

## **Tintreach agus Toirneach**

*(Mac Dhonnagáin)*

I 1966 chaith muid lá faoin staighre  
I bhfolach ó fhathach na stoirme  
Ba scalltáin muid, istigh i nhead fáinleoige  
Ag comhaireamh na mílte idir sinn is an bás

*In 1966 we spent a day under the stairs  
Hiding from a stormy giant  
Like baby swallows in a dark nest  
Counting the mile between us and death.*

*Curfá:*

Tintreach agus toirneach agus Sé do bheatha a Mhuire  
Tintreach agus toirneach ar feadh an lae  
Tintreach agus toirneach agus Sé do bheatha a Mhuire  
Agus méaracha mo mháthar ag slogadh clocha páidrín.

*Thunder and lightning and Hail Mary full of grace  
Thunder and lightning all day long  
Thunder and lightning and Hail Mary full of grace  
And my mother's fingers, gulping back the beads of her rosary.*

Tá Dia ár nAthair ag tógáil cistine sna Flaithis  
Nach gcloiseann sibh É a ghasúir, ag carnadh cloch  
Is chonaic mé aghaidh na Maighdine, lán gliondair,  
Lena naprún gorm is a citeal nua leictreach

*God our Father is building a kitchen in Heaven  
Don't you hear him kids, piling stones?  
And I saw the Virgin's face, full of happiness,  
With her blue apron and brand new electric kettle.*

*Curfá:*

Bhí ár nAthair ar neamh ag déanamh an diabhair leis an tintreach  
Bhí ár nAthair saolta ar an mbóthar i mbaol a bháis  
A Dhia sna hAird a chruthaigh an t-úll is an gairdín  
Éist linn abhus dod adhradh, faoin staighre.

*Our Father in heaven was playing hell with the lightning.  
Our earthly dad was on the road, in mortal danger.  
O God above, who created the apple and the garden  
Listen to us down here adoring you, under the stairs.*

*Curfá:*

**Guthanna/Vocals:** Tadhg

**Guth Comhcheoil/Harmony Vocal:** Hailey Murphy

**Veidhlín/Fiddle:** Máire Breatnach

**Giotár/Guitar:** Paul Tiernan

**Dord/Bass:** Garvan Gallagher

**Drumaí:** Robbie Casserly

**Orgán Hammond/Hammond Organ:** John Ryan

Based on a distant, almost dream-like memory of spending a day in the mid-sixties under the stairs with my mother and five siblings, while a lightning storm raged outside. My mother was terrified of lightning. She tried to be brave by explaining that the sound of the thunder was God tipping a cart load of stones to build a new kitchen in heaven. We prayed all day, doing laps of my mother's rosary beads, hoping our dad, who had recently got a job as a lorry driver, would not be hit by the lightning. Happily, we all lived to tell the tale and in my case, write the song.

Arís anseo, bainim úsáid as focal a bhí sa gcaint i mBéarla Mhaigh Eo – “scalltán” – éinín beag istigh sa nead, nach bhfuil in ann eitilt ná aire a thabhairt dó fhéin go fóill. D’úsáidítí go meafarach chomh maith é, le páistí beaga a chur in iúl.