

## **Marilyn**

*(Mac Dhonnagáin)*

I m'aonar aréir dom, i mbialann sa gcathair  
Dhearcas an bhé gheal ag stánadh i mo threo  
Ón bhfráma ar an mballa ag gáire go gairmiúil  
Sular athraigh an chinniúint a cló  
Ar ardán *Grand Central* a sheas sí go mealltach  
Ag geallúint seirce, ag geallúint póg  
D'aithin mé láithreach an ainnir a shoilsigh romham  
Marilyn Munroe

*Alone last night, in a city restaurant  
I saw the white woman staring at me.  
From a frame on the wall, smiling professionally  
Before fate wiped the smile from her face.  
On a platform on Grand Central, she stood alluringly,  
Promising love, promising a kiss,  
I recognised instantly the beauty that glowed before me,  
Marilyn Munroe.*

*Curfá:*

Cuireadh tú ar scáileán airgid  
Tugadh duit ór an tsaol  
Roinn tú d'uaigneas le huasal is íseal  
Is i gciúnas na hoíche  
Bhris do chroí.

*They put you on a silver screen,  
They gave you all the gold in the world.  
You shared your loneliness with princes and paupers  
And in the silent night,  
Your heart broke.*

Ag gáire ón mballa in árasán cara liom  
Ar chladach mín *Malibu*  
Tontracha ag pléascadh ar thosach na seascaidí  
Marilyn i mbarr a réime is a clú  
Ní fada go mairfidh sí feasta ar an tsaol seo  
Ní fada go mairfidh an cúr ar an trá  
Is aniar trí na blianta tá a súil ag impí orm  
Fanacht nó go mbánóidh an lá

*Smiling from the wall of a friend's flat  
This time on Malibu beach  
Waves breaking on the early sixties  
Marilyn at the height of her fame*

*She's not long for this world  
Not much longer than the foam on the beach  
Down through the years those eyes are imploring  
Me to stay, until the day dawns.*

*Curfá:*

Ag siúl maidin Earraigh trí phlásóg sa gcathair dom  
Dhearcas an páiste ag rith is ag spraoi  
A croí beag ag oscailt mar nóinín na maidine  
A folt bán níos gile ná guineacha buí  
Is chonaic mé Marilyn a croí ar tí pléasctha  
Ag gáire go gairmiúil, ag séanadh a bróin  
Ar chladach, ar ardán a sheasfas sí choíche  
Ag geallúint seirce, ag geallúint póg

*Walking one spring morning through a park in the city  
I saw a child running and playing  
Her little heart as open as a daisy in sunlight,  
Her fair hair brighter than golden guineas.  
And I saw Marilyn, her heart about to break  
Smiling professionally, denying her sadness.  
On beaches, on platforms she will stand forever,  
Promising love, promising kisses.*

**Guth, Giotár/Vocal, Guitar:** Tadhg

**Vióla/Viola:** Máire Breatnach

**Dord/Bass:** Garvan Gallagher

**Pianó/Piano:** John Ryan

On three successive days in May 1990, I was confronted with three images of Marilyn Monroe – the first, a poster in a sandwich bar in Temple Bar, Dublin, taken in Grand Central Railway Station; the second, in a friend's flat in Ranelagh, Dublin, of Marilyn posing on Malibu Beach California, in the early 60s. The third image was more of the imagination – a curly-haired child running and playing in St. Stephen's Green Dublin looked to me like a three year old Marilyn.

Thriail mé stíl a bhí beagáinín beag claisiceach a aimsiú agus mé ag scríobh liricí an amhráin seo, le macalla a bhaint as amhráin traidisiúnta grá na Gaeilge.