

# BUACHAILL ÓN ÉIRNE

FOR TWO HIGH VOICES AND PIANO

Score

Gently (♩ = 70)

Traditional Irish Melody and Text, Arranged Michael McGlynn

Soprano 2

Bua - chaill ón Éir - ne mé -

Piano

mp

With Pedal

S 2

'sbhréag - fainn féin cailín deas óg, Ní iarr - fainn bó spré lé - i tá mé féin

Pno.

S 2

saibh-ir go leor, 'Sliom Cor - caigh 'á mhéid é dhá taobh an ghlean-na 'sTír

Pno.

Buachaill ón Éirne mé's bhréagfainn féin cailín deas óg,  
 Ní iarrfainn bó spré léi tá mé féin saibhir go leor,  
 'S liom Corcaigh 'á mhéid é dhá taobh an ghleanna 's Tír Eoghain,  
 'S mura n-athraí mé béasa 'smé'n t-oidhr' ar Chontae Mhaigh Eo.  
 Rachaidh mé 'márah a dhéanamh leanna fán choill,  
 Gan choite, gan bhád, gan gráinnín brach' ar bith liom,  
 Ach duiliúr na gcraobh mar éide leap' os mo chionn,  
 'S óró sheacht m'anam déag thú's tú féachaint orm anall.  
 Buachailleacht bó mo leo nár chleacht mise riamh,  
 Ach ag imirt 's ag ól 's le hógmhná deasa ón sliabh;  
 Má chaill mé mo stór ní móide gur chaill mé mo chiall,  
 Is ní mó liom do phógh ná 'n bhróg 'táim a caitheamh le bliain  
 A chuise 's a stór ná pós an seandúine liath,  
 Ach pós an fear óg, mo leo, mura maire sé ach bliain,  
 Nó beidh tú go fóill gan ó nó mac os do chionn  
 A shilfeadh aon deoir tráthnóna nó 'r maidin go trom.

*A lad from Ireland am I and I'd beguile any fine young lass,  
 No dowry would I seek for her - I'm rich enough myself.  
 Cork is mine, both sides of the glen, as is Tyrone,  
 And less I change my ways I'll be heir of County Mayo.  
 Cowboying, my love, I never have done,  
 But playing and drinking with fine young women from the mountain.  
 If I lost my love, it wouldn't be much to have lost my sense,  
 And to me your kiss would mean no more than the shoes I've worn for years.  
 Darling treasure, don't marry that grey old fella,  
 But marry this young man, my love - he might only live a year,  
 You won't have a daughter or son about you,  
 Your tears falling heavy from evening to morning.  
 Tomorrow I shall voyage round the wooded slopes  
 Without canoe, without boat, without a bit of porridge with me at all  
 Only the branch's leaves like a blanket overhead  
 That my soul should perish only for you and you watching over me.*

22

S 2

Eoghain, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Smu-ra nath - raí mé béa - sa 'smé'n toidhr' ar Chon-tae Mhaigh Eo. \_\_\_\_\_

Pno.

29

S 1

Rach - aith mé 'má - rach a dhéan - amh lean-na fán

*pp*

S 2

— Rach - aith mé 'má - rach a dhéan - amh lean-na fán choill, \_\_\_\_\_ Gan

*mp*

Pno.

36

S 1

choill, \_\_\_\_\_ Gan choi - te, gan bhád, — gan gráin - nín brach' ar bith liom, \_\_\_\_\_

S 2

choi - te, gan bhád, — gan gráin - nín brach' ar bith liom, \_\_\_\_\_ Ach duil-iúr na

Pno.