Dervish, An T-

T sciln nua 'gam le h-insint dóibhse
Crsa spóirt agus comhr d
ll bre gleoite do chuireas i mo phóca
'S ni bhfuaras romham ach prtn sl

Ó mo thurse mar shileann mo shile
Indiaidh an ll ud a bh bre bu
An óig-bhean uasal bh t'reis thabhairt domh
'S do thabhairfinn pnt ar bhlaiseadh ars

Do shilais Clire agus Carraig Aonair
Cuanta Bara bh romham sa tsl
Puinte na nGrige 'gus na nDorsa Maola
An fhiach 's an lao taobh amuigh de Bhaoi

Do shilais Cualach mar a bhos buartha
An pharoiste Thuaidh a 's na hAdhra
San oilen Muarseadh d'inis dom buachaill
Nach bhfilghinn a tuairise go dtinn thar snaidhm

Ó mo thurse mar shileann mo shile
Indiaidh an ll ud a bh bre bu
An óig-bhean uasal bh t'reis thabhairt domh
'S do thabhairfinn pnt ar bhlaiseadh ars

Do shulos Cobh agus Bale na Móna
Cathair Tn Tóime 'gus Inis Seircn
Sor ar a chósta sea d'inis dhom stróinse
Go rabh s 'na sheo acu ar Srid Nidn

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Indiaidh an ll ud a bh bre bu
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'S do thabhairfinn pnt ar bhlaiseadh ars
</lyrics>
||
==English translation==
<lyrics>
I have a new story to tell you,
It's good crack and chat over drink,
A fine lovely apple I put in my pocket
And all I found was a seed potato.

Oh sadly my eyes cry,
After that fine yellow apple,
And the lovely young woman who gave it to me
And I'd give a pound to taste again

I walked Clare Island and Carrig Aonor,

The bays of Bara Island were before me on the way,
Puinte na nGrige and Dorsa Maola,
The raven and the calf outside of Baoi.

I walked through Cualach because I was sad,
The northern parish and Eyeries,
On the Island of Muarseadh a young man told me
That I wouldnt get word of her until Id tied the knot

Oh sadly my eyes cry,
After that fine yellow apple,
And the lovely young woman who gave it to me
And I'd give a pound to taste again

I walked through Cobh and Baile na Mona,
Cather Tn Tóime and Sherkin Island
On the east coast someone told me
That I was the laughing stock of Nidn

Oh sadly my eyes cry,
After that fine yellow apple,
And the lovely young woman who gave it to me
And I'd give a pound to taste again

Oh sadly my eyes cry,
After that fine yellow apple,
And the lovely young woman who gave it to me
And I'd give a pound to taste again

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