

Pog Aon Oidhche Earraich
Runrig

Pog Aon Oidhche Earraich - A kiss one spring evening.

This is a nice Gaelic song from runrig, quite easy to work out.
The verses are just spoken lyrics, so i just finger pick in Am throughout each one. I ve included a translation at the bottome for those interested.

Am (All through the verse)
An saoghal, sia uairean
Obair la ri cul
Teaghlach gabhal dhan a mheas
Pailteas, slainte, is gaol
An Ruis a tuiteam sios mu m chluasan
An Ear Mheadhain am brot cho dorch
Is thusa, uilc is a mhuirt is a shabaid
Na mo bheatha a h-uile oidhche

C G **Am** **Em**
O luaidh be siod an gradh
 F **C** **F** **G**
A dh fhag mi ceangailte ruit an drasda
C G **Am** **Em**
Co shaoileadh an rud a dh fhas
 F **G** **C**
Bho phog aon oidhche earraich

An greim cho teann s araid
Mar ord na mo dhorn
A ghealach bha cho soilleir
 S a gheall a leithid dhuinn
Bha sinn mar longan seolaidh
Air cuan buidhe og a chridhe
Mu coinneamh clann an t-saoghil s theaghlaich
Gun ghuth no gaire, Dia, no biadh

[Chorus]

Co as an dainig na reultan, thuirte mi
Co as an dainig grian
Tha sinn cho leointe fo na ghealach seo
Anam craidhte seachad air ifrinn fheinn
Ach tha thusa brosnalchadh nam bliadhnaichean
Le saidhbreas seachad air mo dhith
Cho gheal ri sneachd gach uile gheamhradh
An t-oran gaoil m fhaosaid chiontach fheinn

[Chorus]

Enjoy.

Translation

The six o'clock world
The days work over
Family, taking of the fruits
Of plenty, good health, and love
Russia is falling down around my ears
The middle east in a broth of darkness
And you, evil, murder, and fighting
In my life every night

Oh Love

What power there was in that embrace
That has left me in union with you today
Who could ever have foreseen all that has grown
From a kiss, one spring evening

The grasp that was so firm and special
Like a hammer in my fist
The moon that was so bright
And promised so much
We were like sailing ships
On the young, yellow ocean of the heart
Confronted by children, and the world family
without voice, laughter, a God, or food

So where do the stars come from, I said
From where did the sun appear
We are so wounded below this moon
Souls tortured beyond hell itself
Still you keep bringing inspiration to my years
With blessings beyond my need
Whiter than the snows of each winter
The song of love, my confession of guilt