Dán macaṙónaċ (le Donnċa Rua Mac Conmaṙa) a ċuiṙ Raġnall de Paeġne (Ron Payne) ċuiġ an Liorta Gaeilge. Léiṙíonn an téacr reo aicme na gclónna Gaelaċ gan tharnáin ċoṁ maiṫ leir na foiṙniḃ airteaċa. (This text demonstrates the SansSerif Irish family of founts as well as the funny typefaces.)

**As I was walking one evening fair  Ir mé go déanaċ i mBaile Ṡeáin,**
**I met a gang of English blades  Ir iad á dtṙaoċaḋ ag a naṁaid;**
**I sang and drank so brisk and airy  With those courageous men of war—**
**Ir gur ḃinne liom Saranaiġ ag ṙiṫ le foiṙéigean,**
**Ir gurḃ iad clanna Gael boċt a ḃuaiġ an lá.**

I spent my money by being freakish,  Drinking, raking and playing cards—
Cé naċ raiḃ airgead agam ná gṙéiṫṙe  Ná ṙud ra raol aċ ní gan aird;
*Then I turned a jolly sailor,  By work and labour I lived abroad,*
*Ir bíoḋ ar m'ḟalaingre gur róṙ an ḃṙéag rin,*
*Ir gur beag den traoṫar a ṫit lem' láiṁ.*

Newfoundland is a wide plantation,  'Twill be my station before I die;
Mo ċṙá go mo'ḟeaṙṙ dom ḃeiṫ in éiṙinn  Ag díol gáiṙtéiṙí ná ag dul faoin gcoill.
*Here you may find a virtuous lady,  A smiling fair one to please the eye—*
*An paca rtṙaipeanna ir mearra tṙéiṫe,  Ir go mbeiṙead féin ar ḃeiṫ ar a naḋarc.*

*Come, drink a health, boys, to Royal George,*
*Our chief commander—nar oṙdaiġ Cṙíort,*
*Ir aitcimir ar Muiṙe Maṫair  É féin ir a ġaṙdaí a leagaḋ síor;*
We'll fear no cannon or loud alarms  While noble George shall be our guide—
Ir a Ċṙíort go ḃfeiceadra iad da gcaṙnaḋ  Ag an mac reo ar fán uainn ag dul don Ḟṙainc.