

Oíche Chiúin - Silent Night

Silent Night was written on Christmas Eve in 1818 in Oberndorf, Austria. It was a poem written in German by an Austrian priest named Father Joseph Mohr. By 1955 Silent Night had become the most recorded song in all history.

Oíche chiúin, oíche Mhic Dé,
Cách 'na suan, dís araon,
Dís is dílse ag faire le spéis,
Naí beag gnaoi-gheal ceanán tais caomh
Críost ina chodladh go séimh,
Críost ina chodladh go séimh.

Silent night, night of God's son.
Soundly in slumber, the pair together,
The pair and love, watching with affection,
The small bright beautiful child Darling one
Christ, calmly asleep,
Christ, calmly asleep.

Oíche chiúin, oíche Mhic Dé,
Aoirí ar dtús chuala an scéal,
"Aililiuia" aingil ag gaoch
Cantain Shuairc i ngar is i gcéin
Críost ár Slánaitheoir féin,
Críost ár Slánaitheoir féin.

Silent night, night of God's son.
Shepherds first heard the tale,
The angels crying out Alleluia.
Lovely chanting near and far.
Christ, the saviour himself,
Christ, the saviour himself.

Oíche chiúin, oíche Mhic Dé,
Mac Dé bhí, gáire a bhéil,
Tuar dá rá 's dá lán-chur i gcéill,
Ann gur tháinig tráth chinn a tséin,
Críost a theacht ar an saol,
Críost a theacht ar an saol.

Silent night, night of God's son.
God's Son with a smile on his face
A sign spoken to be fully understood
The sweet voice of an angel heard in the
air
Christ is coming into the world,
Christ is coming into the world.

Aingil chualamar as ard - Angels we have heard on high

This is a traditional French carol (Les Anges dans Nos Campagnes); translated from French to English by Bishop James Chadwick who was born in Drogheda, Ireland on April 24, 1813 and in 1866 became Catholic Bishop of Hexam and Newcastle.

Aingil chualamar as ard
Ag ceol go haoibhinn ar fud na mbán
Agus na beanna ag taobhú leo
Le macalla suairc a ndán

Curfá
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Tuige, Aoirí , bhur lúcháir?
Cad fé ndear bhur ngliondar buan
Nochtaidh dúinn an scéala láir
Tá mar spreagach le bhur nduan

Curfá

Gluais, go bhfeicfir mBeitheal romhat
An t-É a mhóran cór ainglí
Tar 's umhlaigh 'n omós Dó
Críost a saolaíodh ina Rí

Curfá

Féach sa mhainséar ina luí
Íosa, Tiarna neimhe 's talún
A Mhuire, 's Iosaif, 's é ár nguí
Gean a chothú Dó fá rún

Curfá

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains

Chorus:
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heav'nly song

Chorus

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing.
Come adore on bended knee
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

Chorus

See him in a manger laid
Whom the angels praise above;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While we raise our hearts in love.

Chorus

An Chéad Nollaig Mhór - The First Noel

An Chéad Nollaig Mhór, bhí cor aingeal Dé
Sa spéir go ceolmhar a fogairt dea-scéil
Mbun cúraim a dtréad, bhí aoirí na mbán
'S d'airíodar an scéala, dea-mhéinne 'gus grá

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Rugadh an lá seo Rí Iosrael

Do dhearcadar i gcéin, an réalt lonnrach breá
In oirthear an spéire, gan néal gan scáth
Agus líon an saol, de ghlé-sholas óir
'S lean uirthi a soirsiú, idir oíche 'gus ló

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Rugadh an lá seo Rí Iosrael

Do bhreoigh an réalt, triúir éigeas gan cháim
thíortha i gcéin, thar sliabh 'gus thar má
A d'iarraidh an Rí, bhí 'na soithe mór-chlú
'S do lean siad de shíor, an rinn réilteann iúil

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Rugadh an lá seo Rí Iosrael

The first Noel, the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as
they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East, beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Taraigi a Phobail - Come All Ye Faithful

"Adeste fideles" was written in Latin around 1742 by an Englishman named John Francis Wade who was employed at the Roman Catholic Center at Douay, France. In 1841 Frederick Oakeley translated it into English and then in 1852 again translated the hymn into the English words known today - "O Come, All Ye Faithful."

