Dán macarónaċ (le Donnċa Rua Mac Conmara) a ċuir Raġnall de Paeġne (Ron Payne) ċuig an Liosta Gaeilge. Léiríonn an téacs seo aicme na gclónna Gaelaċ gan trasnáin ċoṁ maiṫ leis na foirniḃ aisteaċa. (This text demonstrates the SansSerif Irish family of founts as well as the funny typefaces.)

As I was walking one evening fair   Is mé go déanaċ i mBaile Ṡeáin,
I met a gang of English blades   Is iad á dtraoċaḋ ag a naṁaid;
I sang and drank so brisk and airy   With those courageous men of war—
Is gur ḃinne liom Sasanaiġ ag riṫ le foiréigean,
Is gurb 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 gréiṫre   Ná rud sa saol aċ ní gan aird;
Then I turned a jolly sailor,   By work and labour I lived abroad,
Is bíoḋ ar m'ḟalaingse gur mór an ḃréag sin,
Is gur beag den traoċar a ṫit lem' láiṁ.

Newfoundland is a wide plantation,   'Twill be my station before I die;
Mo ċrá go mb'ḟearr dom ḃeiṫ in Éirinn   Ag díol gáirtéirí ná ag dul faoin gcoill.
Here you may find a virtuous lady,   A smiling fair one to please the eye—
An paca straipeanna is measa tréiṫe,   Is go mbeiread féin ar ḃeiṫ ar a radarc.

Come, drink a health, boys, to Royal George,
Our chief commander—nár ordaiġ Críost,
Is aitċimis ar Ṁuire Ṁáṫair   É féin is a ġardaí a leagaḋ síos;
We'll fear no cannon or loud alarms   While noble George shall be our guide—
Is a Ċríost go ḃfeiceadsa iad dá gcarnaḋ   Ag an mac seo ar fán uainn ag dul don Ḟrainc.