## Mna Na H-Éireann (Women of Ireland) Merlin

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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 fhearr 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 fhearr liom nó cath is céad dhíobh nach bhfagham 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 fearr a méin ná na táinte bó

Le bean a bhuairfeadh Baile an Mhaoir is clár Thír Eoghain

Is ní fheicim leigheas ar mo ghalar féin ach scaird a dh'ól

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.