

The South Wind

*A Ghaoth Aneas na mbraon mbog glas
 A ní gach faiche féarmhar
 Bheir iasc ar eas is grian i dteas
 Is líon is meas ar ghéagaibh
 Más síos ar fad mar mbínn féin seal
 Is mianach leat-sa séide
 Cuirim Rí na bhFeart dhod chaomhaint ar neart
 'S túir don tír sin blas mo bhéil-se!*

*Sínim aneas ag díonamh cleas
 Nach ndíonann neach san saol so
 Mar íslím gaimh is scaoilim leac
 Is díbrim sneachta as sléibhte
 Ó taoi tú ar lear go bhfuí tú mo neart
 'S gur mian liom do leas a dhéanamh
 Go bhfúigfe mé mo bheannacht ins gach aon
 tslí ar mhaith leat
 Is choíche i gCathair Éamoinn!*

*A Chonnachta an tseoid, an tsuilt 's an spóirt
 I n-imirt 's i n-ól an fhúona
 Sin chugaibh mo phóg ar rith ins an ród
 Leigim le seol gaoithe í
 Tá mise beo i mboige na seod
 Mar a mbrúitear gach sórt bídh dhom
 Ach is mian liom fós tarraing d'bhur gcomhair
 Muna gcluine mé ach ceól píopa!*

Literal translation:

O South Wind with the soft clear drops
 You that make every sword grassy
 Bring the fish to the waterfall, give heat to the sun
 And abundance of fruit to the branches
 If it is far to the north where I once lived
 That you are minded to blow
 May the King of Power preserve your strength
 And give the taste of my mouth to that country!

I blow from the south, performing feats
 Which no one else on earth can do
 For I lay winter low and scatter the ice
 And banish the snow from the mountains
 Since you are in need you shall have my
 strength
 And I want nothing more than to help you
 I shall leave my blessing in every place you
 choose
 And always in Cathair Éamoinn!

O blissful, joyous, sporting Connacht
 Home of gaming and of wine-drinking
 Here goes my kiss to you rushing along the road
 I send it on the wings of the wind
 I am living in splendid luxury
 Where every kind of food is dressed for me
 But yet I am fain to draw towards you
 If I should hear but the music of the pipes!

Rhyming translation:

O South Wind of the gentle rain
 You banish winter's weather,
 Bring salmon to the pool again,
 The bees among the heather.
 If northward now you mean to blow,
 As you rustle soft above me,
 God Speed be with you as you go,
 With a kiss for those that love me!

From south I come with velvet breeze,
 My work all nature blesses,
 I melt the snow and strew the leaves
 With flowers and soft caresses.
 I'll help you to dispel your woe,
 With joy I'll take your greeting
 And bear it to your loved Mayo
 Upon my wings so fleeting.

My Connacht, famed for wine and play,
 So leal, so gay, so loving,
 Here's a fond kiss I send today
 Borne by the wind in its roving.
 These Munster folk are good and kind.
 Right royally they treat me
 But this land I'd gladly leave behind
 With your Connacht pipes to greet me.

"The South Wind", (in Gaelic: "*An Gaoth Andheas*"), also known as "The Martinmass Wind", "The Southern Breeze", "The Southwind" or "The Wind From The South" is an Irish waltz or slow air in 3/4 time and G major.

The tune is taken from a song titled "Oh Wind from the South" that was transcribed from the playing of a harper from County Clare in 1792. The song was printed in Edward Bunting's 1809 **Collection of Irish Folk Music**.

Donal O'Sullivan's (1893-1973) book, **Songs of the Irish**, states that the lyrics were originally written in the 1700s, in Gaelic, by Freckled Donal Macnamara (1715-1810) who was homesick for his homeland in County Mayo, Ireland. The text of the song deals with a poet conversing with the wind regarding his longing for his homeland from which he has been banished. There is a story about how the air was learned by the west Clare musicians. The tradition tells about a ghost ship bringing back to Ireland the souls of the Irish exiles, called Wild Geese, and mercenaries who had been killed in battle in foreign wars. As the vessel continued around southwest Cork it was driven up the west coast by a southern breeze and the ghosts of the expatriates could be heard singing this tune, which was picked up by musicians on the coast of Clare who witnessed the event.

The lyrics given here are, first, the original Irish Gaelic, second, a literal translation and, third, a more lyrical, rhyming translation.

It was printed in O'Neill's **Music of Ireland** (1850), Brody's **The Fiddler's Fakebook**, Cobb's **Music of Ireland** and Mallinson's **100 Vital Irish Session Tunes**.

It was recorded by The Chieftains on **Water from the Well, In China** and **The Chieftans 3**, Archie Fisher on **The Man with a Rhyme**, Mick Maloney on **We Have Met Together** and The Green Fields of America on **Live in Concert**.