

HANNAH FLOWERS

Amhrán na Cruite *Song of the Harp*



Buachaill ón Éirne A Boy From the Erne

Buachaill ón Éirne mé 's bhréagfainn féin
cailín deas óg,
Ní iarrfainn bó spré léithe tá mé féin saibhir go leor,
'S liom Corcaigh 'á mhéid é, dhá thaobh a'
ghleanna 's Tír Eoghain,
'S mura n-athraí mé béasaí 's mé 'n t-oidhr'
ar Chontae Mhaigh Eo.

Rachaidh mé amárach a dhéanamh leanna fán choill,
Gan coite gan bád gan gráinnín braich' ar bith liom,
Ach duilliúr na gcrabhb mar éideadh leapa os
mo chionn,
'S óró sheacht mh'anam dhéag thú 's tú 'féachaint
orm anall.

Buachailleacht bó, mo leo, nár chleacht mise ariamh,
Ach ag imirt 's ag ól le hógmhá deasa fá shliabh,
Má chaill mé mo stór ní dóiche gur chaill mé
mo chiall,
A's ní mó liom do phóag ná'n bhróg atá'r caitheamh
le bliain.

A chuisle 's a stór, ná pós an seanduinne liath,
Ach pós a' fear óg, mo leo, mur' maire sé ach bliain,
Nó beidh tú go fóill gan ó nó gan mac os do chionn,
A shilfeadh aon deoir tráthón' nó ar maidin go trom.

I am a boy from the Erne and I would woo
a nice young girl,
I would not ask for a cow from her as a dowry,
I am rich enough,
I own Cork, though it is very big, the two sides
of the valley and Tyrone,
If I don't change my behavior I will be the heir
to County Mayo.

I will go tomorrow and make beer in the woods,
Without a skiff or a boat, without a little malt grain
with me,
But the leaves and branches as bedclothes over me,
What a delight with you looking over at me!

Herding cows, alas, I never practiced it at all,
But playing and drinking with beautiful young
women on the side of the mountain,
If I lost my darling, it is not likely that I would lose
my sense,
I do not think any more of your kiss than a shoe
that has been worn for a year.

My heart's beloved, do not marry the grey-haired
old man,
But marry the young man, alas, if he was to live
but a year,
Or you will be without a grandson or son when you die,
Who would shed any tear in the afternoon, in the
evening or sadly in the morning?

Cúl Tiubh na bPéarlaí The Pearly Haired Maiden

Is truaigh nach bhfuil mé 'gus cúl tiubh na bpéarlaí,
Ag ionsaí Bhinn Éadain maidin bhog bhreá,
'S gan aon fhear in Éirinn a chluinfeadh mo scéalsa,
Nár thruaigh leis mac Gaeil bheith i bpéinbhruid
mar táim.
Ní iarrfainn bó spré léithe, earradh nó éadach,
Caiple nó caoirigh, cé gur doiligh domh a rá,
Acht féachaint a scéimhe, a hurla, 's a héadain,
Sí an cúl casta craobhach dá dtug mé di grá.

Mo shiúl ins a' ló ní léir domh an ród,
Ó d'isligh 'n ceo is ó d'ardaigh an ghaoth,
Thart fá chónaigh sí scéimh na hóige,
A d'fhág faoi bhrón mé leath mo shaoil.
Dá bhfaighinn ach póg óna caoinbhéal rós,
Sí Deirdre mhómhar í is áille gnaoi,
Táim briste brúite cráite leonta,
D'easbhaidh treorach atáim dá dith.

It's a pity that I and the woman with the pearly head
of hair,
Are not going to Howth Head on a fine soft morning,
There is no man in Ireland who would hear my story,
Who would not feel sad that a son of a Gael is in
distress as I am?
I wouldn't ask for a cattle dowry with her, goods,
or cloth,
Horses or sheep, though it's hard for me to say,
But looking at her beauty, her curly hair, her face,
She is the woman with the curly hair, to whom
I gave my love.

As I walk in the day, I cannot see the road,
Since the mist came down and the wind rose,
Around where she lived, she is the beauty of youth,
Who left me in sorrow half of my life,
If I got only a kiss from her gentle rosy mouth,
She is as graceful as Deirdre, most beautiful
of appearance,
I am broken, bruised, tortured, and wounded,
I have no direction, since I am without her.