Taraigí a phobail le háthas agus mórtas
Taraigí, taraigí go Bethlehem
Taraigí 'gus amharcaigí rugadh Rí ar aingil

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
Oh come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
come and behold him, born the King of
angels;

Taraigí 'gus adhráimis é
Taraigí 'gus adhráimis é
Taraigí 'gus adhráimis é, Críost an Rí

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Canaigí le lúcháir córacha na n-aingeal
Canaigí uile thuas ar Neamh
Glóir do Dhia ins na harda

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
glory to God in the highest:

Taraigí 'gus adhráimis é
Taraigí 'gus adhráimis é
Taraigí 'gus adhráimis é, Críost an Rí

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Fáilte a Thiarna ar an dea-mhaidin seo
A Íosa, a Íosa gach glóir duit
Briathar an Athar anois I gcolainn dhaonna

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy
morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
word of the Father, now in flesh appearing:

Taraigí 'gus adhráimis é
Taraigí 'gus adhráimis é
Taraigí 'gus adhráimis é, Críost an Rí

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Tá Soilse Na Nollag



Tá soilse na Nollag ag loinnriú le bua,
O Cheart Lár na cathrach go huaigneas a' tuath
Tá coinnéal na Nollag san fhuinneog `na suí,
Ag fáiltiú roimh Mhuire, a theacht chun a tí

Tá an Ré is na Réalta ag soilsiú sa spéir,
Agus ciúineas na Nollag le mothú san aeir
Tá `n saibhir `san daibhir ar aon intinn amháin,
Ag fáiltiú roimh Iosa isteach inár saol

Go ngealaí na soilse an ród atá romhainn,
Is bí thusa a Iosa ár dtreorú go buan
Nó solus is gile dár shoilsí go fóill,
Do theachtsa a Iosa isteach inár saol

CHORUS:

O tar chugainn, a Mhuire, `s beannaigh ár saol
Beidh aoíocht le fail agat féin `s do naoin'
Scrios as ár mbeatha an ghráin `s an fhuath
'S neartaigh an grál inár gcróithe atá dúr

Don Oíche úd I mBeithil - To That Night In Bethlehem

Don oíche úd i mBeithil,
beidh tagairt ar ghrian go brách
Don oíche úd i mBeithil,
go dtáinig an Briathar slán

Tá gríosghrúa ar spéartha,
's an talamh 'na chlúdach bán
Féach íosagán sa chléibhín,
's an Mhaighdean in aoibhneas grá

Ar leacain lom an tsléibhe,
go nglacann na haoirí scáth
Nuair in oscailt gheal na spéire,
tá teachtaire Dé ar fáil

Céad glóir anois don Athair,
i bhFlaitheasa thuas go hard
Is feasta fós ar talamh,
d'fheara, dea-mhéin síocháin

I sing of a night in Bethlehem
A night as bright as dawn
I sing of that night in Bethlehem
The night the Word was born

The skies are glowing gaily
The earth in white is dressed
See Jesus in the cradle
Drink deep in His mother's breast

And there on a lonely hillside
The shepherds bow down in fear
When the heavens open brightly
And God's message rings out so clear

Glory now to the Father
In all the heavens high
And peace to His friends on earth below
Is all the angels cry

