

Bolg le Gréin

(Ceol agus Liricí - Sonny Condell; Liricí Gaeilge -Mac Dhonnagáin)

Comhrá colúr ag teacht ón gcoill
Ba ag innilt ar an gcnocán
Bain díot do chóta geimhridh
Déan bolg le gréin, bolg le gréin

*At this time of the year
When the farm feeds itself
Hang out your old winter coat
In the sun, in the sun.*

Sioc is clábar ar feadh an gheimhridh
Sruthán tostaithe, cosa fuar
Ó shin i leith, leáigh an t-uisce
Bhíog na héisc

*Hard living in the winter
Drag your feet through the mud
Now it's time to find a fly
For the river.*

Curfá:
Grian mhór ag lonrú sna bláthanna buí
Duilleoga ag sioscarnach sa ngaoth

Chorus:
*Big sun is shining down on yellow fields
And I can't see through the trees.*

Clog an aingil
Taobh tall den chnoc
Caipín bainte ag an seanfhear
Tá na seacht sraith ar an iomaire
Is muid ar ár nglúine

*Bell rings across the hills
So he stands alone with his cap in hand
Then we work on down the drills
On our bended knees*

Chorus, second verse and repeat chorus.

Curfá, véarsa a dó agus curfá

Guth/Vocal: Tadhg
Guth Comhcheoil/Harmony Vocal: Mandy Murphy
Giotár/Guitar: Sonny Condell
Giotár Spáinneach/ Spanish Guitar: Robbie Overson
Orgán Béil/Harmonica: Philip King
Sacsafóin/Saxes: Keith Donald
Dord/Bass: Garvan Gallagher
Drumaí/Drums: Nollaig Bridgeman

Note: Bolg le Gréin is my translation of the Sonny Condell song “Fly for the River”. Sonny Condell and Philip King were co-producers of my debut album, “Solas Gorm”. I had been a big fan of Sonny’s songwriting since my teens and was interested in translating one of his songs to Irish. Sonny suggested this one, as it fitted in with the overall feel of the record.

Bhí an-dúil agam i saothar Sonny Condell ón gcéad uair gur chuala mé a chuid amhrán i lár na seachtóidí. Bhí sé fhéin agus Philip King (ar fearr aithne na laethanta seo air mar léiritheoir agus stiúrthóir ar shraitheanna faisnéise ceoil ar nós “Bringing it All Back Home”) ina mbaill den ghrúpa Scullion, grúpa a ndeachaigh a bhfuaim i gcion go mór orm.