Aird Uí Chumhaing Aird Uí Chumhaing

Dá mbeinn féin in Aird Uí Chumhaing,
In aice an tsléibhe úd 'tá i bhfad uaim,
Ba annamh liom gan ghoil ar cuairt,
Go Gleann na gCuach Dé Domhnaigh.

Curfá:

Agus och ach Éire lig is ó,
Éire lionndubh agus ó,
'Sé mo chroí tá trom agus brónach.

Is iomaí Nollaig a bhí mé féin,
I mBun Abhann Doinne is mé gan chéill,
Ag iomáin ar a' tráigh bhán,
'S mo chamán bán 'mo dhorn liom.

Curfá

Nach tuirseach mise anseo liom féin,
Nach n-airím guth coiligh, lon dubh, ná traon,
Gealbhan, smaolach, naoscach féin,
Is chan aithnim féin a' Domhnach.

Curfá

Dá mbeadh agam coite 's rámh,
D'iomairfinn liom ar dhroim a' tsnáimh,
'S mé 'dúil as Dia go sroichfinn slán,
'S go bhfaighinnse bás in Éirinn.

If I were in Aird Uí Chumhaing,
Near yonder mountain, far away,
It would be unusual for me not to go for a visit,
To the Valley of the Cuckoos on Sunday.

Chorus:

And alas, all Ireland and oh,
Ireland, sorrow and oh,
My heart is heavy and sorrowful,
Many's the Christmas I've spent,
In Cushendun, without a care,
Playing hurling on the white beach,
And my white hurly stick in my hand.

Chorus

How tired I am here by myself,
I don't hear the voice of the cock, blackbird,
corncrake,
Not the sparrow, thrush, or snipe,
And I don't even recognize Sunday.

Chorus

If I had a boat and an oar,
I would row over the waves,
I hope to God that I would arrive safe,
And I would die in Ireland.

Shíl M'É Féin I Thought to Myself

Shíl mé féin 'a luí domh 'réir,
Go raibh mé slán, 's nárbh eagal domh,
'Sinte síos le cúl buí craobh,
Sí grá mo chroí agus m'anam í,
Bhí m'aghaidh lena haghaidh 's mo thaobh lena taobh,
'S mo lámh mar fhéirín trasna uirthi,
Ach le bánú 'n lae ba truaigh mo scéal,
Mo luí 'mo chréatúr dhona bhocht.

Nuair a bhí mise óg is beag go leor,
'Sea bhain mé fúm sna bealaí seo,
'S 'ach casán réidh ar shíuil mé léi,
Gur ghoin go géar an arraing mé,
a' pógadh a béil mar bhláth sú craobh,
'S é bhí gach duine á bhfaca í,
'S ar a' haonú lá déag ba truaigh mo scéal,
'S go hAontroim siar a cuireadh mé.

Ach dá mbeinnse thíos, ach níl faraoir,
Insa tír a rugadh mé,
Beadh uaisle a' caoi mo bhás go fíor,
Is mo mhuintir féin ag aithri liom,
'S a Mháithrín Dhílis Mhílis Mhín,
'S Ardri Naofa a d'fhulaing mé,
'S go bfhuil a' bás go fíor a' gabháil mo chloí,
Is tigh Eoghain Uí Frighil nach mbíonn mo chorp.

Dá mbeadh teachtaire críonna rachadh síos,
'S a thiocfadh aníos an aicearra,
'S a dhéanfadh scíste 'mBealach Gaoithe,
'Gus bhéarfainn féin luach an aistir dó,
Sa thiocfadh 'rist aníos a' tslí,
'S a d'inseodh nach mairfinnse,
Ach cóirigh an tigh 'steach faoi mo thaoibh,
'S í anocht an oíche dheireanach.

I thought to myself while lying down last night,
That I was safe, I had nothing to fear,
Lying down by the girl with the wavy blond hair,
She's the love of my heart and soul,
Face to face and side by side,
And my arm like a gift across her,
But at the dawning of the day, my situation was pitiable,
Lying, a poor unfortunate creature.

When I was young and small enough,
I dwelt along these roads,
Every smooth path that I walked with her,
The pang of love pained me,
Kissing her lips like the blossom of a raspberry,
But everyone who saw her was kissing her too,
On the eleventh day my story was wretched,
It was westwards towards Antrim that I was sent.

