



CLOIGÍNÍ NA NOLLAG

Éist ar RTÉjr
Podcast
'This is
Christmas'



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Gloigíní na Nollag

The Bells of Christmas

Fáilte chuig Scéalta am Codlata.

Foil-cha cwiig skaylta am kod-al-ta.

Bí ag léamh linn nó lig do scíth.

Bee ag layv lynn nó lig do shkkee.

Ansin, beidh sé in am chun dul ina luí.

Awnshin, beg shay in awm kun dull ina lee.

Bhí crann na Nollag réidh don lá mór,

V crawn na Null-ig ray don law more,

le hAingeal beag aláinn ar barr, ár Stór

le h-angle byug awlin aer bawr, awr store

Áine is ainm di agus tá sí anseo le blianta.

Áine is an-am dee, awgus taw shee awnshu le bleenta.

Feiceann sí gach rud agus cloiseann sí mianta.

Fekin shee gawk rud awgus closhin shee mee-nta.

Ar Oíche Nollag, bím ar bís,

Aer Eee-ha Nullig, beam ar beesh,

ag imirt cártaí le mamó arís.

egg imurt caw-rtee le mam-oh areesh.

"Cad é sin, a Thaisce? Ar chuala tú sin?

"Cod ay shin, a hash-ke, aer cu-la two shin?"

Cloigíní beaga suas sa spéir – chomh binn."

Clug-ee-nee byuga sa spare co-bin."

Santaí ag eitilt le Fia Rua, san aer.

Santee egg et-il-t le feea rua, san air.

Agus na réinfhia eile ag obair go léir.

Awgus, na rain-eea ela egg ob-r gu layer

"Hó, hó, hó, Gínie!"

"Ho, Ho, Ho, Geenie!"

Tá Santaí ag teacht.

Taw Santee egg chawkt.

"Bualadh bos, bualadh bos, bualadh bos go léir,"



Welcome to bedtime stories.

Read with us or relax.

Then it will be time to go to bed.

The Christmas tree was ready for the big day,

with a small beautiful angel on top, our sweetheart

Her name is Áine and she has been here for years

She sees everything and hears wishes.

On Christmas Eve, I am always so excited,

Playing Cards with Granny again.

"What is that, Sweetheart? Did you hear that?"

Small bells up high in the sky, so sweetly sounding."

Santa flying high with a reindeer in the sky.

And all the other reindeers working together

"Ho, Ho, Ho, Geenie!"

Santa is coming.

"Clap hands, clap hands, clap hands everyone,



Boo-la-bus, boo-la-bus, boo-la-bus, gu layer,

Tá Daidí na Nollag ag teacht anois, anuas an simléar.

Taw Daddy na Nullig egg chawkt a-nish, anoos an shim-i-layer.

Bualadh bos, bualadh bos, bualadh bos go léir, Boo-la-bus, boo-la-bus, boo-la-bus, gu layer,

Tá Daidí na Nollag ag teacht anois, anuas an simléar."

Taw Daddy na Nullig egg chawkt a-nish, anoos an shim-i-layer."

Cuirim brioscaí agus bainne ar an mbord do Santaí

Qwir-im bris-cee awgus bonn-ye aer awn mord do Santee

agus cairéid oráiste do Rudolph agus a chairde.
Awgus car-ayd oar-aw-sh-te do Rulolph awgus a caw-r-de.

Cé mhéad réinfhia atá ag Santaí? Sea, tá naoi i gceist.

Cay vayed rain-eea ataw egg Santee, sha, taw knee i ge-sht.

Ach an féidir linn iad a rá, sin í an cheist...

Awk, an fayder linn eed a raw, shin ee awn kesht...

Fán go bhfeicfidh mé, oké...

Fawn guh vec-fee may, ok...

Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen, agus Rudolph.

Dash-er, Danc-er, Pranc-er, Vix-in, Com-et, Quepid, Donn-er, Blitz-in, agus Rudolph.

"Scuab d'fhiacra, ná déan dearmad!" arsa mo Mham.

"Scoob deekla, naw dayne dar-mad!" aer-sa mo wawm.

"Agus tóg do stoca!"

"Awgus toe-g do stucka!"

I lámh mo Mham tá stoca fada,
I laww mo wawm taw stucka faw-da,

Santa is coming now, down the chimney.

Clap hands, clap hands, clap hands everyone,

Santa is coming now, down the chimney."



