

Mna Na H-Éireann (*Women of Ireland*)

The Chieftains

D	0. 4.	4 5 4	0 0
A	1 1 2	7 1.	1 2 2~ 1...
D			

D	0. 4.	4 5 4	0 0 1...
A	1 1 2	7 1.	1 2 2~
D			

D	0 0 1	4	4 5 7 5 4 2 1 2 1 4
A	2 0	0 0 0	
D			

D	2 1 0	4	4 5 7 5 4 2 1 2 1 4
A	1 0		1 1 0 0~0
D			

D	0. 4.	4 5 4	0 0
A	1 1 2	7 1.	1 2 2~ 1...
D			

D	0. 4.	4 5 4	0 0 1...
A	1 1 2	7 1.	1 2 2~
D			

D	0 0 1	4	4 5 7 5 4 2 1 2 1 4
A	2 0	0 0 0	
D			

D	2 1 0	4	4 5 7 5 4 2 1 2 1 4
A	1 0		1 1 0 0~0
D			

D	0. 4.	4 5 4	0 0
A	1 1 2	7 1.	1 2 2~ 1...
D			

D	0. 4.	4 5 4	0 0 1...
A	1 1 2	7 1.	1 2 2~
D			

D	0 0 1	4	4 5 7 5 4 2 1 2 1 4
A	2 0	0 0 0	
D			

D	2 1 0	4	4 5 7 5 4 2 1 2 1 4
A	1 0		1 1 0 0~0
D			

<p>Tá bean in Éirinn a phronnfadh séad domh is mo sháith le n-ól Is tá bean in Éirinn is ba bhinne léithe mo ráfla ceoil Ná seinm théad; atá bean in Éirinn is níorbh fherr léi beo Mise ag léimnigh nó leagtha igcré is mo thárr faoi fhód Tá bean in Éirinn a bheadh ag éad liom mur' bhfaighfinn ach póg Ó bhean ar aonach, nach ait an scéala, is mo dháimh féin leo; Tá bean ab fherr liom nó cath is céad dhíobh nach bhfagam go deo Is tá cailín spéiriúil ag fear gan Bhéarla, dubhghránna cróin Tá bean a déarfadh dá siulfainn léi go bhfaighinn an t-ór Is tá bean 'na léine is is ferr a méin ná na táinte bó Le bean a bhuaireadh Baile an Mhaoir is clár Thír Eoghain Is ní fheicim leigheas ar mo ghalar féin ach scaird a dh'ól</p>	<p>There's a woman in Erin who'd give me shelter and my fill of ale; There's a woman in Ireland who'd prefer my strains to strings being played; There's a woman in Eirinn and nothing would please her more Than to see me burning or in a grave lying cold. There's a woman in Eirinn who'd be mad with envy if I was kissed By another on fair-day. They have strange ways, but I love them all; There are women I'll always adore, battalions of women and more And there's this sensuous beauty and she shackled to an ugly boar. There's a woman who promised if I'd wander with her I'd find some gold A woman in night dress with a loveliness worth more than the woman Who vexed Ballymoyer and the plain of Tyrone; And the only cure for my pain I'm sure is the ale-house down the road.</p>
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