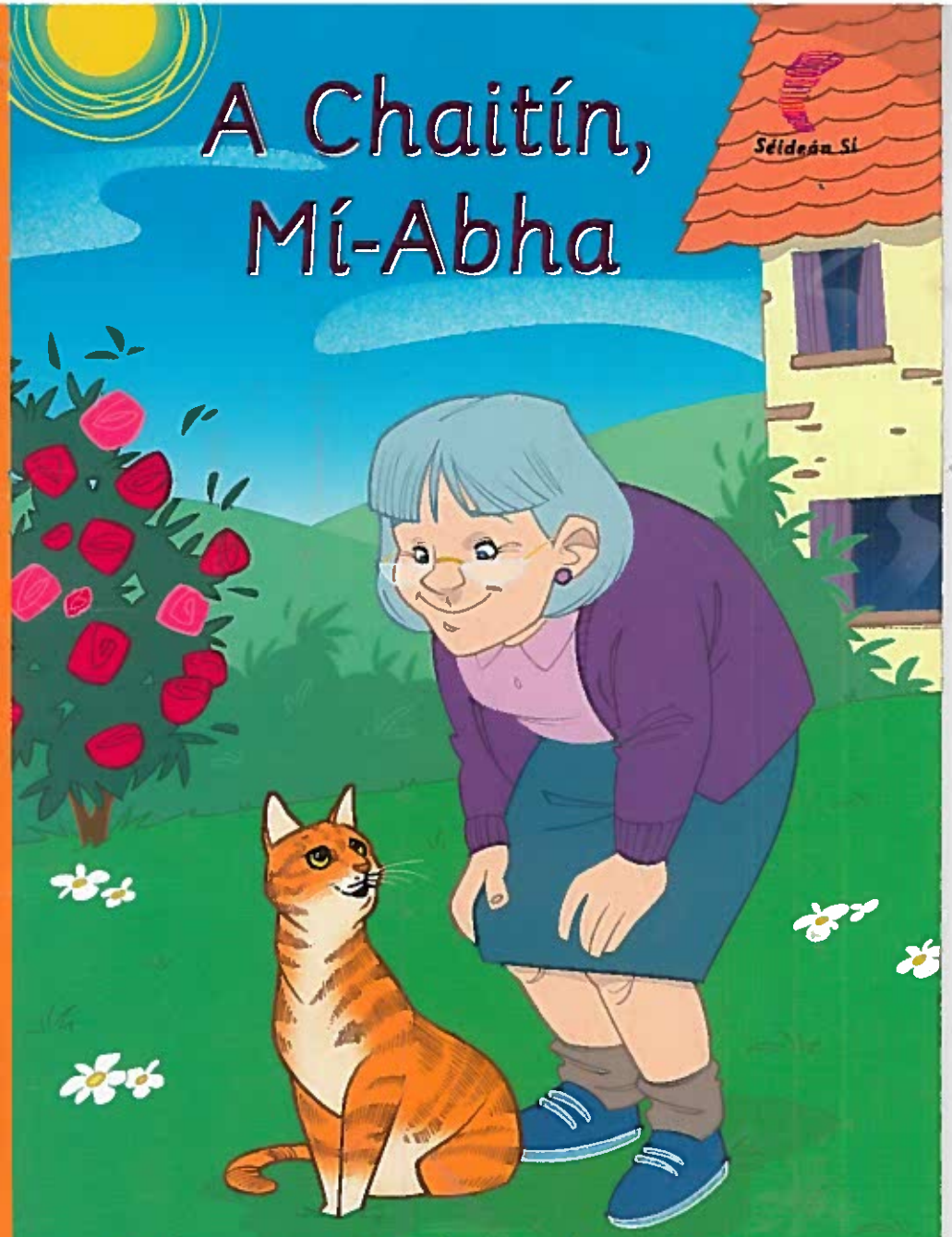
Dia duit, a chaitín,

Dia duit, a stór ...

