

Is tú mo Chiaróg
(Mac Dhonnagáin)

Nuair a chuimhním ar do cholainn
Cuimhním ar Chnoc Bhréanainn
Feicim Oileán Acla i do shrón
Breathnaím i do shúile
Feicim tonnta Thoraí
Aithním tú a stór, is tú mo chiaróg.

*When I think of your body
I think of [West Kerry's] Mount Brandon
I see Achill Island in your nose
I look in your eyes and see the waves of Tory
I recognise you darling, you're my ciaróg.*

Curfá:
Fógraím don saol mór gur tú mo mhúirnín
Anois, inniu, amárach is go deo
Mar is tusa an cnoc glas atá i bhfad, i bhfad uaim
Aithním tú a stór, is tú mo chiaróg.

Chorus:
*I proclaim to the world that you're my dearest
Now, today, tomorrow and always
Because you're the faraway hill that is so green.
I recognise you darling, you're my ciaróg.*

Is tú mo bheinnín luachra,
Is tú mo staicín eorna
Is tú mo mhála fataí
I lár an Ghorta Mhóir
Is tú m'fhóidín móna
Is tú m'fhóidín mearaí
Nach dtuigeann tú gur tú mo smugairle róin.

*You're my sheaf of rushes
You're my stack of barley
You're my bag of spuds
In the middle of the Great Famine
You're my sod of turf
You're my sod of confusion
Don't you understand that you're my jellyfish.*

Curfá:

Is tú an gad is gaire do mo scórnach
Is tú an chloch is mór ar mo pháidrín
Is tú an chaor a lasann mo chroí is mo phíopa cré
Is tú mo phota Pádraig, is tú mo phota gliomach,
Ach thar gach ní is tú an gleann inar tógadh mé.

*You're the gad closest to my throat
You're the biggest stone on my rosary beads
You're the glowing coal that lights my heart and my clay pipe
You're my jar of porter on St. Patrick's day, you're my lobster pot
But above all, you're the valley in which I was raised.*

Curfá:

Guth/Vocal: Tadhg

Guth Comhcheoil/Harmony Vocal: Mandy Murphy

Giotáir/Guitars: Robbie Overson

Giotár/Guitar: Sonny Condell

Pianó/Piano: Dave McHale

Dord/Bass: Garvan Gallagher

Drumaí/Drums: Nollaig Bridgeman

The time I wrote this, country and western music in Irish had become quite popular, especially in Conamara. I wanted to write a pan-Gaeltacht song, using place names from all over the country and sticking in as many interesting idiomatic phrases as would fit. A lot of twentieth century revivalist writing in Irish (and I'm thinking of prose writing primarily, as opposed to songwriting) tended to favour idiom as being a good thing in itself. Most novelists tended to want to show off their grasp of obscure expressions rather than actually say something, or tell a story. This song takes a swipe at that sort of writing. The title comes from the proverb "Aithníonn ciaróg ciaróg eile" – it takes one to know one – literally "One beetle recognises another beetle".

Bhain an t-amhrán seo cáil amach ar Raidió na Gaeltachta go háirithe, de bharr na tacaíochta a thug an craoltóir Maigh Eoch Seán Ó Héalaí do. Is as Oiléan Acla do Shéan agus is léir go ndeachaigh an líne "Feicim Oileán Acla i do shrón" i gcion go mór air.