Ceacht a Sé Lesson Six

Cúrsaí Oibre Matters of Work

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	TITUTE OF	. ,, 011	1 450 1
Ā	obair post / jab slí beatha fear an phoist bean an phoist meicneoir fear dóiteáin rúnaí scríbhneoir aisteoir polaiteoir dlíodóir ailtire sagart cócaire gréasaí feirmeoir ceoltóir siopadóir múinteoir freastalaí oibrí oifige	work job occupation postman postwoman mechanic fireman secretary writer actor politician lawyer architect priest cook cobbler farmer musician shopkeeper teacher waiter office worker retired	Cé a thagann nuair a bhíonn teach faoi thine? Who comes when a house is on fire? Cé a thugann an post chugat? Who brings the mail to you? Cá dtéann tú má bhíonn fadhb agat le do charr? Where do you go if you have a problem with your car? Cad a dhéanann gréasaí? What does a cobbler do? Cad a dhéanann feirmeoir? What does a farmer do? Cad a dhéanann siopadóir? What does a shopkeeper do? Cá mbíonn múinteoir ag obair? Where does a teacher work? An mbíonn duine ag obair gach lá má bhíonn sé/sí ar scor? Does someone work every day if he/she is retired?
В	oifig deasc ríomhaire méarchlár luch / luchóg scáileán cruinniú teachtaireacht ríomhphost doiciméad bus traein leoraí obair seoladh léamh scríobh tiomáint	office desk computer keyboard mouse screen meeting message email document bus train lorry (truck) to work to send to read to write to drive	An mbíonn cócaire ag obair in oifig? Does a cook work in an office? Cad a úsáideann tú chun ríomhphost a scríobh ar ríomhaire? What do you use to write an email on a computer? An féidir cruinniú a dhéanamh ón mbaile? Is it possible to do a meeting from home? An mbíonn tú ag obair sa bhaile? Do you work at home? An bhfuil tú in ann leoraí a thiomáint? Can you drive a lorry (truck)? An dtéann tú ag obair ar an mbus? Do you go to work on the bus?

- 1. Cén post atá agat?
- **2.** Cá mbíonn tú ag obair?
- **3.** An mbíonn tú ag obair ar ríomhaire?
- **4.** An mbíonn tú ag tiomáint don obair?
- 5. Cad a dhéanann tú ag an obair?
- **6.** Cad é an post is fearr?

What job do you have?

Where do you work?

Do you work on a computer?

Do you drive for work?

What do you do at work?

What's the best job?

7.	S me a bheith ag comhra le mo Taimín Bán	And I speaking with my Taimin Ban
8.	'S níorbh fhada liom an oích'.	And the night would not feel so long.
9.	'S a Mhuire dhílis, céard a dhéanfas	And dear Mary, what shall I do,
10.	mé, Tá an geimhreadh seo ' tíocht fuar,	This winter is getting cold,
11.	'S a Mhuire dhílis, céard a dhéanfas	And dear Mary, what will this house do
12.	An teach seo is a bhfuil ann?	And those who are in it?
13.	Nach óg, a stór, a d'imigh tú,	Were you not young, my dear, when you
13.	Nach og, a stor, a u mingh tu,	went away,
14.	Le linn na huaire breá,	During the good times
15.	Le linn don chuach bheith ag seinm	When the cuckoo was singing its song,
	ceoil,	6,
16	'S gach duilliúr glas ag fás.	And all the green foliage was growing.
17	'S má bhíonn mo chlann sa mbaile	If I have my children at home
17.	'S má bhíonn mo chlann sa mbaile	If I have my children at home
	a'am	·
18.	a'am An oíche a bhfaighidh mé bás,	The night when I die,
18. 19.	a'am An oíche a bhfaighidh mé bás, Ó tórróidh siad go groíúil mé	The night when I die, They will hold my wake lovingly
18. 19. 20.	a'am An oíche a bhfaighidh mé bás, Ó tórróidh siad go groíúil mé Trí oíche is trí lá;	The night when I die, They will hold my wake lovingly For three nights and three days;
18. 19. 20. 21.	a'am An oíche a bhfaighidh mé bás, Ó tórróidh siad go groíúil mé Trí oíche is trí lá; Beidh píopaí deasa cailce a'am	The night when I die, They will hold my wake lovingly For three nights and three days; I'll have lovely clay pipes,
18. 19. 20. 21. 22.	a'am An oíche a bhfaighidh mé bás, Ó tórróidh siad go groíúil mé Trí oíche is trí lá; Beidh píopaí deasa cailce a'am 'S na ceaigeannaí is iad lán,	The night when I die, They will hold my wake lovingly For three nights and three days; I'll have lovely clay pipes, And well-filled kegs,
18. 19. 20. 21.	a'am An oíche a bhfaighidh mé bás, Ó tórróidh siad go groíúil mé Trí oíche is trí lá; Beidh píopaí deasa cailce a'am	The night when I die, They will hold my wake lovingly For three nights and three days; I'll have lovely clay pipes, And well-filled kegs, There'll be three young women from the
18. 19. 20. 21. 22.	a'am An oíche a bhfaighidh mé bás, Ó tórróidh siad go groíúil mé Trí oíche is trí lá; Beidh píopaí deasa cailce a'am 'S na ceaigeannaí is iad lán,	The night when I die, They will hold my wake lovingly For three nights and three days; I'll have lovely clay pipes, And well-filled kegs,

