

Trí Amhráin as Éirinn

(Three Irish Songs)

for
Soprano & Wind Quintet

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I. Thugamar Féin an Samhradh Linn

II. Seoithín Seo Hó

III. Beidh Aonach Amárach

I. Thugamar Féin an Samhradh Linn

Bábog na Bealtaine, maighdean an tSamhraidh,
Suas gach cnoc is síos gach glean,
Cailíní maiseach go gealgháireach gléasta,
Thugamar féin an Samhradh linn.

Curfá:

*Samhradh, Samhradh, bainne na ngamlhna,
Thugamar féin an Samhradh linn.
Samhradh buí na nóinín gléageal,
Thugamar féin an Samhradh linn.*

Thugamar linn é ón gcoill chraobhaigh,
Thugamar féin an Samhradh linn.
Samhradh buí ó luí na gréine,
Thugamar féin an Samhradh linn.

Tá an fhuisseog ag seinm 'sag luascadh sna spéirtha,
Áthas do lá is bláth ar chrann.
Tá an chuach is an fhuisseog ag seinm le pléisiúir.
Thugamar féin an Samhradh linn.

II. Seoithín Seo Hó

Seoithín seo hó, mo stóirín, mo leanbh,
Mo sheoid gan cealg, mo chuid den tsaol mhór.
Seoithín seo hó, is mór é an taithneamh,
Mo stóirín ina leaba, a chodladh gan brón.

Curfá:

*A leanbh mo chléibh, go n-éirí do chodladh leat.
Séan is sonas gach oíche do choir.
Tá mise le do thaobh ag guí ort na mbeannacht.
Seoithín, a leanbh, is codail go fóil.*

Ar mhullach an tí, tá siogaí geala
Faoi chaoín ré an earraigh ag imirt is spoirt.
Seo iad anair iad le glaoch ar mo leanbh
Le mian é tharraingt isteach san lios mór.

III. Beidh Aonach Amárach

Beidh aonach amárach I gContae an Chláir.
Cén mhaith dom é? Ní bheidh mé ann.

Curfá:

*A mháithrín, an ligfidh tú chun aonaigh mé?
"A mhuirín ó, ná héiligh é!"*

"Níl tú a deich ná a haon déag fós.
Nuair a bheidh tú trí déag beigh tú mór."

Táimse i ngrá le gréasaí bróg.
Mura bhfaighe mé é ní bheidh mé beo!

I. We Brought the Summer with Us

Doll of the May, maiden of Summer,
Up every hill and down every glen,
Beautiful girls brightly dressed,
We brought the Summer with us.

Chorus:

*Summer, Summer, milk for the calves,
We brought the Summer with us.
Yellow Summer of the bright daisies,
We brought the Summer with us.*

We brought it with us from forest branches
We brought the Summer with us.
Yellow Summer from the sunset
We brought the Summer with us.

The lark is singing and soaring in the skies,
Happy for the day, flower on the tree,
The cuckoo and the lark are singing with pleasure,
We brought the Summer with us.

II. Hushaby

Hushaby, my treasure, my baby,
My jewel without deceit, my share of the big world.
Hushaby, it is the greatest sight,
My treasure in his bed, asleep without care.

Chorus:

*My darling baby, may your sleep rise to you.
Good fortune and happiness be with you every night.
I'm at your side praying blessings be upon you,
Hush, baby, sleep for now.*

Atop the house, there are bright fairies
Playing sport under gentle rays of the spring moon.
Here they come to call out my child
Wanting to draw him into their mound.

III. There Will Be a Fair Tomorrow

There will be a fair tomorrow in County Clare.
What good is it to me? I shan't be there.

Chorus:

*Momma, will you let me go to the fair?
"Darling, don't ask again!"*

"You're not ten or eleven, yet.
When you're thirteen you'll be big enough."

I'm in love with the shoemaker.
If I don't get him, I shall not live!