An Gúm

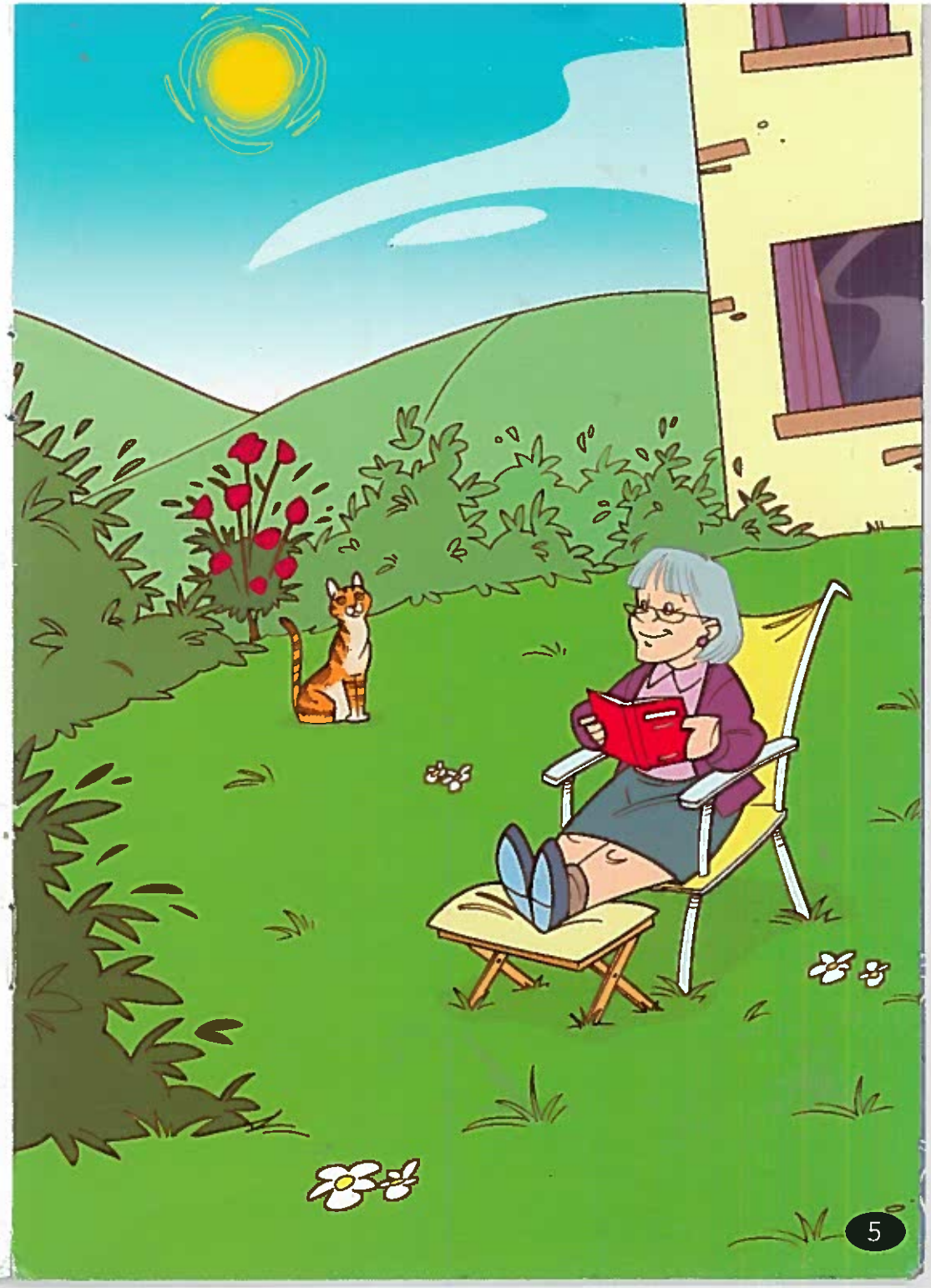
A Chaitín, Mí-Abha



Gobnait Uí Chonchubhair

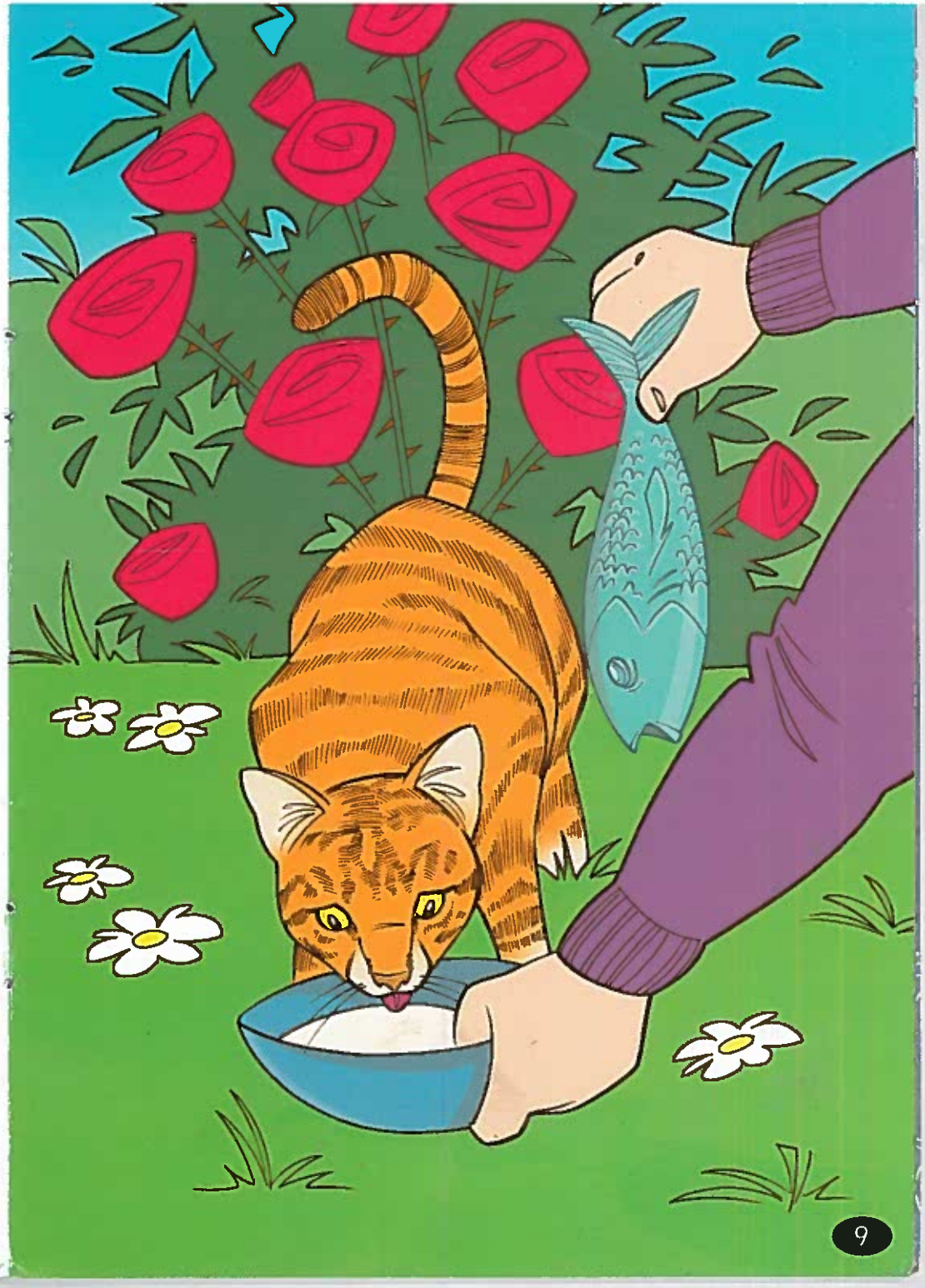
Martin Fagan a mhaisigh

Dia duit, a chaitín,
Dia duit, a stór.
An fada ansin tú?
Fada go leor?

