

Gaelic Storm, An Poc Ar Bulle

Ar mo ghabhil dom siar chum Droichead Uí Mhóir
Pice im dhéid is m' dui i meitheal
C chasfai orm i gcumar ceoidh
Ach pocn cráin is ar buile!

Chorus:

Ail-li-li, puil-li-li
Ail-li-li, t an poc ar buile.
Ail-li-li, puil-li-li
Ail-li-li, puil-li-li, t an poc ar buile!

Do ritheamar trasna tri ruilleogach
Is du ghluais an comhrac ar fud na muinge.
Is treascart da bhfuai s sna turtága
Chuas ina ainneoin ar a dhroim le tuinneamh

Ail-li-li, puil-li-li
Ail-li-li, t an poc ar buile.
Ail-li-li, puil-li-li
Ail-li-li, puil-li-li, t an poc ar buile!
Nior fhag se carriag go raibh scáit ann,
N gur rith le fársa chun m a mhilleadh
Is ea ansin do chaith se an leim ba mho
Le fna mháir na Faille Brice

Ail-li-li, puil-li-li
Ail-li-li, t an poc ar buile.
Ail-li-li, puil-li-li
Ail-li-li, puil-li-li, t an poc ar buile!

The Gardai came from the town of Ballyroche
For to catch that goat with sticks and switches
The goat gave the Captain a kick up his arse,
And his horn made rags of his band-new britches!

Ail-li-li, puil-li-li
Ail-li-li, t an poc ar buile.
Ail-li-li, puil-li-li
Ail-li-li, puil-li-li, t an poc ar buile!

InDangean Uí Chis le haghaidh an trhána
Bhi an sagart páiriste amach nr gcoinnibh
Is duirt gurbh and diabhal ba dhéigh leis.
An ghaibh an treo ar phocn buile!