Dha Lá Deag na Nollag - 12 Days of Christmas

Ar an chéad lá Nollag thug mo leannán dom patraisc i gcrann piorraí.	On the 1st day of Christmas my true love gave to me a partridge in a pear tree.
Ar an dara lá Nollag thug mo leannán dom dhá fhéarán bhreaca.	On the 2nd day of Christmas my true love gave to me two turtle doves.
Ar an tríú lá Nollag thug mo leannán dom trí chearc fhrancacha.	On the 3rd day of Christmas my true love gave to me three french hens.
Ar an ceathrú lá Nollag thug mo leannán dom ceithre éan ag glaoch.	On the 4th day of Christmas my true love gave to me four calling birds.
Ar an cúigiú lá Nollag thug mo leannán dom cúig fháinne óra.	On the 5th day of Christmas my true love gave to me five gold rings.
Ar an séú lá Nollag thug mo leannán dom sé ghé ag breith.	On the 6th day of Christmas my true love gave to me six geese a laying.
Ar an seachtú lá Nollag thug mo leannán dom seacht n-eala ag snámh.	On the 7th day of Christmas my true love gave to me seven swans a swimming.
Ar an t-ochtú lá Nollag thug mo leannán dom ochtar cailín ag bleán.	On the 8th day of Christmas my true love gave to me eight maids a milking.
Ar an naoú lá Nollag thug mo leannán dom naonúr ban ag damhsa.	On the 9th day of Christmas my true love gave to me nine maids a dancing.
Ar an deichiú lá Nollag thug mo leannán dom deichniúr tiarna ag léim.	On the 10th day of Christmas my true love gave to me ten lords a leaping.
Ar an t-aonú lá déag Nollag thug mo leannán dom aon pháobaire dhéag ag seinm.	On the 11th day of Christmas my true love gave to me eleven pipers piperling.
Ar an dara lá déag Nollag thug mo leannán dom dháréag drumadóir ag drumadóireacht.	On the 12th day of Christmas my true love gave to me twelve drummers drumming.

An Drumadóirín - Little Drummer Boy

Tar, a deir siad pá-rum pum pum pum	Come they told me, pa rum pum pum pum
Go bhfeicfidimid an Rí pá-rum pum pum pum	A new born King to see, pa rum pum pum pum
ár dtogha 's ár rogha againn pá-rum pum pum pum	Our finest gifts we bring, pa rum pum pum pum
Le cur i lámh' an Rí pá-rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum , rum pum pum pum	To lay before the king, pa rum pum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum
ómós cuí dár Rí pá-rum pum pum pum Ar ár son.	So to honor Him, pa rum pum pum pum When we come.
Naíon bheag ghléigeal, pá-rum pum pum pum	Little baby pa rum pum pum pum
Is buachaill bocht mé féin, pá-rum pum pum pum	I am a poor boy too, pa rum pum pum pum
Níl féirín ceart agam, pá-rum pum pum pum	I have no gift to bring, pa rum pum pum pum
Is fiú a thabhairt dár Rí, pá-rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum	That's fit to give our King, pa rum pum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum
Déanfadh ceolta Duit, pá-rum pum pum pum Ar an drum?	Shall I play for you, pa rum pum pum pum On my drum?
D'umhlaigh Muire, pá-rum pum pum pum	Mary nodded, pa rum pum pum pum
Bhuail Bó is Uan an t-am, pá-rum pum pum pum	The ox and lamb kept time, pa rum pum pum pum
Bhuaileas mo bhodhrán Dhó, pá-rum pum pum pum	I played my drum for Him, pa rum pum pum pum
Bhuaileas go cumasach, pá-rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum	I played my best for Him, pa rum pum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum
Gháir Sé liom fé rún, pá-rum pum pum pum Is lem dhrum!	Then He smiled at me, pa rum pum pum pum Me and my drum!

An Ciarrí Carúl Nollag - The Kerry Christmas Carol

'Oiche Nollag in Eireann'

The poem is an evocation of an old Irish custom in which each household would leave a lighted candle in their window on Christmas night. There was a pious belief that Joseph and Mary and the Child still wandered the roads of the world, looking for a place to rest from the persecution of Herod. That they should show a preference for the roads of rural Ireland was accepted as a given. le Caoimhghín Ó Broilcháin

1. Scuab an t-urlár agus glan an teallach,
's coimead na grísaigh beo,
Ar eagla go dtiocfhaidh siad anocht,
Agus an domhan 'na chodladh go suan!

Brush the floor and clean the hearth,
And set the fire to keep,
For they might visit us tonight
When all the world's asleep!

2. Ná múch an coinneal ard bán,
Ach fág é lásta go geal .
Go mbeidh siad cinnte ar aon
go bhfuil fáilte is fiche roimh cách
Sa teach ar an Oiche Nollag naofa seo!

Don't blow the tall white candle out
But leave it burning bright,
So that they'll know they're welcome here
This holy Christmas night!

3. Léig amach ar an mbord, arán is feoil,
Agus braonín bainne don leanbh.
Agus beidh beannacht ar an dtine
Agus ar an té a bhruith an t-arán
Agus ar an lamh a dhéin an t-obair dian.

