

# Clannad, Coinleach Glas An Fhromhair

On the green stubble-fields of autumn  
I saw you, my sweetheart.  
Nice were your feet in shoes  
And wonderful your nimble gait.  
Your hair the color of roses  
And your ringlets tightly plaited  
Alas that we're not married  
Or on board ship sailing away

The boys around here are  
Laughing and getting bold  
And the people of the high straw?  
Are making ? ? of my brown girl  
If the king of Spain would  
Go abroad with his assembled men  
I would flatten grass and rank grass  
And I would be with my brown girl

Buying cows at the fair  
If I were ? and my brown girl  
Go and come first love  
Until we go over to Gaath-Bearra  
Until we separate from each other

The tops of the branches and the swan  
From the waves ?  
That won't separate us  
And it's only folly for you to put it ? ?

I wrote a letter  
To my sweetheart and a sharp complaint  
She sent it back to me  
That her heart was inside me.  
Compose the artswannoble person ?  
Finer than silk or bird feathers  
Heavy is my sigh  
When I think of being apart from her.

What I heard on Sunday  
As conversation among the women  
That she was going to be married  
To a young man from the place.  
Sweetheart take my advice  
And this autumn stay as you are  
And don't tell anyone, my love,  
That you are my love.