

Mo Ghile Mear

'Se/ mo laoch, mo Ghile Mear
'Se/ mo Chaesar Gile Mear
Suan na/ se/an ni/ bhfuairreas fe/in
O/ chuaigh i gce/in mo Ghile Mear

Grief and pain are all I know
My heart is sore My tears a'flow
Since o'er the seas we saw him go
No word we know to ease our woe

Chorus

A proud and gallant cavalier
A high man's scion of gentle mean
A fiery blade engaged to reap
He'd break the bravest in the field

Chorus

Come sing his praise as sweet harps play
And proudly toast his noble name
As long as blood flows in your veins
So wish him strength and length of day

Chorus