

## Giotár

(Liric – Mac Dhonnagáin; Ceol – Overson)

Pillim ar m'árasán  
Tá sí romham ceaptha ag an lampa sráide  
Cuir a coirp ar mo leaba sínte  
Fonnadóir Francach ó Pháras postúil na bhfichidí  
“Labhair liom” a deir sí.  
“Labhair liom faoin oíche mhór lasmuigh  
Faoi bhlaosc gheal na gealaí  
Ina luí in uaigh dhubh na spéire  
Faoi na réaltóga ag dó go síoraí sa bhfuacht  
Coinnigh ort ag bladaráil ar an gcaoi sin  
As seo go maidin más maith leat  
Ach fós ní bheidh a dhath ráite agat  
Nach gcuirfinnse díom in aon chorda amháin  
Corda chomh snoite le cloichín cladaigh  
Chomh so-aimsithe le nead na cuaiche.

*I come into the darkened bedsit  
By the street light I see her  
Her curvy body stretched on the bed  
A torch singer from Paris of the twenties  
“Speak” she says  
“Speak of the night outside  
The moon like a white skull  
Lying in the black grave above  
The stars burning in the frost  
Blather like that until morning if you like  
But you still won't say anything  
I couldn't say better with one chord  
A chord, sculpted like a pebble from the strand  
A chord, as easily found as the cuckoo's nest.*

Guth Labhartha/Spoken Voice: Tadhg  
Giotár Spáinneach/Spanish Guitar: Robbie Overson  
Méarchlár/Keyboards: Sonny Condell

In the early eighties, I had a shot at writing poetry. I soon abandoned it for songwriting, which I preferred, as I felt it was a more egalitarian form, easily understood and appreciated by a wider audience than poetry. I wrote this piece while living in a bedsit in Portobello, Dublin. One night I came in and before I turned on the light, I momentarily caught sight of the curves of my guitar, lying where I had left it earlier, on the bed.

“Mo sheomra suí leapan” an Ghaeilge a chuir an file Conallach Cathal Ó Searcaigh ar “bedsit” i ndán amháin dá chuid. Níl caill ar bith air mar aistriúchán, feictear dom.