

1. **fíon**, *m.* (*gs.* ~**a1**, *pl.* ~**ta**). Wine.
fíon / gloine fíona wine / a glass of wine
beoir, *f.* (*gs.* -**orach**, *pl.* -**oracha**). Beer.
beoir / pionta beorach beer / a pint of beer
tae, *m.* (*gs.* ~, *pl.* ~**nna**). Tea.
tae / cupán tae tea / a cup of tea
Cad a ólfaidh tú? What will you drink?
2. seacláid / císte seacláide chocolate / chocolate cake
ceapaire / ceapaire cáise sandwich / cheese sandwich
peitseog / sú peitseoge peach / peach juice
Cén saghas ceapaire is fearr leat? What's your favorite type of sandwich?
císte / anraith / píotsa / sú cake / soup / pizza / juice
3. Cad atá tú ag déanamh? What are you doing?
Táim ag ól beorach. I'm drinking beer.
Táim ag ithe cáise. I'm eating cheese.
Cad a bhí tú ag ithe inniu? What were you eating today?
Cad a bhí tú ag déanamh inniu? What were you doing inniu?
4. Bhuail sé mé. He hit me.
Bhí sé do mo bhualadh. He was hitting me.
Lorg mé thú. I looked for you.
Bhí mé do do lorg. I was looking for you.
D'ith mé é. I ate it.
Bhí mé á ithe. I was eating it.
5. Seán / Teach Sheáin Sean / Sean's House
Máire / Tomás Mháire Mary / Tom (of) Mary
Meiriceá / Stáit Aontaithe Mheiriceá America / The United States of America
Sasana / Londain Shasana England / London England
6. **Ceisteanna** **Questions**
a. Cé mhéad beoir a ólann tú? a. How much beer do you drink?
b. Cén saghas ceapairí a itheann tú? b. What kind of sandwiches do you eat?
c. Cad a bhí tú ag déanamh ar an deireadh seachtaine? c. What were you doing on the weekend?
d. Cá ndeachaigh tú i Meiriceá? d. Where did you go in America?

Sorcha sa Ghailearaí
le Catherine Foley

1. Nuair a tháinig na boscaí móra ón Ollainn iarradh ar Shorcha déileáil leo.
2. Bhí sé i gceist ag stiúrthóir an ghailearaí taispeántas Picasso a chur ar siúl ag tús mhí an Mheithimh.
3. Bhí pictiúir an ealaíontóra cháiliúil sna boscaí.
4. Rinne Sorcha ionsaí orthu láithreach.
5. Bhí uirthi an téad tiubh a ghearradh agus an téip a bhriseadh.
6. Bhí páipéir ann chomh maith, iad istigh i mbosca amháin i gclúdach donn.
7. Bhí na foirmeacha ar fad le líonadh agus bhí uirthi gach rud a chur in ord.
8. D'oibrigh sí go crua an lá sin.
9. Ní raibh a fhios aici go dtarlódh dúnmharú de bharr an taispeántais seo.
10. Ní raibh a fhios aici go mbeadh sí féin i gcontúirt.
11. Ní raibh a fhios aici céard a bhí i ndán di.
12. Bhí tuí sna boscaí.
13. Lean sí uirthi ag tógáil na bpictiúir amach, ag breathnú orthu agus ag caint agus ag gáire le Dáithí, an stiúrthóir, nuair a chuireadh sé a cheann isteach.
14. “Ó, go hálainn, té sé seo go hálainn,” a dúirt sí arís agus arís nuair a chonaic sí na pictiúir.
15. Bhí sí ar mhuintir na muice ag obair san oifig.
16. Ní hamháin mar gheall ar na pictiúir ach mar gheall go raibh sí i ngrá le Dáithí ó bhí sí ina páiste.

Sorcha in the Gallery
by Catherine Foley

When the big boxes came from Holland, Sorcha was asked to deal with them. The director of the gallery intended to put on a Picasso exhibit in the beginning of the month of June. The famous artist's pictures were in the boxes. Sorcha attacked them right away. She had to cut the thick rope and break the tape. There were papers there too, inside one box in a brown envelope. All the forms had to be filled out and she had to put everything in order. She worked hard that day. She didn't know that a murder would happen because of this exhibit. She didn't know that she herself would be in danger. She didn't know what was in store for her. There was straw in the boxes. She went on taking the pictures out, looking at them, and talking and laughing with Dáithí, the director, when he would put his head in. “Oh, lovely, this is lovely,” she said again and again when she saw the pictures. She was on the pig's back working in the office. Not only because of the pictures, but because she was in love with David since she was a child.

Maidin i mBéarra

Osborn ó hAmheirgin (Méav Ní Mhaolchatha)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Is é mo cháí gan mise maidin aerach | I regret that I am not an airy morning |
| 2. Amuigh i mBéarra im' sheasamh ar an dtrá, | Out in Beara standing on the beach, |
| 3. Is guth na n-éan a'm' tharraingt thar na sléibhte cois na farraige | With the voices of birds drawing me over the mountains beside the sea |
| 4. Go Céim an Aitinn mar a mbíonn mo ghrá. | To the Pass of the Furze where my love is |
| 5. Is obann aoibhinn aiteasach do léimfinn. | I would leap about quickly, pleasantly, happily. |
| 6. Do rithfinn saor ó anabhroid an tláis. | I would run free from the distress of weakness. |
| 7. Do thabharfainn droim le scamallaibh an tsaoil seo, | I would turn my back on the clouds of this life, |
| 8. Dá bhfaighinn mo léirdhóthain d'amharc ar mo chaoimhshearc bhán. | If I could ever get my full fill of looking at my fair sweetheart. |
| 9. Is é mo dhíth bheith ceangailte go faonlag, | It is my sadness to be bound here in weakness, |
| 10. Is neart mo chléibh dá thachtadh anseo sa tsráid, | The strength of my bosom suffocated here in the street, |
| 11. An fhad tá réim na habhann agus gaoth ghlan na farraige | While the river's flow and the pure sea wind |
| 12. Ag glaoch is ag gairm ar an gcroí seo i m' lár. | Calling and summoning this heart within me. |
| 13. Is milis bríomhar leathanbhog an t-aer ann. | The air there is sweet and vigorous and soft. |
| 14. Is gile ón ngréin go fairsing ar an mbán. | And brightness from the sun abundant on the grasslands. |
| 15. Is ochón, a ríbhean bhanúil na gcraobhfholt, | But alas, oh gentle queen of the flowing hair, |
| 16. Gan sinne araon i measc an aitinn mar do bhímis tráth. | That we are not together amidst the furze as once we were. |