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	Amhrán Mhaínse – Liadán	The Song of Mweenish - Liadán	
25.	Is gearraí amach mo chónra dhom	And cut my coffin out for me	
26.	As fíorscoth geal na gclár,	From top-notch bright boards,	
27.	'S má tá Seán Ó hEidhin i Muínis	If Seán Ó hEidhin is in Mweenish	
28.	Bíodh sé déanta óna láimh;	Have it made by his hand;	
29.	Bíodh mo chaipín is mo ribín inti istigh,	Let my cap with my ribbon be in it	
30.	'S iad go rídheas ar mo cheann,	Placed prettily on my head,	
31.	'S tabharfadh Páidín Mór go Muínis mé	Have Páidín Mór bring me to Mween	ish
32.	Nó is garbh a bhéas an lá.	Unless the day is rough.	
33.	Gabháil siar thar Inse Gaine dhom	As I'm going west past Sandy Isle	
34.	Bíodh an bhratach insa gcrann,	Let the flag be on the mast,	
35.	'S ná cuir' i Leitir Caladh mé	Don't bury me in Letir Caladh	
36.	Mar ní ann atá mo dhream;	As my people are not there	
37.	Ach tugaí siar go Muínis mé,	But bring me west to Mweenish	
38.	'N áit a gcaoinfear mé go hard,	Where they'll mourn me loudly,	
39.	Beidh soilse ar na dúmhchannaí	There'll be light on the sandhills	
4.0	100 / 1 1 1 1 1 1		

And I'll not be alone there.

40.

'S ní bheidh uaigneas orm ann.

Ginger i gCois Fharraige Le Caitlín Uí Thallamhain

- 1. Ar m'anam b'álainn í Cathair na Gaillimhe an lá breá samhraidh sin, agus nach mise a bhí bródúil sa bhus sin!
- 2. Bhí duine fásta le gach bus. Mac Uí Chatháin, máistir scoile na háite, a bhí linne.
- 3. Ba dheas lách an fear é agus ba chuma leis sinn ag canadh agus ag béicíl in ard ár gcinn.
- 4. Amach linn trí Bhóthar na Trá.
- Agus b'iúd romhainn ar thaobh na láimhe clé an trá bhreá fhairsing agus an fharraige mhór.
- **6.** "Sin anois agaibh Cuan na Gaillimhe," a dúirt an múinteoir.
- **7.** Baineadh an anáil díom ag áilleacht an chuain.
- **8.** Rith sé liom nuair a chonaic mé é go raibh beagán den cheart ag an tseanbhean a chuala mé, lá, ag cúlchaint ar dhuine de na comharsana.
- 9. Séard a dúirt sí ná go raibh béal an duine áirithe seo chomh leathan le Cuan na Gaillimhe!
- **10.** Bhí na sluaite daoine, idir óg agus aosta, ag snámh agus ag lapadaíl san uisce nó ina luí ar an ngaineamh órga á ngrianadh féin.
- 11. Is ea! b'éigean dom a admháil, cé gur leasc liom é, nach raibh na tonnta i nDumhach Trá nó i mBaile na gCorr inchomórtais leis na tonnta anseo in aon chor.
- **12.** Bhí siad maorga mórtasach cróga ag briseadh ina chur bán ar an ngaineamh go dúshlánach
- 13. Amuigh ar an gcuan bhí roinnt bád.
- **14.** Fiú dá mbeinn in aice leo ní aithneoinn thar a chéile iad.
- **Q1.** Cén chathair ina raibh siad?
- **O2.** Cén séasúr a bhí ann?
- Q3. Cén cuan a chonaic siad?
- **Q4.** Cad a bhí na daoine ag déanamh ar an trá?
- **Q5.** Cén chuma a bhí ar na tonnta?

Ginger in Cois Fharraige By Caitlín Uí Thallamhain

On my life, Galway was beautiful that fine summer day, and wasn't I proud in that bus!

There was an adult with each bus. Mr. O'Cahan, the local schoolmaster, was with us.

He was a fine, friendly man and he didn't mind us singing and yelling at the top of our voice.

Out we went through Salthill.

And there before us on the left side was the fine, wide beach and the big ocean.

"There you have Galway Bay," said the teacher.

My breath was taken away by the beauty of the bay.

It occurred to me when I saw it that the old woman was somewhat right, who I heard one day gossiping about one of the neighbors.

What she said was that this particular person's mouth was as wide as Galway Bay!

There were crowds of people, both young and old, swimming and splashing in the water or lying on the golden sand sunning themselves. Yes! I had to admin, although I was reluctant to, that the waves in Sandymount or in Ballynagor were not comparable to the waves here by any means.

They were imposing, proud and brave breaking challengingly into white foam on the sand.

Out on the bay there were a few boats. Even if I were next to them, I wouldn't know them from one another.

Which city were they in? What season was it?

Which bay did they see?

What were the people doing on the beach?

What were the waves like?