

DEORAITHE le DIA

Veidhlín á chuimilt go caointeach
Ag ceoltóir as Corca Dhuibhne
Le caipín uaidh ag lorg déirce –
Deir an ceol linn: “Stopaigí seal.”
A dheoraí ón sliabh aniar,
Gineann seiteanna agus ríleacha
Trua duitse is cuimhne domsa
Ar m’óige, aois na fírinne –
Mothú dúch cruá é ceol binn.

A bhacaigh bhrónaigh ar Chéimh na Cathrach
Cén scéal séimh is féidir leat a rá
Ar bhochtanas a shníonn tré do chuisle
Agus deora a léireodh, dá silfeá,
Ár seoda tréigthe le fada an lá.

POOR EXILES

Plaintive pizzicato plucking
Of fiddler from West Kerry
With cap outstretched for coppers looking –
His playing bids us tarry.
O mountany exile here in the city,
Your playing of native sets and reels
Begets pity for you and my own self pity
Thoughts of youth and things of truth –
How sad and poignant your music feels.

Sad beggar lad on City Quay,
What story soft can you say
Of poverty flowing in your blood
And tears that were they shed could
Tell us our heritage of yesterday.

Michael Mernagh

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