

My Sorrow and Trouble

ireland

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Mo chreach a's mo dhíachairt gan ceó draoichte air na bóithribh,
A's go siubhalfhainn san oídhche le'm chroidhe geal na glóire.
Mo phócaidhe bheith a líonadh le geal phísidhe cróineach,
Ná sásacht súd dom'inntinn agus lúidhe sós le cóbach.

Alas and alas, that there is not a fairy-fog on the roads,
And that I might walk in the night with thy fair sweetheart of glory.
If my pockets were to be filled with white crown pieces—
That would not content my mind, and to be married to a clown.