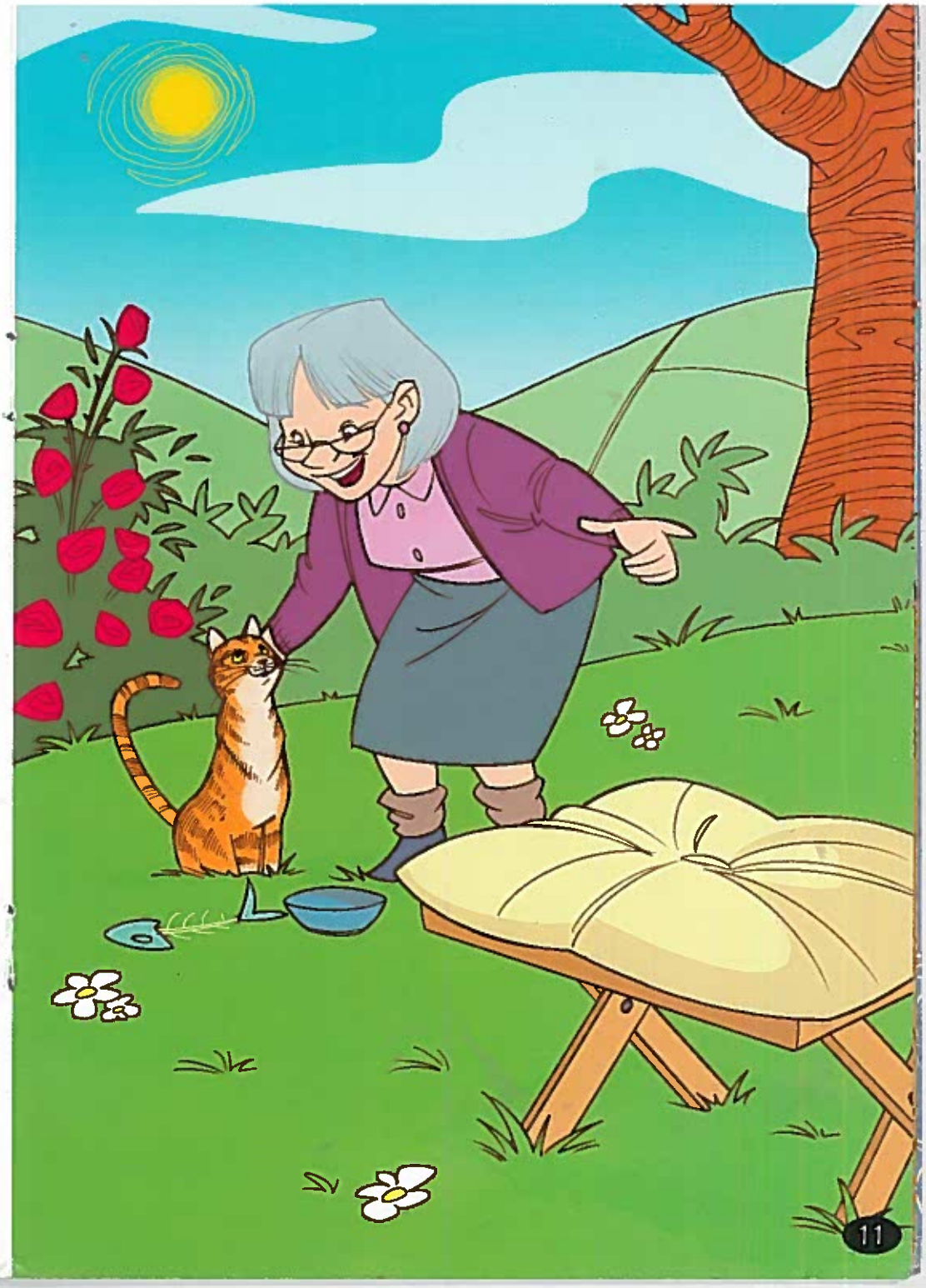


Scanraithe romham atá tú,
Nó scanraithe roimh an rós?
Is cuma, a chaitín,
Beimid cairdiúil fós.