If I were down below, but I am not, alas,
In the country where I was born,
Nobles would be lamenting my death, truly,
I would give him the price of the journey,
Oh dear, sweet, little mother,
Oh Holy Great King who suffered for me,
Death truly is going to defeat me,
And in the house of Eoghán Ó Frighil my body does not lie.

If there were a wise messenger who would go down,
And who would come up the short cut,
And who would rest in Bealach Gaoithe,
I would give a reward,
And who would come again up the road,
And who would tell that I lay dying,
Oh, but tidy the house for me,
Tonight is the last night.

Róisín Duobh My Dark Róisín

Ós, a Róise, ná bíodh brón ort fár éirigh duit,
Tá na bráithre ag teacht thar saíle agus iad ag triall
ar muir,
Ó gheobhaidh tú párdún ón Phápa agus ón
Róimh anoir,
Is ní spárálfar fion Spáinneach ar mo Róisín Dubh.

Ó mhearaigh tú mé, a bhraidaigh, is nár bé
fearrde duit,
Is go bhfuil m'anam istigh i ngean ort is chan
inné nó inniu,
Ó d'fhág tú lag anbhann mé i ngné is i gcruth,
Ná feall orm 'gus mé i ngean ort, a Róisín Dubh.

Ós a Róise mhín mhómhar is na gciabhfholt dubh,
Tar a' triall chun mo thórraimh más áin leat é,
Beidh mo chónaire á tógáil i lár an lae,
Is gurb i do phógsa Dé Domhnaigh a mharaigh mé.

Tá réalta insna spéarthaí in imeall an cheo,
Ní raibh a leithéid i nGleann Éinní is ní bheidh
go deo,
Gaoth na hÉirne go dtugas léim léi cé gur mhór
an sruth,
Is mar gha gréine ar mhalaidh shléibhe bhí mo
Róisín Dubh.

Oh my Rose, do not be sorrowful because of what
has happened to you,
The brothers are coming over the sea and they are
journeying on the sea,
Oh, you will get a pardon from the Pope and
Rome in the East,
No Spanish wine will be spared for my Dark Róisín.

Oh you have deluded me, oh treacherous one,
and may you not be the better for it,
I love you to the depths of my soul, not just yesterday
or today,
You have left me weak in appearance and visage,
Do not betray me, the one who loves you,
Dark Róisín.

Oh Dark Rose, gentle maiden of the dark tresses,
Travel to my funeral if you so desire,
My coffin will be raised in the middle of the day,
It was your kiss on Sunday that killed me.

There are stars in the skies on the edge of the mist,
There was none like it in Gleann Éinní and there
will never be,
Across the bay of Éirne I leapt with her, though
the current was great,
My dark Róisín was like a sunbeam on the mountain.

Máire Ní Cídhinn Mary Hynes

Ar mo dhul chuig an aifreann le toil na ngrásta,
Bhí an lá 'cur báistí 'gus d'ardaigh gaoth,
Casadh an ainnir liom taobh Chill Tartáin,
'Gus thit mise láithreach i ngrá le mnaoi,
Do labhair mé léithe go múinte mána,
'S dá réir a cáilíocht' sea d'fhreagair sí,
Sé dúirt sí, Raiftrí, tá m'intinn sástaí,
'Gus gluais go lá liom go Bail' Uí Liagh.

Shiúil mé Sasain 's an Fhrainc le chéile,
An Spáinn, an Ghréig is ar ais arís,
Ó bhruach Loch Gréine go Béal na Céibhe,
'S ní fhaca mé féirín ar bith mar í,
Dá mbeinnse pósta le bláth na hóige,
Trí Loch an Tóraic do leanfainn í,
Cuantaí 'gus cóstaí do shiúlfaínn is bóithre,
I ndiaidh an tseoidbhean 'tá 'mBaile Uí Liagh.

'S í Máire Ní Eidhinn an stáidbhean bhéasach,
Ba dheise méin agus b'áille gnaoi,
Dhá chéad cléireach 's a gcur le chéile,
'Gus trian a tréithre ní fhéadfadh scríobh,
Bhuail sí Deirdre le breáthacht's Véineas,
Dá n-abrann Helen lér scriosadh an Traoi,
Ach scoth ban Éireann as ucht a' mhéid sin,
An pabhsae gléigeal 'tá 'mBaile Uí Liagh.

