

## **Dara**

*(Mac Dhonnagáin)*

You meet her on a sunny weekend,  
The beach is buzzing the sea is a blaze  
She's not worried about the sands of time  
As she runs around with her bucket and spade  
Brown, brown, brown, brown eyes  
Look out on a blue-sky day  
On hyperactive swallows,  
Building homes in their age-old way  
Dara a ghrá, is leatsa an lá

You meet her on a rainy weekday  
Nose is flat against a windowpane  
Close up of silver raindrops  
Running their emotional race  
Sky is dreary, mountains brown  
She counts the colours in the rainbows frown  
While sunbeams travel time and space  
To freckle her face  
Dara a ghrá, is leatsa an lá.

Sneachta ag titim ar mhóinéar i gcéin  
In éadan easa, bradán ag léim

*Snow falls on a distant meadow  
Against the waterfall, a salmon leaps*

Leatsa an oíche, leatsa an lá  
An sciathán leathair an féileacán

*The night and day are yours,  
The bat, the butterfly.*

Stop your crying, stop your tears  
There's enough salt water in the seven seas  
Ná labhramis ar ghleann na ndeor  
Tá dóthain sáile sa bhfarráige mhór  
Dara, Dara, a ghrá,  
Is leatsa an lá.

**Guth/Vocal:** Tadhg

**Guth/Vocal:** Eleanor McEvoy

**Vióla/Viola, Méarchlár/Keyboard,**

**Guth Comhcheoil/Harmony Vocal:** Máire Breatnach

**Giotár/Guitar:** Paul Tiernan

**Dord/Bass:** Garvan Gallagher

**Cnaguirlisí, Drumaí/Percussion, Drums:** Lloyd Byrne

**Méarchlár/Keyboards:** John Ryan

Another macaronic piece, this is a love song for a niece of my wife's. When I first met Cris, my wife, in 1987, she was besotted with her first niece and godchild, Dara who was then just a year old. I fell for Dara as well and this song is the result.

Bíodh is go gcumtar an t-uafás amhrán faoin ngrá rómánsúil idir leannáin, creidim fhéin gurb é an taithí is deise atá ag cuid mhór daoine ar an ngrá ná an grá atá acu dá gcuid páistí. Tá an grá sin ina ionsparáid mhór dom fhéin le blianta, go háirithe ó rugadh mo chuid páistí fhéin.