

# Eochail

## Song



## **Eochaill**

*Translation from the Irish by Tomás Ó Ceilleachair*

One Sunday morning as I walked to fair Youghal, I met a young woman whom I thought I could lure.

The hue on her cheeks was as red as the roses and no fairy sang sweeter, of that I am sure.

I proudly embraced her and requested a sweet kiss,

But she told me have manners and not tear her cloak, 'you've a young wife at home who knows nothing of this'.

I'll give you my word that I am not married, but your beauty attracts me so fondly to thee,  
And if you'll come with me back to fair Youghal I'll make you a wife of the highest degree.

I'll dress you serenely in a high caul cap, a dress and a cloak and a lovely caipín,  
You'll have fun and enjoyment with beer, ale and fine wine, and on your breast you'll nurture your little stoirín.

It's only a while since I left Youghal and great misfortune will not let me return.

My parents are angry and will not support me and friends and relations will leave me to mourn.

I listen not to what they tell me and I'll hit the road when the light is dim.

I'm a wayward lady of great misfortune so pray tell me the way to sweet Cappoquin.