Going to mass, by the will of God,
It was a rainy day and the wind rose,
Near Kiltartan I met a beautiful girl,
And I fell immediately in love with her,
I spoke to her very politely,
According to her qualities, she answered,
She said, Raifry, my mind is content,
And walk till day with me to Ballylee.

I traveled both England and France,
Spain, and Greece, and back again,
From the bank of Lough Graney to Béal na Céibhe,
And I never saw a treasure in the world like you,
If I were married to the flower of youth,
Through Loughatorick I would follow her,
Harbours and coasts I would travel, and roads,
After the marvelous woman who is in Ballylee.

Mary Hynes is the stately, well-mannered woman,
Of most beautiful countenance,
Two hundred clerks together,
They could not write a third of her qualities,
She surpassed Deirdre in beauty, and Venus,
And were I to mention Helen, for whom Troy
was destroyed,
But the best of the women of Ireland, none compare to,
The bright posy who is in Ballylee.



It is said: "It takes a village."

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As always, Psalm 33:2-3. *Soli Deo gloria.*

Bean Duòh a' Ghleanna *The Dark Woman of the Valley*

Tá bó agam ar shliabh agus táimse le seal ina diaidh,
Ó chaill mé mo chiall le nóchair,
Dá seoladh soir is siar ins gach áit a ngabhann
a' ghrian,
Ó mhaidin go mbíonn tráthnóna.
Nuair a fhéachaim féin anunn ins an áit ina mbíonn
mo rún,
Sileann óm shúla sruth deora.
Is, a Rí Ghil na gCumhacht, déansa fóirthin ar
mo chúis,
Mar gurb í bean dubh ón ghleann do bhreogh mé.

Bean dubh a' ghleanna, an bhean dubh ab fhearra,
Bean dubh ba dheise gáire,
A gruaidh mar an eala is a píb mar an sneachta,
Is a com seang singil álainn.
Níl ógánach cailce Ó Bhaile Átha Cliath
go Gaillimh,
Nó as siúd go Tuaim Uí Mheára,
Nó bhfuil ag triall 's ag tarraing ar eachaibh
donnaibh deasa;
Ag tnúth leis a' bhean dubh álainn.

Do gheobhainnse bean sa Mhumhain, triúr bean
i Lúighean,
Nó bean ó rí gheal Scoirse,
Bean na lúba buí a d'fháiscfeadh mé ó chroí,
Nó bean agus dhá mhíle bó léi.
Iníon óg an iarla atá go tinn dubhach diacrach,
Ag iarraidh mé a fháil le pósadh,
Is dá bhfaighinnse féin mo roghain de mhnáibh deasa
an domhain,
Gurb í bean dubh ón ghleann dob fhearr liom.

I have a cow on the mountain and I have been after
it for a while,
Since I have lost my reason for a beautiful maiden.
Driving the cow east and west, every place the sun goes,
From morning till evening,
When I look over into the place my love goes,
A stream of tears flows from my eyes,
Bright King of Powers, help me in my plight,
For it is the dark woman of the valley who has made
me sick.

Dark woman of the valley, the dark woman
who is the best,
Dark woman of the valley with the most
beautiful laugh.
Her cheek like a swan, and her neck like snow,
Her waist slender, narrow, beautiful,
No handsome young man from Dublin to Galway,
Or from there to Toomevara,
Who isn't traveling and approaching on lovely brown horses,
Yearning for the beautiful dark woman.

I would get a woman in Munster, three women
in Leinster,
A woman from bright King George.
The woman of the yellow curls, who would embrace
me to her heart,
Or a woman with two thousand cows as a dowry,
The young daughter of the earl who is ill, melancholy,
and sorrowful,
She is trying to ensnare me in marriage,
If I were to get my choice of the beautiful women
of the world,
Still it would be the dark woman of the valley
I would prefer.

Casadh an tSúgáin *The Twisting of the Rope*

Is, a Rí na bhFeart, cad do chas insa dúthaigh seo mé,
Is gur mó cailín deas a gheobhainn im dhúthaigín
beag féin,
Nó gur casadh mé isteach i dteach mar 'raibh searc
agus grá geal mo chléibh,
'S chuir a' tseanbhean amach mé ag casadh an
tsúgáinín féin.

Curfá:
Is má bhíonn tú liom, bí liom, a stóirín mo chroí,
Má bhíonn tú liom, bí liom os comhair a' tsaoil,
Má bhíonn tú liom, bí liom, gach orlach de do chroí;
'Sé mo lom go fann nach liom Dé Domhnaigh thú
mar mhnaoi.

