

Mna Na h-Éireann (*Women of Ireland*)

Merlin

D	0 4.	4 5 4	0 0
A	1 1 2	6	
D		5.	5 6 6 5

D	0 4.	4 5 4	0 0 1...
A		6	
D	5 5 6	5.	5 6 5

D	0 0 1	4	4 5 6. 5 4 2. 1 2 1 4
A	2 0	0 0 0	
D			

D	2 1 0	4.	4 5 6. 5 4 2. 1 2 1 4.
A	1 0		1 1 0 1~0
D			

D	0 4.	4 5 4	0 0
A	1 1 2	6	
D		5.	5 6 6 5

D	0 4.	4 5 4	0 0 1...
A		6	
D	5 5 6	5.	5 6 5

D	0 0 1	4	4 5 6. 5 4 2. 1 2 1 4
A	2 0	0 0 0	
D			

D	2 1 0	4.	4 5 6. 5 4 2. 1 2 1 4.
A	1 0		1 1 0 1~0
D			

D	0 4.	4 5 4	0 0
A	1 1 2	6	
D		5.	5 6 6 5

D	0 4.	4 5 4	0 0 1...
A		6	
D	5 5 6	5.	5 6 5

D	0 0 1	4	4 5 6. 5 4 2. 1 2 1 4
A	2 0	0 0 0	
D			

D	2 1 0	4.	4 5 6. 5 4 2. 1 2 1 4.
A		1 0	1 1 0 1~0
D			

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 fhéarr 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 fhéarr liom nó cath is céad dhíobh nach bhfagham go deo
 Is tá cailín spéiriúil ag fear gan Bhéarla, dubhghráonna 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 bhuaireadh 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.