

A Ghaoth Aneas!

A Ghaoth Aneas na mbraon mbog glas
A ní gach faiche féarmhar
Bheir iasc ar eas is grian i dteas
Is líon is meas ar ghéagaibh

Más síos ar fad mar mbínn féin seal
Is mianach leat-sa séide
Cuirim Rí na bhFeart dhod chaomhaint ar neart
'S túir don tír sin blas mo bhéil-se!

Sínim aneas ag díonamh cleas
Nach ndíonann neach san saol so
Mar íslím gaimh is scaoilim leac
Is díbrim sneachta as sléibhte

Ó taoi tú ar lear go bhfuí tú mo neart
'S gur mian liom do leas a dhéanamh
Go bhfúigfe mé mo bheannacht ins gach aon tslí ar mhaith leat
Is choíche i gCathair Éamoinn!

A Chonnachta an tseoid, an tsuilt 's an spóirt
I n-imirt 's i n-ól an fhíona
Sin chugaibh mo phóg ar rith ins an ród
Leigim le seol gaoithe í

Tá mise beo i mboige na seod
Mar a mbrúitear gach sórt bídh dhom
Ach is mian liom fós tarraing d'bhur gcomhair
Muna gcluine mé ach ceól píopa!

Irish slow air
Bron:

http://www.navan.org/lyrics/a_ghaoth_aneas.html

O South Wind!

O South Wind with the soft clear drops
You that make every sword grassy
Bring the fish to the waterfall, give heat to the sun
And abundance of fruit to the branches

If it is far to the north where I once lived
That you are minded to blow
May the King of Power preserve your strength
And give the taste of my mouth to that country!

I blow from the south, performing feats
Which no one else on earth can do
For I lay winter low and scatter the ice
And banish the snow from the mountains

Since you are in need you shall have my strength
And I want nothing more than to help you
I shall leave my blessing in every place you choose
And always in Cathair Éamoinn!

O blissful, joyous, sporting Connacht
Home of gaming and of wine-drinking
Here goes my kiss to you rushing along the road
I send it on the wings of the wind

I am living in splendid luxury
Where every kind of food is dressed for me
But yet I am fain to draw towards you
If I should hear but the music of the pipes!