

An Buinneán Buí / The Yellow Bittern

Ah bunnán buí, that never broke out
On a drinking bout, might as well have drunk.
His bones are thrown on a naked stone
Where he lived all alone like a hermit monk
O bunnán buí, I pity your lot,
Though they say that a sot like myself is cursed.
I was sober awhile, but I'll drink and be wise
For fear I might die in the end of thirst.

'Tis not for the common bird that I mourn
The blackbird, the corncrake or the crane,
But for the bunnán buí who is shy and apart
And drinks from the marsh and the lone bog drain.
If I had known, you were near your death,
While my breath held out, I would have run to you,
Till a splash from the Lake of the Son of the Bird
your soul would have lifted to a life anew.

My darling once told me to drink no more
or my life would be o'er in a little short while.
But it's the taste of the whisky, gives me health and strength
And will lengthen my road by many's a mile.
You can see how the bird of the long smooth neck
Would meet his death from the thirst at last.
Oh come son of my soul, and fill up your cup
For you'll get not a sup when your life is past.