

Afro Celt Sound System, Amber

Bfhearr liom bheith ag scriobh/ I would rather write

Mar gheall ar solas an lae / About the nature and character of daylight

Na behith ag cur sios / Than to describe

Ar miant mo chroi / The yearnings of my heart

Bfhearr liom bheith a siul / I would instead, walk

San bhfoiris gle / The illuminated forest

Rain becomes silver

Leave turn to gold

Bfhearr liom feachaint siar / I would rather look back

Is bheith ag eitilt san aer / And fly through the air

Na behith I cgonai troid / Than to always fight

In aghaidh an saol / Against the world

Bfhearr liom bheith im leanbh / Instead of this I would be a child

San aoibhneas gie / In intense happiness

Rain becomes silver

Leave turn to gold

Cloth become amber

Wind turn to snow

Bfhearr liom lui ar thalaim / I would rather lie on the ground

Is bheith a stanadh ar an re / And gaze at the heavens

Na behith feachaint sios uaim / Than to look down

Ar dath an chre / At the colour of the earth

Bfhearr liom bheith ag cogar / Instead, I would whisper

Le ceol na n-ean / The song of birds

Mere, soeur . . . la guere nest pas bonne / Mother, sister . . . war is not a good thing

Gens du monde la guere na que des vaincus / People of the world, war has only losers

Simple orguell de l'homme pour montrer sa capacite en detruisant son prochain / The simple pride