## **Glounthaun Araglin Eeving**

## The Beautiful Little Vale of Araglin

ireland



Slán do chuirim o'm chroidhe leat, a bhaile tar taoide anonn,— Go gleanntán Araglin aoibhinn mar a scaiptheare an fionn 'sa leann; Ba bhinne liom glór na ngadhar ann gach maidin bhog aoibhinn cheódhach 'Ná an te úd do mharbhadh na mílte le dartaibh a's draoidheacht a cheoil

## **Translation:**

I send a farewell from my heart to thee, thou little spot over there beyond the sea,

To the pretty little vale of Araglin, where the wine and the ale are plentifully poured out.

Sweeter to me was the cry of the hounds there, on a mild misty morning,

Than [the melody of] that man [Orpheus] who used to overcome the beasts with the powers and the spells of his songs.