

## Ar Fol Lol Lol Lo

A            D            G            D  
*Ar fol lol lol lo o ho ar fol lol lol lay*  
                  A                                    D  
*Ar fol lol lol lo o ho ar fol lol lol lay*  
                                  G            D            D A  
*Ar fol lol lol lo o ho ro ar fol lol lol lay*  
                  G    D                    G            A  
*Fol lee fol o horo ar fol lol lol lay*

                                  D                                    G                                    D  
There's lilt in the song I sing, there's laughter and love.  
                                  A                                    D  
There's tang of the sea and blue from heaven above.  
  G                                    D            A  
Of reason there's none and why should there be for bye,  
                  G                    D                                    G                                    A  
as long as there's fire in the blood and a light in the eye.

*Ar fol...*

The heather's ablaze with bloom and myrtle is sweet,  
there's a song in the air, the roads a song at our feet.  
So step it along as light as a bird on the wing,  
and while we are stepping we join our voices and sing.

*Ar fol...*

And whether the blood be highland, lowland or no,  
and whether the skin be black or white as the snow.  
Of kith and of kin we're one, be it right be it wrong,  
as long as our voices join the chorus of song.

||: *Ar fol....* :||

Dette er en velkendt sang i Irland og i Skotland, i det mindste det meget mundrette omkvæd. Sangen menes at være af nyere dato, nemlig fra starten af det 20. århundrede. En dansk oversættelse af omkvædet ville lyde nogenlunde således: AAADDDDD AR SCH ARRRHG....