I put biscuits and milk on the table for Santa



And an orange carrot for Rudolph and his friends.

How many reindeer has Santa got? Yes, he has nine.



But, can we name them? That is the question...

Wait and I will see, ok...

Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen, and Rudolph.

"Wash your teeth, don't forget!" my mam said.

"And take your stocking!"

There is a long stocking in my mam's hand,





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le phictiúir Santaí agus é le hata.

le pic-tíor Santee awgus ey le hawt-a.

Tá m'fhiacra glan agus táim réidh don leaba,
Taw meek-la glawn awgus tawm ray don la-ba,

le pitseámaí boga agus spás do mo stoca.
le pee-jam-ee bug-a awgus spawss du mo stuck-a.

Cuirim é ar bun mo leaba, ag fanacht...
Quir-im ey ar bun mo la-ba, egg fan-awkt...

Cé hé sin, Leipreacháin nó síofra?
Cay-hay shin, Lep-ri-cawn no shee-fra?

Sin mo chat, Bella. "Bella, mo stoca!"
Shin mo Cot, Bel-la, "Bel-la, mo stuck-a!"

"Tar ar ais, tar ar ais, tá an stoca ró-mhór," a dúirt mé léi.
"Tawr-r-ash, tawr-r-ash, taw awn stuck-a row-v-oar," a duwrtmay lay-hee.

Ach ní raibh Bella ag éisteacht, bhí sí ar strae.
Awk knee rev Bella egg aysht-awkt, V shee ar stray.

Bhí an stoca breá álainn ar a heireaball anois,
V awn stuck-a bra aw-linn ar a heir-i-bill,

le féasóg as tinsil.
le face-owg aws tin-sil.

Agus suas an simléar léi le mo stoca,
Awgus sue-aws an shim-i-layer le mo stuck-a,

ag dul suas agus suas agus suas gan stró,
egg dul sue-aws awgus sue-aws agus sue-aws gon stroww,

"Bualadh bos, bualadh bos, bualadh bos go léir,
Boo-la-bus, boo-la-bus, boo-la-bus, gu layer,

Tá Daidí na Nollag ag teacht anois, anuas an simléar.
Taw Daddy na Nullig egg chawkt a-nish, anoos an shim-i-layer

Bualadh bos, bualadh bos, bualadh bos go léir,

with a picture of Santa and a hat on him.

My teeth are clean and I am ready for bed,

with my soft pyjamas and room for my stocking.

I put it on the bottom of my bed and wait...

Who is that? Leprechaun or an Elf?

That's my cat, Bella. "Bella, my stocking!"

"Come back, come back, the stocking is too big," I said to her.

But Bella was not listening, she was gone.

The beautiful stocking was on her tail now,

with a beard of tinsel.

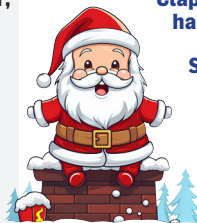
And up the chimney with my stocking,

going up and up without hassle

Clap hands, clap hands, clap hands everyone,

Santa is coming now, down the chimney.

Clap hands, clap hands, clap hands everyone,



Boo-la-bus, boo-la-bus, boo-la-bus, gu layer,

Tá Daidí na Nollag ag teacht anois, anuas an simléar."

Taw Daddy na Nullig egg chawkt a-nish, anoos an shim-i-layer."

"Bella, tar thar nais. Ní féidir le Santaí teacht anuas!"

"Bella, tawr-aer-ash, knee fay-der le Santee chawkt anoose!"

Miaow. Ní raibh Bella ábalta fanacht.

Mee-oww. Knee rev Bella aw-bl-ta fan-awkt.

Meow, Bella couldn't wait.

Léim sí ar an mballa agus ar aghaidh léi.

Lay-im shee air awn mall-a awgus ar igh lay-hee.

Gan cat, gan stoca, cad a dhéanfaidh mé anois?

Gawn cot, gawn stuck-a, cawd a yayn-fee may ann-ish?

Cá bhfuil An Triúr Saoithe? Aon, dó, trí, cá bhfuil siad?

Caw will awn tr-or See-ha? Ayy-n, dough, tree, caw will sheed?

Ag leanúint na réalta, ach tá sé dorchá anseo.

Egg lan-oohnt nah ray-l-ta, awk taw shay dur-a-ka awn-shuh.