Tá mo cheannsa liath le bliain 's ní le críonnacht é,
Is ní bheathaid na bréithre na bráithre pé sa domhan
scéal é;
Is táim i do dhiaidh le bliain is gan fáil agam ort féin;
Is gur geall le fia mé ar shliabh go mbeadh gáir con
na dhiaidh.

Curfá
Do threabhfaínn, d'fhuirsfinn is chuirfinnse síol
insa' chré,
Is do dhéanfainn obair shocair álainn mhín réidh;
Do chuirfinn crú féin each is mire shiúil ariamh féar,
Is ná héalódh bean le fear nach ndéanfadh sin féin.

Oh, Almighty God, what has brought me into this area,
Many's the beautiful girl I would get it my own region,
Until I happened into this house where my love and
the bright darling of my heart was,
The old woman put me out twisting the hay rope.

Chorus:
If you are with me, be with me, darling of my heart,
If you are with me, be with me, in front of the
whole world.
If you are with me, be with me, every inch of your heart,
Oh alas, that you are not my wife on Sunday.

My hair has been grey for a year, and not from old age,
No matter the circumstances words do not
nourish people,
I've been after you now for a year and I haven't
gotten you,
I am like a deer on the mountain with the hounds
crying after me.

I'd plow, I'd harrow, I'd put seed in the clay,
I'd do work, beautiful, smooth, easy,
I'd put a shoe under the wildest horse ever to walk
on grass,
Let no woman go off with a man who wouldn't do
even that.

Úrchnoc Chéin Mhic Cáinte The Hill of Cian Mac Cáinte

A phlúr na maighdean is úire gné,
Thug cliú le scéimh ón Ádhamhchlainn,
A chúl na bpéarlaí, a rún na héigse,
A dhúblas féile is fáilte,
A ghnúis mar ghréin i dtús gach lae ghil,
A mhúchas léan le gáire,
'Sé mo thraigh gan mé is tú, a shiúr, linn féin,
insa dún sin Chéin Mhic Cáinte.

Táim brúite i bpéin gan suan gan néal,
De do chumhasa, a ghéag is áille,
'Is gur tú mo ríon i gCúigí Éireann,
Cúis nach séanam áthas de,
Dá siúlfá, a réalt gan smúid, liom féin,
Ba súgach saor ár sláinte,
Gheofá plúr is méad is cnuasach craobh,
insa dún sin Chéin Mhic Cáinte.

A shuairc-bhean tséimh na gcuachfholt péarlach,
Gluais liom féin ar ball beag,
Nuair a bheas uaisle is cléir is tuataí i néal,
Ina suan faoi éadaí bána,
In uaimh go mbeam i bhfad uatha araon,
Teacht nuachruth gréine amárach,
Gan ghuais linn féin in uaigneas aerach,
Insan uaimh sin Chéin Mhic Cáinte.

Flower of maidens, most unblemished of appearance,
Who gained fame for her beauty from Adam's race.
You of the pearly hair, mystery of poetry,
Who doubles hospitality and welcome,
Face like the sun at the onset of every bright day,
Who extinguishes sorrow with laughter,
It's a pity that we are not together, my love,
by ourselves,
In that fort of Cian Mac Cáinte.

I am crushed, in pain, without a wink of sleep,
From missing you, oh most beautiful branch,
And that you are my queen in the whole of Ireland,
Which gives me undeniable joy,
If you would walk, oh star without stain, with me,
Our circumstances would be jolly and free,
You would get flour, mead, and berries,
In that fort of Cian Mac Cáinte.

Oh pleasant, gentle woman of the wavy pearly hair,
Come with me in a little while,
When the nobility, the clergy, and the layman,
Are asleep in their white beds,
We will be far from them in a cave,
At the coming of the sun tomorrow.
Without danger and alone in jolly isolation,
In that cave of Cian Mac Cáinte.

Fill, Fill, a Rún, Ó Return, Return, My Love, Oh

Curfá:
Fill, fill, a rún ó, fill, a rún ó, is ná himigh uaim,
Fill orm, a chuisle 's a stór,
Agus tífidh tú an ghlóir má fhilleann tú.

