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The Arranmore Boat Song

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(Words: Alfred P. Graves, transl.
from the Irish; Air:Arran traditional;

With swelling sail, away, away!
Our bark goes bounding o'er the bay!
Farewell, farewell, old Arranmore!
She courtseys, courtseys to the shore.

cho: Farewell, fond wives and children dear!
From ev'ry ill heav'n keep you clear;
Till through the surge we stagger back,
As full of fish as we can pack

For when we've sowed and gardened here,
Far off to other fields we'll steer;
Our farm upon the distant deep
Where all at once you till and reap.

There, there the reeling ridge we plough,
Our coulter keen the cutter's prow;
While fresh and fresh from out the trawl
The fish by hundreds in we haul.

Thou glorious sun, gleam on above
O'er Ara, Ara of our love.
Ye ocean airs, preserve her peace,
Ye night dews, yield her rich increase.

Until, one glitt'ring realm of grain,
She waves her wand'ers home again;
And we come heaping from our hold
A silver crop, beside the gold.

Source: J.N. Healy, Irish Ballads and Songs of the Sea)

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