

## Una's Love

Alan Stivell

Pity that I were not like the raven  
That could fly to Una on the hill,  
Or that I were a sunbeam shining on the eddying stream,  
With my love everywhere I could be.

Na cheithre Una, na cheithre Aine, na cheithre Maire's na cheit  
hre Nora,  
Na cheithre mn? ba cheithre bre?cha i gceire gcearda na Fodhla,  
Na cheithre c?irni a chuaidh 's na cheithre clara, na cheithre  
cl? racha conra.  
Ach na cheithre gr?in ar na cheithre mn? nach dtug na cheithre  
gr? go na  
Cheithre poga,

Pity...

A Una Bh?n nach gr?nna an lui t? ort,  
Do cheann le f?na i mearc na milte corp.  
Ach mora dcuga th? f?ir orm, a phlandoig bhi riamh gan locht  
Ni dhiocfaidh mise 'd aras go br?th ach an oiche 'nocht.

Na kaer eo karout 'noc'h, mui?? karet  
Una bh?n, Anna ar wenn  
Un de' e oamp,  
Nemet ur galon  
Un de' e oamp Love, just love

The four Unas, the four Annas, the four Mairies, the four Noras  
,

The four women finest by fourfold in the four quarters of Fodhl  
a,  
The four nails driven into the four coffin boards, the four oak  
coffins 0