laoiach Locha Dhá Chonn, is é a chaoineas tonn ag ionsaí trá.

Is binn an chorr ó is binn an chorr i seasgainn Dhroma Dhá Thréan;
Ní féidir leí a hál a shábhail slán tá'n cú dá dathach a dréim a bhfáil.

Éagnach leanmhar, ó éagnach leanmhar a ghní an smaol i nDruim Caoin;
Ní háthasaí é an greadhnadh géar a ghní an lon i Leitir Laoi.

Géimneach léanúr ó géimneach léanúr a ghní an dam hi nDroim dá Leis;
Sínte marbh atá eitilt Dhroma Síleann. Géimeann damh díleann ina diaidh.

Dóghrainn ghéar agus gear an dóghrainn bás an laoiach a luigheadh liom;
Mac na mná as Doire Dhá Dhos a bheith fa shos is a chloigeann tinn.

Dóghrainn ghéar sin domhsa Caol bheith sínte marbh ag mo thaoibh;
Gur scuab an tonn thar a chorp 's a chom, is é a mhearaigh mé mead a aoibh.

Is léanmhar gloim, ó is léanmhar gloim a ghní an tonn i n-imeall trá;
Ó bháidh sé fear a bhí saor gan bhrais, brónach mé Caol dul ina dáil.

Léanmhar fuaim ó Léanmhar tuaim a ghní an tonn ar an tráigh thuaidh
Ag cnagadh in éadán na carriage slíoctha ag caoineadh Chaoil atá imithe uainn.

Troid léanmhar is is leanmhar troid a ghní an tonn leis an tráigh ó dheas;
Mise a bhfuil mo ré caite, is measa mo ghné de bharr an fheasa.

Fonn léanmhar, is léanmhar fonn do ghní tonn throm Thulach Léis
Domhsa atá scriosta ag an léirscios níl rath i ndán arís

Ó báitheadh Caol annsacht mo chroí mo ghrása níl ag neach 'na dhiaidh,
Is iomaidh traith a thuit lena láimh; níor ghéis a sciath lá an áir.

The Lament of the White Swan (*Traditional*)

Melody and translation by Seosaí Nic Rabhartaigh

The harbour roars, O the harbour roars over the brave heir of Rinn-dá-bhárc;
The hero of Locha Dhá Chonn was drowned, it is he the wave keens as it attacks the strand.

Sweet is the crane, O sweet is the crane in the marshlands of Dhroma Dhá Thréan;
She cannot save her brood -the two-toned hound is looking forward to getting them.

Aggrieved mourning, O aggrieved mourning is what the thrush in Druim Caoin does:
The rattling of the blackbird in Leitir Laoi is no happier.

Agonizing bellowing, O agonizing bellowing is what the stag of Droim dá Leis does:
Stretched out dead is the doe of Dhroma Síleann. The stag bellows a flood after her.

O sharp affliction and it's sharp the affliction, the death of the hero who lay with me;
That the son of the woman from Doire Dhá Dhos should be silenced and his head sorely hurt.

That's a sharp affliction to me that Caol should be stretched dead at my side;
The wave swept over his body and waist, and what dizzied me was his pleasant his expression

Agonized is the shout, O agonized is the shout, that the wave makes on the edge of the strand.
O she drowned a man that was free from blemish, I'm sad that Caol gets into her company.

Agonized is the sound, O agonized is the sound that the wave makes on the Northern strand,
Knocking against the sleek rock, keening Caol who is gone from us.

An agonized fight and it's an agonized fight the wave makes with the Southern strand,
I, who's race is run, it's worse my appearance is because of the knowledge.

An agonized tune, O it's an agonized tune, that the heavy wave of Tulach Léis makes
For me who is destroyed by the total destruction, there will never be prosperity again

Since Caol, beloved of my heart was drowned, my love is not available to anyone after him.
Many's the warrior fell by his hand, his shield did not cry out on the day of slaughter.

