

Jimmy Mo Mhíle Stór

Bliain an taca seo d'imigh uaim rún mo chléibh
Ní thiocfaidh sé abhaile go dtabharfaidh sé cúrsa an tsaol
Nuair a chífed é rithfead le fuinneamh ró-ard ina chomhair's
Clúdód le mil é, is é Jimmy mo mhíle stór



Bíonn mo mháthair is m'athair ag bearradh's ag bruíon liom féin
Táim giobaithe piocaithe, ciapaithe, cráite dem shaol
Thugas taitneamh don duine úd dob fhinne's dob aille snó
Is chuaigh sé ar bhord loinge, is é Jimmy mo mhíle stór

Rachadsa chun coille agus caithféad an chuid eile dem shaol
San áit ná béidh éinne ag éisteacht le ceol na n-éan
Ag bun an chrainn chaorthainn mar a bhfásann ann féar go leor
Ag tabhart taitnimh don duine úd, is é Jimmy mo mhíle stór

Mise Raifteirí An File

Mise Raifteirí an file, Lán dúchais is grádh,
Le súile gan solas, Le ciúnas gan crá.
Ag dul síar ar m'aistear Le solas mo chroí
Fann agus tuirseach, Go deireadh mo shlí
So let that be an end to the bitter wind,
And the end of the winter

I go all over Galway, through village and town
I sing my aul songs and I make an odd pound
Walking all winter through the worst of the snow
When the weather gets better I'll head for Mayo
So let that be an end to the bitter wind,
Oh the end of the winter

Mayo's where I'm going, soon as spring comes around
I can't see a stem but I know by the sound
They'll be planting potatoes in the hard stoney ground
And praying that there'll be enough to go round
So let that be an end to the bitter wind,
Oh the end of the winter
Anois teacht an Earraigh, you've heard before
I've been on my travels I've made up some more
I was there last September, back Annaghdown
When the boat bringing people to Galway went down
So let that be an end to the bitter wind,
Oh the end of the winter

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