

Mo Ghile Mear – (Lyrics by Sean Clarach MacDomhnaill – 18th C., Arr. Desmond Earley

(Loose translation of the original Irish is given here)

My dashing darling is my hero
He's my Caesar, a dashing darling,
I've got no rest and no pleasure
Since my dashing darling went to a distant land.

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I'm incessantly sorrowing each day,
Lamenting sorely and showing signs of tears
As the lively lad has been separated from me
And no news from him is told, my sadness.