

Amhrán na nGael

Méabh Ní Bheaglaoich

Véarsaí $\text{♩} = 70$

Cá bhfuil croí, an-am corp is spiorad na nGael? cá bhfuil an-
ghátair's tá án Róis - ín tinn ag feo an bhfuil ár-

3 grá, an bród dár gci - ne fhéin? im - ithe le
dtodhchaí sna leabhair stait - re anois go deo? ach sin - ne

5 sruth tá - imid ga - nn bris - te suas le fonn, mar
clann Chú Chul-ainne tré - an is laoch - ra Ghráin - ne Mhaoil 's'tán

7 sheana churrach/naomhóg fág - tha feoi - te fuar Seo am an
cinneadh anois fúinn fhéin cinniúint na nGael

Cúrfá

9 'Sin - ne Éi - re 'sinn Gaeil le bród is brí nár lag - faí

12 choí - che sinn's ár ti - ne fháin ár mbui-le, cuis - le croí las - faim

14 is lóch - rann ár sin - sir sprioc ár saoil

16 seas is can go tréan amh - rán na nGael

Amhrán na nGael

Véarsa a hAon

Cá bhfuil croí, anam, corp is spiorad na nGael?
Cá bhfuil an grá, an bród dár gcine fhéin?
Imithe le sruth táimid gann, briste suas le fonn,
Mar sheana churrach, fágtha, feoite, fuar.

Véarsa a Dó

Seo am an ghátair's tá an Róisín tinn ag feo,
An bhfuil ár dtodhchaí sna leabhair staire anois go deo?
Ach sinne clann Chú Chulainn tréan, is laochra Ghráinne Mhaoil,
'S tá'n cinneadh anois fúinn fhéin, cinniúint na nGael.

Véarsa a Trí – Ráite

Táimid tréigthe againn fhéin, imithe ó'n bhfírinne,
Ag maslú ár sinsir, ár noidhreach, ár gcuid féiniúlachta.
Má tá na Gaeil imithe, cailte, básaithe is mar gheall orainne fhéin go bhfuil sé fíor.
Tá an scathán anso – Féach anois!
Cé hí mise? Cé hé tusa? Cé hiad sinne?

Cúrfá

Sinne Éire, sinn' Gaeil le bród is brí,
Nár lagfaí choíche sinn's ár dtine fhíain, ár mbuile, cuisle, croí,
Lasfaimís lóchrann ár sinsir, sprioc ár saoil,
Seas is can go tréan amhrán na nGael.

Véarsa a Ceathair

Cá bhfuil croí, anam, corp is spiorad na nGael?
Cá bhfuil an grá, an bród dár gcine fhéin?
Mar sinne clann Chú Chulainn tréan, is laochra Ghráinne Mhaoil,
'S tá'n cinneadh anois fúinn fhéin, cinniúint na nGael.

**Amhrán na nGael - Song of the Gaels -
Translated by Méabh Ní Bheaglaoich**

Verse 1

Where is the heart, soul, body and spirit of the Gaels?
Where is the love, the pride for our own people?
Gone with the stream, we are rare,
Intentionally dispersed/broken up.
Like an old currach, abandoned, perished, cold.

Verse 2

We are in troubled times and the little Rose is wilting
(Róisín - Ireland. i.e. Róisín Dubh)
Is our future left for the history books now and forever?
BUT we are descendants of the mighty Cu Chulainn,
and the heroes of Granuaile,
And it is we who face the decision, the fate of the Gael.

Spoken Verse

We have abandoned ourselves, we have given up on the truth,
insulting our ancestors, our heritage, our identity.
If the Gaels are gone, lost, dead,
it's because of ourselves that this is true.
The mirror is here. Look Now! Who am I?
Who are You? Who are We?

Chorus

We are Ireland, we are Gaels with pride and meaning/strength,
May we never be weakened,
nor our wild fire, our beat, pulse, heart.
May we illuminate the light of our ancestors, our life's goal,
Stand! and sing with force, the Song of the Gaels.

Verse 3

Where is the heart, soul, body and spirit of the Gaels?
Where is the love, the pride for our own people?
BECAUSE we are descendants of the mighty Cu Chulainn,
and the heroes of Granuaile,
And it is we who face the decision, the fate of the Gael.