Míċeál Mór ⁊ City Sue nó "Grá ⁊ Gnéas i nÉirinn":
Dán dáṫeangaċ a ċuir Ciarán O'Hagan ċuig Gaelic-L.

Léiríonn an téacs seo aicme na ḃfoireann Gaelaċ clóscríofa.
(This text demonstrates the Typewriter Irish family of founts.)

I heard this story ó mo aṫair
(If you haven't Gaelic, it doesn't matter).
This rural Irish tragic tale
Narrates a sad seductive scéal
Concerning lust without discretion
Agus beagnaċ rudaí eile freisin.

Uair aṁáin -- fadó, fadó --,
On a little farm near Carraroe
Lived buaċaill maiṫ named Míċeál Mór,
An only son of thirty-four.
When work was done at end of day,
He'd settle down with cupán tae
And seldom felt the call to stroll
Or spend the evening time ag ól.
His intellectual needs were drawn
From books like *Peig* and *Iosagán*.

And so it was bliain in, bliain out.
Our Míċeál hadn't moved about.
He dreamt of cailíns -- most men do --
But never sinned, an dtuigeann tú?

Meanwhile -- up in Áṫa Cliaṫ --
A cailín deas had a bright idea:
When laeṫanta saoire time came by,
Decided she would like to try
Áit beag, ciúin, like Carraroe,
No foreign food -- not far to go --
And there to meet the native clan
Agus b'ḟéidir find herself a man.

This cailín deas with eyes so blue
Was known in town as City Sue.
The lusty buaċaillí came crawling
And all agreed she was go h-álainn.
She left her men in state of shock.
Oh, Míċeál Mór -- bí cúramaċ!

This scarlet woman knows each trick.
She's heading west -- beware, a ṁic!
The lights shone in the Parish Hall
For the local fáinne-wearers Ball.

Ḃí Míċeál ann .... Ḃí Susie ann ...,
Dressed in a most seductive gown.

Our brave Cú Ċulainn of the West,
His hurling medals across his chest,
Exclaimed, when City Sue came in:
"In ainm Dé! -- well féaċ ar sin!"
Though nervous -- still -- he took a chance:
"Céad míle fáilte -- will you dance?"
Go luaṫ, on the floor they strut
Cheek to cheek -- from mouth to foot.
She whispered into Míċeál's ear:
"Éist liom now, let's disappear,
We'll use my place, -- the door's unlocked,
You'll stay the night -- Seomra a ḣoċt".

Ċríost! Míċeál's ceann was in a spin,
Ní raiḃ sé thinking thoughts mar sin!
He blessed himself -- this Jezebel
Would surely damn his soul to Hell.
He stood aghast -- could hardly stutter,
So off he bolted -- ar a roṫar
And straight aḃaile -- into bed,
Decades of the rosary said.

Míċeál Mór still sleeps alone
In his leaba ḃeag -- oċón, oċón!
He often dreams of Seomra a ḣoċt ....
What might have been, oh, Míċeál boċt!