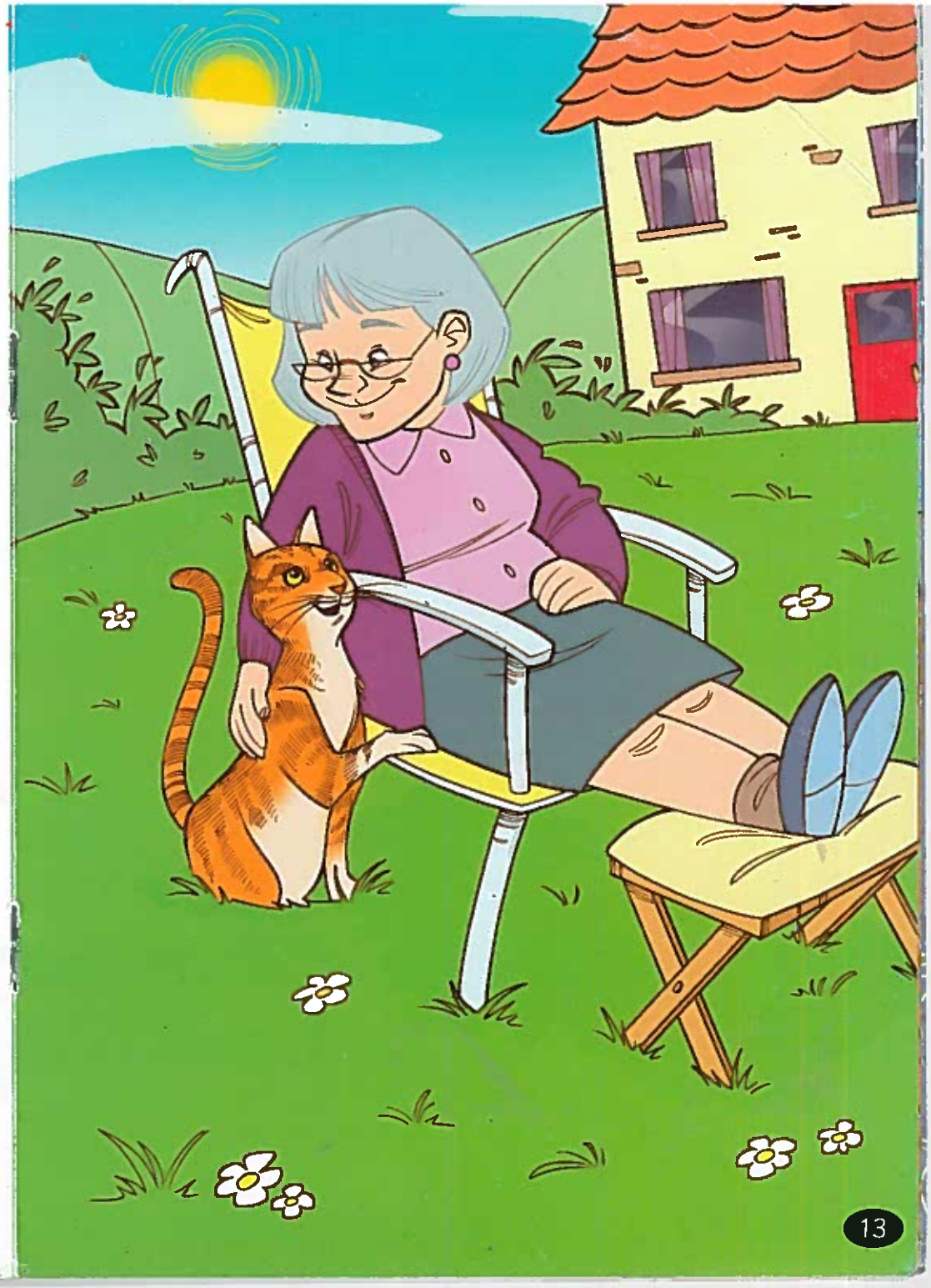
Seo babhla breá bainne duit,
Is iasc mór groí.
Bain sásamh as, a chaitín,
Bain sásamh as, a chroí.



