

Oro Se do bheatha bhaile

Curfá:

**Óró 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile,
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Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh!
(x2)**

1) 'Sé do bheatha a bhean ba léanmhar,
B' é ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéibhinn,
Do dhúiche bhreá i seilibh meirleach...
Is tú díolta leis na Gallaibh!
Óró 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile, ...

2) Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile,
Óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,
Gaeil iad féin is ní Gaill ná Spáinnigh...
Is cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh!
Óró 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile, ...

3) A bhuí le Rí na bhFeart go bhfeiceann,
Muna mbíonn beo ina dhiaidh ach seachtain,
Gráinne Mhaol is míle gaiscíoch...
Ag fógairt fáin ar Ghallaibh!
Óró 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile, ...

*Written by Padraic Pearse Written in 1914,
this song started out as one of Pearse's poems.
Pearse turned it into a marching song for the
Irish volunteers.
Recorded by The Wolfe Tones, by Sinead O'Connor,
Mary Black, Seo Linn.*



OH WELCOME HOME (English Translation)

CHORUS: Oh, welcome home
Oh, welcome home
Oh, welcome home
Now the summer is coming.

1. Welcome lady of great sorrow
We share the grief of your internment
Your fair land in the hands of brigands
And you in bondage to strangers

2. Grannie Mhoal (Grace O'Malley) is crossing the ocean
With armed warriors as her guard
Gaels are they not French nor Spaniards
They will overwhelm to the foreigners. CHORUS

3. Thank heaven's king that we shall see
Even though we die soon after (the next week)
Grannie Mhoal and a thousand warriors
Herald the stranger's retreat. CHORUS