

Amhrán na bhFiann

Seo dhíbh a cháirde duan Óglaigh,
Cathréimeach bríomhar ceolmhar,
Ár dtinte cnámh go buacach táid,
'S an spéir go mín réaltogach
Is fonnmhar faobhrach sinn chun gleo
'S go tiúnmhar glé roimh thíocht do'n ló
Fé chiúnas chaomh na hoíche ar seol:
Seo libh canaídh Amhrán na bhFiann.

Curfá:

*Sinne Fianna Fáil
Atá fé gheall ag Éirinn,
Buíon dár slua
Thar toinn do ráinig chugainn.
Fé mhóid bheith saor,
Sean tír ár sinsir feasta
Ní fhagfar fé'n tíorán ná fé'n tráil
Anocht a théam sa bhearna bhaoil,
Le gean ar Ghaeil chun báis nó saoil
Le guna screach fé lámhach na bpiléar
Seo libh canaídh Amhrán na bhFiann.*

Cois bánta réidhe, ar árdaihb sléibhe,
Ba bhuachach ár sinsir romhainn,
Ag lámhach go tréan fé'n sár-bhrat séin
Tá thuas sa ghaoith go seolta
Ba dhúchas riamh d'ár gcine cháidh
Gan iompáil siar ó imirt áir,
'S ag siúl mar iad i gcoinne námhad
Seo libh, canaídh Amhrán na bhFiann.

Curfá

A bhuíon nách fann d'fhuil Ghaeil is Gall,
Sin breacadh lae na sairse,
Ta scéimhle 's scanradh i gcroíthe namhad,
Roimh ranna laochra ár dtire.
Ár dtinte is tréith gan spréach anois,
Sin luisne ghlé san spéir anoir,
'S an bíobha i raon na bpiléar agaibh:
Seo libh, canaídh Amhrán na bhFiann.

Curfá

The Soldier's Song

We'll sing a song, a soldier's song,
With cheering rousing chorus,

As round our blazing fires we throng,
The starry heavens o'er us;
Impatient for the coming fight,
And as we wait the morning's light,
Here in the silence of the night,
We'll chant a soldier's song.

Chorus:

*Soldiers are we
whose lives are pledged to Ireland;
Some have come
from a land beyond the wave.
Sworn to be free,
No more our ancient sire land
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
Tonight we man the gap of danger
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles peal,
We'll chant a soldier's song.*

In valley green, on towering crag,
Our fathers fought before us,
And conquered 'neath the same old flag
That's proudly floating o'er us.
We're children of a fighting race,
That never yet has known disgrace,
And as we march, the foe to face,
We'll chant a soldier's song.

Chorus

Sons of the Gael! Men of the Pale!
The long watched day is breaking;
The serried ranks of Inisfail
Shall set the Tyrant quaking.
Our camp fires now are burning low;
See in the east a silv'ry glow,
Out yonder waits the Saxon foe,
So chant a soldier's song.

Chorus