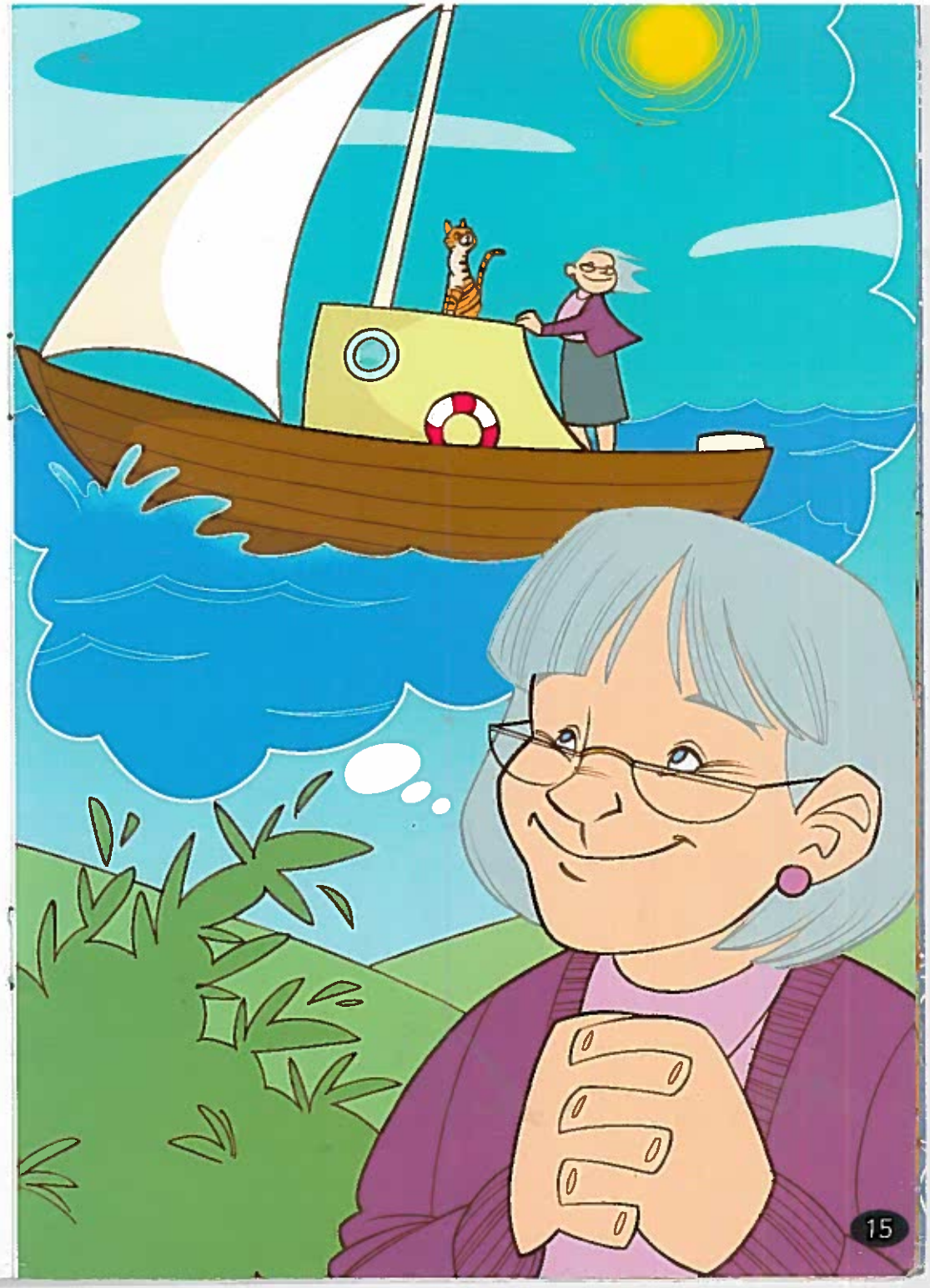
An bhfuil do bholg lán,
Nó an bhfuil ocras ort go fóill?
Ar mhaith leat dul a chodladh,
Ansin ar an stól?



Fan anseo liomsa,
Is ní bheidh ort aon bhuairt.
Beimid ag imirt le chéile,
Is rachaimid ar cuairt.

