

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Tuirse Mo Chroi

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Tuirse mo chro ar a phsadh 's ar bhuachaill ige an tsaiol
Nr bhfearr daoife cailn deas leofa na bean a mbeadh punta li
Oche mhr fhada bheith dca nr dheas a bheith ag sgradh li
B'faras a chaillteach bhos srannfa is ag tarraingt an phlaincad li

Nuair a thim go t faire n trraimh 's d'fiafras an ig bhean dom
'Chormaic a bhfuil t do phsadh n nach n'aithnonn t an ig fhear gro
'S duirt se 'gus deirim fin leofa go minic go mr faraor
'S an mhid acu 't gan psadh gur acu 't spirt a' tsaiol

S rachaidh m scilleadh 's a chaitheadh go Baile na hlarr fhad siar
'S bharfaidh m 'n ruaig sin go hrainn 's ar and ainnir a chridh mo chro
Dr a leoga mar rinneadh mo phsadh n m n gur cealgadh mo chro
'S rachaidh m ars na Rimhe go bhfaigh m cead psta ars

(Or, in English)

My heart is now tired of marriage and young men of the world
Would be much better off with a pretty young lass than a woman
with pounds to hoard
Awake by her side till the dawning 'twould be nice to have courtship
and play
Instead of a hag that keeps snoring and pulling the blankets away

When I go to a wakehouse or funeral the young girls all ask of me
'Cormac, are you getting married or don't you recognise the fine young man!
His reply was and I also there, ""Tis sad but much better by far
For those who are not yet married have the joys of the world and no care""

Now I go on a binge and a spending to Baile An Iarr in the west
And I go on a visit to Aran to the dear girl I love the best
Indeed when I had got married my heart was not pleased or ease
So I'll go back to Rome for permission to marry again if I please"

UG

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