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| **Molly MacAlpin** | **Molly Halfpenny** |
| ‘Sí Molly an chúil chraobhaigh | It is Molly of the curling hair |
| Do mhearaigh is do bhuaidhrigh mé, | That has tormented me and driven me crazy, |
| ‘S a samhail ní léir dhom sa’ tír seo; | And I know not her peer in the land; |
| ‘Sgur í seómra na séad | In a jeweled room |
|  A chomhnuigheas an spéirbhean, | This lady abides, |
| Ler cailleadh na céadta mile. | Who has slain hundreds of thousands. |
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| Lámh an oinigh is a’ réidhtigh, | Bounteous, hospitable hand, |
| Croidhe geal na féile, | Bright, generous heart, |
| A sgcapfadh dá mba léithe an saoghal so; | Who would give away the earth if it were hers; |
| ‘S go bhfuil deallra ón ngréin | The splendor of the sun |
| Ins a’ maighre gan chlaon, | Is in this faultless maiden, |
| Is ceó meala ar gach taobh dá n-imthigheann sí. | And a honeyed mist is wherever she walks. |
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| Is deise ‘gus is breaghtha | Sweeter and more delightful |
| Gach siolla dho mo ghrádh-sa | Is my love’s breath |
| Ná rós i ngáirdín pléisiúir; | Than a rose in a pleasure-garden; |
| A com atá | Her breast is |
| Mar a’ tsíoda bhán, | As white as silk, |
| An maighre mná sí bhuaidhrigh mé. | It is she who has tormented me. |
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| Ba bhinne liom a’ lá | I would rather spend a day |
| Bheinn ag cómhrádh le mo ghrádh | Talking with my love |
| Ná ag ceartughadh dánta as Gaedhilge; | Than composing Irish songs; |
| Seach a bhfuil mé a’ rádh | And apart from all I have said, |
| ‘Sé mo chreach agus mo chrádh | I am most sad and sorry |
| Mar a chonairc mé le dhá bhliadhain déag thú. | For having known you these twelve years. |