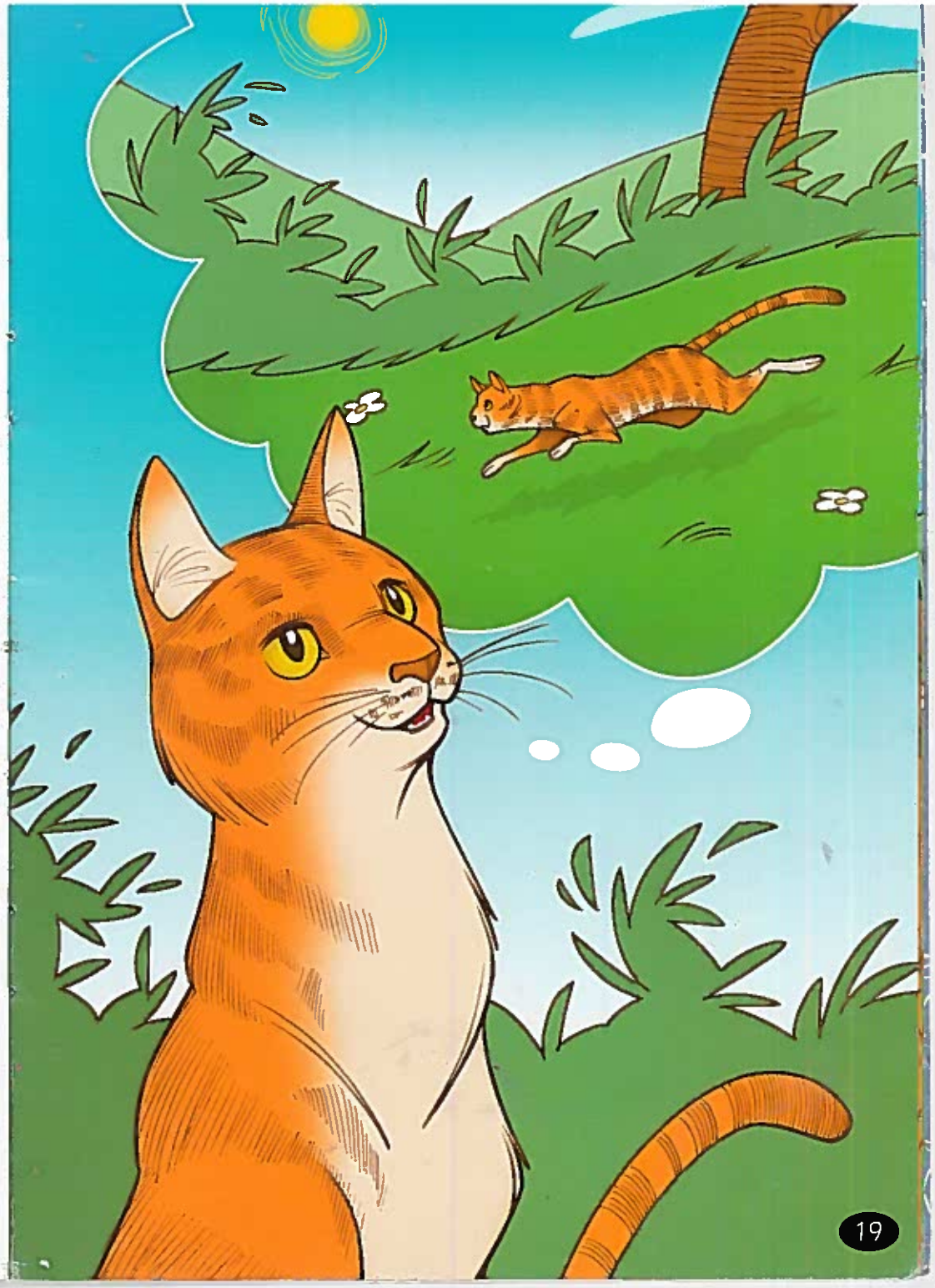


Isteach sa bhaile mór linn,
Is síos go dtí an trá,
Agus caithfimid lá eile,
Ag seoladh ar an mbá.