Leave out the bread and meat for them,
And sweet milk for the Child,
And they will bless the fire, that baked
And, too, the hands that toiled.

4. Beidh Naomh Iósaef túirseach,
Tar éis an turas fada.
Agus aghaidh Mhuire fann, bánghnéitheach
Agus beidh néal codlata aca.
Sar a n-imthígeann siad arís.

For Joseph will be travel-tired,
And Mary pale and wan,
And they can sleep a little while
Before they journey on.

5. Beidh túirse na mbóthar fada ortha
Agus seans aca a scíth a ligint,
Ó's iomai an míle fada uaigneach
Atá roimh an dtriur aca
Uaidh seo go dtí Beithil.

They will be weary of the roads,
And rest will comfort them,
For it must be many a lonely mile
From here to Bethlehem.

6. Ó is fada an bóthar 'tá le taisteal aca,
Agus é idir garbh is mín
Agus Cnoch Chalvaire mar ceann scríbe aca,
Agus chroise adhmaid indan.

O long the road they have to go,
The bad mile with the good,
Till the journey ends on Calvary
Beneath a cross of wood.

7. Ná cur ar an ndoras ach an laiste anocht!
Agus coimead na gríosaigh beó -
Agus guí go mbeidh siad fén ar ndíon anocht
Agus an domhan 'na chodladh go suan.

Leave the door upon the latch,
And set the fire to keep,
And pray they'll rest with us tonight
When all the world's asleep.

Bualadh bos, buailfimis go léir

Cantar é seo leis an bhfonn "Jingle Bells" -- To be sung to the tune of "Jingle Bells"

Bualadh bos, bualadh bos,
buailfimis go léir,
Tá Daidí na Nollag ag teacht anocht,
Anuas an similéar.

Clap your hands, clap your hands,
clap your hands galore.
Santa Claus is coming tonight
Right down to the chimney floor.

ó, bualadh bos, bualadh bos,
Buailfimis go léir,
Tá Daidí na Nollag ag teacht anocht
Anuas an similéar.

Clap your hands, clap your hands,
Clap your stands galore.
Santa Claus is coming tonight,
Right down to the chimney floor.

Tá'n Nollaig buailte linn,
Tá áthas ins an aer,
Tá sneachta ar an dtalamh,
Tá réaltaí ins an spéir.

Christ's time is come to us
Thee is happiness in the air
Snow is on the ground
Stars are in the sky.

Táimid ag dul a chodladh
Is tá ár stocaí réidh.
Tá Daidí na Nollag ag teacht anocht
Anuas an similéar.

We are going to sleep.
Our stockings are ready,
Santa Claus is coming tonight, Right down the
chimney there.

Curfá

A Dhaidí, brostaigh ort,
Is cuir do mhála síos.
Líon suas an stoca beag
le feiríní arís,
Is mithid duit imeacht
suas an simléar.
Tá páistí beaga ag feitheamh ort
i ngach aon áit faoin speir.

Rudolf an Fia Rua - Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer

Rudolf an fia rua,
Bhí loinnir ar a shrón chomh maith,
Agus dá bhfeicfeá ariamh é,
Déarfá linn go raibh sé geal.

Bhíodh na fianna eile,
Ag gáire is ag magadh faoi.
Ní ligeadh siad ariamh do Rudolf,
Páirt a ghlacadh i gcluichí.

Oíche Nollag cheomhar bhán,
Tháinig San Níoclás.
"Rudolf le do shrón gheal ghlé,
An rachaidh tú os comhair mo shlé?"

Bhí grá ag na fianna eile dó,
Is bhéic siad amach os ard,
"Rudolf an fia rua,
Nach ortsa bhéas an clú is cáil."

Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer
had a very shiny nose
and if you ever saw it
you would even say it glows.

All of the other reindeer
used to laugh and call him names
They never let poor Rudolph
play in any reindeer games.

Then one foggy Christmas eve
Santa came to say:
"Rudolph with your nose so bright,
won't you guide my sleigh tonight?"

Then all the reindeer loved him
as they shouted out with glee,
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer,
you'll go down in history!