Lean mé réalta tríd na fuinneoga,

Lan may ray-l-ta treed nah fwin-o-ga,

Ach bhí ceo thíos ar na tithe uilig. Ó-

Awk, v key-o hee-s aer nah ti-huh il-ig oh

fuair mé an stoca sin ó mo Mhamó fadó

Four may awn stuck-a shin oh mo wam-oh fawd-oh

agus ní maith liom a rá go bhfuil sé imithe go deo.

Awgus knee mawh lum a raw go v-wil shay im-i-huh go joe.

"Nollaig Shona duit, a Thaisce," a dúirt sí liom,

"Null-ig, hun-a dit, a hash-ka," a duwrt shee lum,

an doras ag dúnadh, go bog, éadrom.

Santa is coming now, down the chimney."



"Bella, come back. Santa can't come down the chimney!"

Meow, Bella couldn't wait.



She jumped on the wall and off with her.

No cat and no stocking, what will I do now?

Where are the Three Wise Men? One, two three, where are they?

Following the stars, but it is dark here.



I followed the stars through the window,

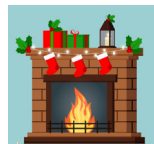
But there was fog down around the houses. O

I got that stocking from my granny a long time ago

And I don't want to say it's gone forever.

"Merry Christmas Sweetheart," she said to me,

the door closing, slowly and





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twn dur-ass ag doon-ah, guh ay-drum.

Thit mé i mo chodladh ag brionglóid faoi Santaí
Hit may i mo cull-a egg bring-low-d fwee Santee

agus na réinfhia... ach tá deich ann anois...
awgus nah rain-eea... ach taw deh awn ann-ish...

Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid,
Donner, Blitzen, Rudolph agus Bella!
Dash-er, Danc-er, Pranc-er, Vix-in, Com-et, Que-
pid, Donn-er, Blitz-in, Rudolph agus Bella!

Bella ag léim thar an chairéid agus ag ól
bhainne Santaí.

Bel-la, egg laym hawr awn kar-ayd awgus egg
ow-l bonn-ye Santee.

Oh Santaí bocht, ní bheidh aon deoch fágtha,
O, Santee bukt, knee beg ayn dyuck fawg-ha,

le Bella ag lorg bronntanas di istigh sa mhála.
le Bel-la egg lurg brun-ta-nish dee is-jig sa
waw-la.

D'oscail mé mo shúile agus céard atá ann?
Dos-cal may mo hoola awgus cared at-aw
awn?

Bella, an stoca fada álainn – glan agus lán.
Bel-la, awn stuck-a faw-da aw-linn – glawn
awgus lawn.

Ach conas? Cad? Ní chreidim é,
Awk, cun-ass? Cawd? Knee cred-im ay,

"Hó, hó, hó," arsa Santaí,
"Ho, ho, ho," aer-sa Santee,

ag tosú obair don lae.
egg tus-eww ub-r don lay.

D'fhág sé bronntanas domsa,
Dog shay brun-tan-is dum-sa,

bábóg breá beag, ach céard faoi Bella?
baw-bow-g bra byug, awk cay-rd fwee Bel-la?

Gloigíní gorma agus mitíní sách beag
Clug-ee-nee gur-m-a awgus mit-ee-nee sawk
byug.

quietly.

I fell asleep dreaming of Santa

and the reindeer.. but there are ten now...

Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid,
Donner, Blitzen, Rudolph and Bella!

Bella is jumping over the
carrot and drinking Santa's
milk.

Oh poor Santa, there will be no drink
left,

with Bella looking for presents inside
the bag.

I opened my eyes and and what was
there?

Bella, the long beautiful stocking-clean and
full.

But how? What? I don't believe it

"Ho, Ho, Ho," said Santa,

starting the work of the day.

He left a present for me,

a baby doll, but what about Bella?

Blue bells and small enough mittens.



ST★R FOCAL / VOCABULARY

Turcaí – Turkey

Soilse Nollag – Christmas lights

Cárta Nollag – Christmas card

Crann Nollag – Christmas tree

Bronntanais – Presents



Stoca Nollag – Christmas stocking

Oíche Nollag – Christmas Eve

Brioscaí – Cookies

Lá Nollag – Christmas Day

Daidí na Nollag/Santaí – Santa Claus



RTÉjr This is Christmas Podcast





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