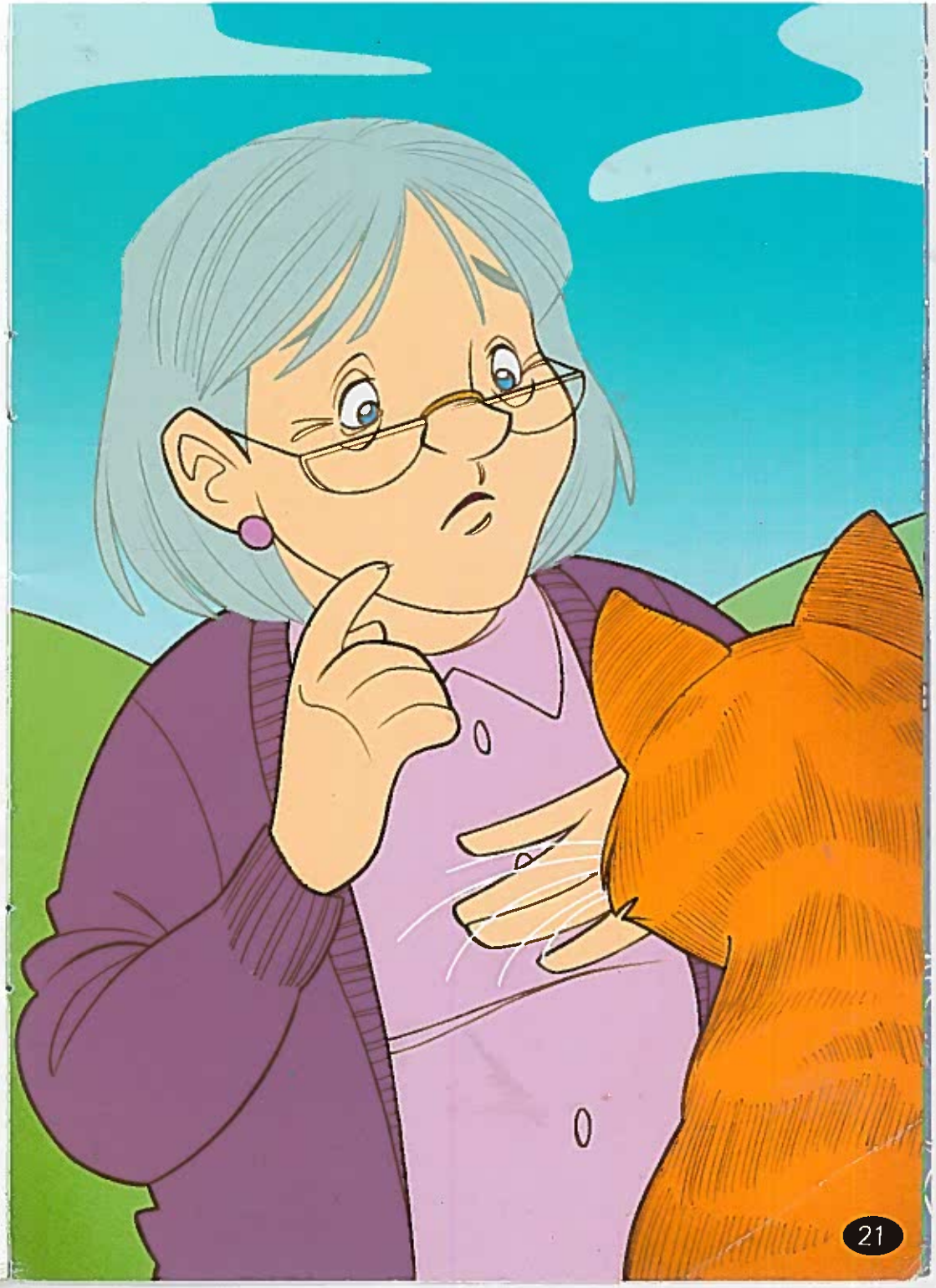


Déanfaidh mé leaba duit
Sa chiseán deas tuí,
Is beidh tú te teolaí ann,
Ansin i do luí.

Mí-abha, mhuis, nach mbeidh mé,
Cé gur tú atá galánta,
Mar b'fhearr liom m'áit féin,
Amuigh ar na bánta.



Ach beidh uaigneas orm, a chaitín,
Beidh buairt ar mo chroí,
Ní bheidh aon duine liomsa,
Anseo feadh na hoích'.



Tiocfad ar cuairt chugat,
Mar sin, gach aon lá.
Maith go leor, a chaitín,
Beidh sé sin go breá.