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1. ceol, amhrán, amhránaí, ceoltóir
banna ceoil, ceolfhoireann, ceolchoirm
ceol traidisiúnta, sean-nós,
ceol clasacach, popcheol, snagcheol,
na gormacha, ceol tíre, rac-cheol,
hip hap, punc, miotal trom
uirlis ceoil
cláirseach, cruit, feadóg (stáin)
píob uilleann, bodhrán, fidil
cairdín, consairtín, bosca ceoil
fliúit, giotár, méarchlár
seinm, éisteacht, canadh
2. An maith leat ceol traidisiúnta?
Cén saghas ceoil is fearr leat?
Cén amhránaí is fearr leat?
Cén banna ceoil is fearr leat?
An raibh tú ag ceolchoirm le déanaí?
An bhfuil ceol agat?
Cén uirlis ceoil is fearr leat?
Cén uirlis ceoil a bhíonn tú ag seinm?
Ar mhaith leat foghlaim ceol a sheinm?
Cén amhrán Gaeilge is fearr leat?
An bhfuil tú go maith ag canadh?
An mbíonn tú ag canadh as Gaeilge?
- music, song, singer, musician
band, orchestra, concert
traditional music, old style music, classical
music, pop music, jazz,
blues, folk music, rock music,
hip hop, punk, heavy metal
musical instrument
harp, harp (small), (tin) whistle
uilleann pipes, bodhrán, fiddle, accordion,
concertina, melodeon
flute, guitar, keyboard
playing (music), listening, singing
Do you like traditional music?
Which kind of music do you prefer?
Who is your favorite singer?
Who is your favorite band?
Were you recently at a concert?
Are you musical?
Which musical instrument do you like best?
Which musical instrument do you play?
Would you like to learn to play music?
Which Irish song is your favorite?
Are you good at singing?
Do you sing in Irish?

Cumha an Fhile

Séan Bán Mac Grianna / Albert Fry

1. Is cumhaidhiúil thíos fá bhruach na mara,
Is gruama an saol is mé liom féin,
2. Gan sólas croí gan comhrá carad,

A thógfadh cian domh 's 'mhúchfadh an léan,
3. Go doimhin san oích' is mór mo mhearadh,
'Dúil go gcluifinn ceol na n-éan,
4. Ach mo bhrón níl ann ach tuaim an bharra,
'Gus uaigneas síor fá ghlinnte an aeir.
5. Níl ceiliúr cuach, níl blátha geala,
Teacht an tsamhraidh ann mar 'bhíodh,
6. D'imigh an smaolach, d'imigh an eala,
Is tháinig smoladh ar gach craobh,
7. Tá mo chairde gaoil go síor 'na gcodladh,
Ins an tseanbhaile, faraor,
8. Is tá mise fágtha fuar fann folamh,
Mar each gan srian ag treabhadh an tsaoil.
9. Ní fheicim bádaí 'gabháil an barra,
Ní fheicim daoine amuigh ag snámh,
10. Ní fheicim slóite Domhnach earraigh,
Síos fán Bháinsigh mar ba ghnách,
11. D'imigh an spórt as Tóin an Bhaile,
D'éag an seandream a bhí sámh,
12. Mo chumhaidh 'na ndiaidh, nach mór an chaill
é,
Iad bheith scartha uainn mar atá.
13. Grá mo chroí na laetha fada,
'Chaith mé thíos fá bhruach na trá,
14. Seal ag imirt le mo mhadadh,
Seal ag súgradh le mo ghrá,
15. Seal gan ghruaim fá bhruach an easa,

'Féachaint bradán ar an tsnámh,
16. Is a Rí na nDúl, nach trua nach mairfeadh
Saol na suáilce dúinn go brách.

The Poet's Loneliness

Séan Bán Mac Grianna / Albert Fry

It's lonely down by the edge of the sea,
Life is gloomy and I by myself,
With no solace for the heart or the
conversation of friends,
That would lift my spirits and quench my
woe,
Deep in the night my torment is great,
Expecting to hear the music of the birds,
But, alas, it's only the sound of the sea,
And a solitude that lasts in the upper air.

There's no cuckoo song, no bright flowers,
When summer comes, as it used to be,
The thrush has gone and the swan,
And a blight has come on every branch,
My relatives are at their eternal rest,
In the old town (graveyard), alas,
And I'm left cold, weak and empty,
Like a steed without a bridle ploughing
the world.

I see no boat heading for the sea,
I see no people out swimming,
I see no crowds on a spring Sunday,
Down by the Green as there used to be,
The sport has gone out of Tóin an Bhaile,
The peaceful old folk have died,
I miss them greatly, isn't it a great loss,

That they are gone from us.

Love of my heart, the long days,
I spent down by the water's edge,
At times playing with my dog,
And then sporting with my love,
A time without shadow at the waterfall
edge,
Watching salmon in the stream's current,
And King of Creation, isn't it a pity,
That this life of bliss wouldn't last for us
forever.