Dhiúltaigh tú Peadar is Pól mar gheall ar an
ór 's ar an airgead,
Dhiúltaigh tú banríon na glóir',
Agus d'iompaigh tú i gcóta an mhinistir.

Curfá

Shiúil mise thall is abhus, i Móta Ghráinn' Óige
do rugadh mé,
Is ní fhacas aon iontas go fóill,
Mar an sagart Ó Domhnaill 'na mhinistir.

Curfá

Chorus:
Return, return my love, oh, return, my love,
do not leave me,
Return to me, my heart's beloved,
And you will see heaven if you return.

You denied Peter and Paul for the sake of gold
and silver,
You denied the Queen of Heaven,
And you took on the coat of a minister.

Chorus

I walked here and there, I was born in
Móta Ghráinn' Óige,
And I haven't seen any wonder yet,
Like Father Ó Domhnaill as a minister.

Chorus

Is Trua Gan Peata an Mhaoir Agam

It's a Pity I Don't Have the Steward's Pet

Is trua gan peata an mhaoir agam,
Is trua gan peata an mhaoir agam,
Is trua gan peata an mhaoir agam,
'S na caoirigh beaga bána.

Curfá:

'Gus ó goirim, goirim thú,
Is grá mo chroí gan chealg thú,
'Gus ó goirim, goirim thú,
'S tú peata beag do mháthar.

Is trua gan maoilín bán agam,
Is trua gan maoilín bán agam,
Is trua gan maoilín bán agam,
Is fáilte ó mo mháthair.

Curfá

Is trua gan bólacht bainn' agam,
Is trua gan bólacht bainn' agam,
Is trua gan bólacht bainn' agam,
Is caitín ó mo mháthair.

Curfá

Is trua gan gabhairín buí agam,
Is trua gan gabhairín buí agam,
Is trua gan gabhairín buí agam,
Is thabharfainn do mo stór í.

Curfá

11

It's a pity I don't have the steward's pet,
It's a pity I don't have the steward's pet,
It's a pity I don't have the steward's pet,
And the little white sheep.

Chorus:

And I call, I call you,
You are the true love of my heart,
And I call, I call you,
You are your mother's little pet.

It's a pity I don't have a hornless white cow,
It's a pity I don't have a hornless white cow,
It's a pity I don't have a hornless white cow,
And a welcome from my mother.

Chorus

It's a pity I don't have milk cows,
It's a pity I don't have milk cows,
It's a pity I don't have milk cows,
And a kitten from my mother.

Chorus

It's a pity I don't have a little yellow goat,
It's a pity I don't have a little yellow goat,
It's a pity I don't have a little yellow goat,
And I would give it to my love.

Chorus

Dún Do Shúil Close Your Eyes

Curfá:

Dún do shúil, a rún mo chroí,
A chuid den tsaol, 's a ghrá liom,
Dún do shúil, a rún mo chroí,
Agus gheobhair féirín amárach.

Tá do dheaid ag teacht gan mhoill ón chnoc,
Agus cearca fraoich ar láimh leis,
Agus codlaigh go ciúin 'do luí sa chluíd,
Agus gheobhair feirín amárach.

Curfá

Tá an samhradh ag teacht le grian is le teas,
Agus duilliúr ghlas ar phrátaí,
Tá an ghaoth ag teacht go fial aneas,
Agus gheobhaidh muid iasc amárach.

Curfá

Chorus:

Close your eyes, darling of my heart,
Darling of the world, my love,
Close your eyes, darling of my heart,
And you will get a present tomorrow.

Your dad is coming soon from the hill,
And with grouse in his hand,
Sleep quietly in your cradle,
And you will get a present tomorrow.

Chorus

The summer is coming with the sun and heat,
And green leaves on the potatoes,
A generous wind will come from the south,
And we will get a fish tomorrow.

Chorus

A woman with red hair, wearing a long blue dress, stands in a grassy field. She is holding a large, traditional wooden harp. Behind her is a large, leafy tree with many white flowers. The scene is outdoors and appears to be in a park or garden.

Produced by Hannah Flowers
Engineered, mixed, mastered by Steve Kaul, Wild Sound Studio
Graphic Design by Colleen Cody
Photography by Natalie Champa Jennings
Song Translations by Hannah Flowers & Dáithí Sproule
Harp made by Larry Fisher

All songs Traditional/arranged by Hannah Flowers.
NOTE: “Máire Ní Eithinn” track contains waltz “Lazy Molly”
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