

Mo Ghile Mear

Seán Clárach Mac Domhnaill (1691–1754)

*He is my hero, my dashing darling
He is my Caesar, dashing darling.
I've had no rest from forebodings
Since he went far away my darling.*

**For a while I was a gentle maiden
And now a spent worn-out widow
My spouse ploughing the waves strongly
Over the hills and far away.**

**Pain and sorrow are all I know,
My heart is sore, my tears a' flow
Since o'er the seas we saw him go
No news has come to ease our woe.**

**The cuckoo sings not pleasantly at noon
And the sound of hounds is not heard in nut woods,
Nor summer morning in misty glen
Since he went away from me, my lively boy.**

**Noble, proud young horseman
Warrior unsaddened, of most pleasant countenance
A swift-moving hand, quick in a fight,
Slaying the enemy and smiting the strong.**

**Let a strain be played on musical harps
And let many quarts be filled
With high spirit without fault or mist
For life and health to toast my lion.**

**Dashing darling for a while under sorrow
And all Ireland under black cloaks
Rest or pleasure I did not get
Since he went far away my dashing darling.**

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