

Alan Stivell, Una's Love

Pity that I were not like the raven
That could fly to Una on the hill,
Or that I were a sunbeam shining on the eddying stream,
With my love everywhere I could be.

Na cheithre Una, na cheithre Aine, na cheithre Maire's na cheithre Nora,
Na cheithre mn ba cheithre brecha i gceire gcearda na Fodhla,
Na cheithre cirni a chuaidh 's na cheithre clara, na cheithre cl racha conra.
Ach na cheithre grin ar na cheithre mn nach dtug na cheithre gr go na
Cheithre poga,

Pity...

A Una Bhn nach grnna an lui t ort,
Do cheann le fna i mearc na milte corp.
Ach mora dcuga th fir orm, a phlandoig bhi riamh gan locht
Ni dhiocfaidh mise 'd-aras go brth ach an oiche 'nocht.

Na kaer eo karout 'noc'h, mui karet
Una bhn, Anna ar wenn
Un de' e oamp,
Nemet ur galon
Un de' e oamp Love, just love

The four Unas, the four Annas, the four Mairies, the four Noras,
The four women finest by fourfold in the four quarters of Fodhla,
The four nails driven into the four coffin boards, the four oak coffins O;
But my fourfold hate on the four women who gave not their,
Love with their kisses four.

Fair Una how ugly now is your bed,
Your head lying among hosts of the dead.
Unless you come to me, even as a ghost, O flower without blemish
Never again will I come to visit you after this night.

Il est si beau de t'aimer, aime,
Belle Una, claire Anna,
Nous fmes un jour
Qu'un seul coeur,
Un jour nous ne fmes
Qu'Amour