

Miotal is Marmar

(Mac Dhonnagáin)

Le titim na hoích' d'fhág sé slán ag an mbotháinín sléibhe
Phóg sé a mháthair is thug a aghaidh ar an stair
An ród seo roimhe ag síneadh chuig íor na spéire
A shúile ar lasadh le fírinne, leis an gceart

*As night fell he bade farewell to the mountain cabin
Kissed his mother and hit the road for history.
The track ahead stretching to the horizon,
His eyes ablaze with truth and justice.*

Leis na leabhair leathléite, d'fhág sé slán
San Aifric, i gCúba, in Éirinn, sa Spáinn.

*To the half-read book, he bade farewell,
In Africa, Cuba, in Ireland, in Spain.*

Phós sé an réabhlóid is d'fhan i gcónaí dílis
Don aisling a rugadh go híseal sa mbothán
Is throid sé gan ghéilleadh ar shon a chuid fírinne
Chuir sé aithne mhaith ar an uaigneas is ar an mbás.

*He wed the revoultion and stayed forever faithful
To the vision born in a lowly stable.
He fought relentlessly for his version of the truth
He got to know loneliness and death very well.*

I gcellíní príosún, d'fhulaing sé an pháis
San Aifric, a gCúba, in Éirinn, sa Spáinn.

*In prison cells, he suffer the passion
In Africa, in Cuba, in Ireland, in Spain.*

Bhí amhrán na réabhlóide ligthe i ndearmad le blianta
Nuair a casadh in athuair an saighdiúirín tréigthe orm
Ina sheasamh i gcearnóg an bhaile chómh díreach le gunna
A mhéaracha righin, a shúile chomh crua le cloch

*The song of the revoultion had been long forgotten
When I saw again my abandoned soldier
Standing in the town square, straight as a gun,
His fingers stiff, his eyes as hard as stone*

I miotal is marmar, maireann a aisling slán
San Aifric, i gCúba, in Éirinn, sa Spáinn.

In metal and marble, his vision lives on,
In Africa, in Cuba, in Ireland, in Spain.

Guth/Vocal: Tadhg

Guth Comhcheoil/Harmony Vocal: Hailey Murphy

Giotár Spáinneach/Spanish Guitar: Paul Tiernan

Giotár Spáinneach/Spanish Guitar: Steve Cooney

Pianó/Piano: John Ryan

Dord/Bass: Garvan Gallagher

Drumaí/Drums: Lloyd Byrne

Vióla/Viola: Máire Breatnach

The starting point for this song was a poem by the Chilean writer Pablo Neruda, “El Retrato en la Roca” which I came across in English translation under the title “The Portrait in the Rock”. The song is about how individual revolutionaries become, over time, iconic figures whose myths expand, while their everyday humanity is forgotten. By using some words and phrases from the writings of Pádraig Pearse - eg “an ród seo roimhe” I tried to connect it with the Irish revolutionary struggle.

Theastaigh uaim an Chríostaíocht a shníomh isteach sa scéal seo chomh maith. Tá an-spéis agam san éabhlóid a tháinig ar scéal Chríost le dhá mhíle bliain agus an gaol atá ag an iliomad leagan atá faoin tráth seo ann den Chríostaíocht agus an pearsa daonna ar a bhfuil an rud ar fad bunaithe.