

Moladh

A Praise

By Ceit Langhorne

Tha a' bheinn air a greallachadh

Far an do leag corra-ghaisgeach i gu làr.

Is blàth, sleamhainn an fhuil mòna a dhòirteas orm,

Mar theanga a' chòin.

Oidhirp nan corragan greimeachadh,

Is oidhirp na h-eanchainne cuimhneachadh:

Gach coire is doire;

Gach sròn is stùc;

Gach dearcag;

Gach Loch nam Breac;

Gach seann sliasaid a' liathadh;

Gach cat uasal air eag os cionn gach caochan.

Faram an uisge labhair

Na fhar-chluais

Don chreig a tha a' bùirich nam uchd-sa.

Leanaidh mi air teagannan gobhlach mo shinnsearan,

Far an èigh iad orm le torman:

Far an dèan iad mo thàladh

Le corraghul càirdeil.

Bidh mi eòlach fhathast air mo thìr-sa

Tro shùilean nan Gàidheal,

Mar leanabh a' gabhail a ceumannan ùra.

Mar a theannaicheas a' chraobh-bheithe

A fèithean seanga an aghaidh na gaoithe,

Teannaichidh mi m' fhèithean

Is snàigidh mi suas a dh' ionnsaigh

Gach priobadh de thlachd

Gam bhreacadh:

Gath na grèine fiacalach,

Dranndan nan gath-doineann.

Tuisleadh an fhithich;

Crith nan cearc-fhraoich 's' - nan luachair.

Gun fheòil, gun anam dannsaidh mi

Air an talamh mhaol seo.

Fairichidh mi morghan:

Lochan a' choire a' gabhail anail.

Chan eil dad eadar a' bhuille chois is fràs mum cheann

Ach faireachdainn gun smuain a' losgadh,

Is faileas cleòca na Cailliche;
Aoibhneach, gruamach air m' aodann.

'S ann leamsa a tha spògan madadh Fhinn.
'S ann dhòmhsa a tha oiteag a' ghlinne
A' suirghe leam,
Agus gam chaidh às mo dhèidh.

The mountain has been gutted
Where some strange hero has felled it.
Warm, slimy is the peaty blood that pours on me,
Like the tongue of a dog.

An endeavour of the fingers to grip,
An endeavour of the brain to remember:
Each coire and doire;
Each sròn and stuc;
Each berry of the bush;
Each Loch nam Breac;
Each old greying thigh;
Each noble gap-gazing-cat above a hidden-heather burn.

The trampling of boastful water
Eaves-dropping in on

The bellowing rock in my breast.
I will follow those fork-tongues of my ancestors
Where they yell at me with their rushing,
Where they send me lullabies
With friendly burbling.

I will know my land yet
Through the eyes of the Gael,
As does a young child who takes her new steps.
As the birch tree
Tenses its slender muscles against the gale,
So I will tense mine
And creep up towards
Each wink of pleasure
Speckling me:
The sun's bare-fanged rays,
The growling of the dog-teeth.

The stumbling raven;
The shivering of the grouse and the bulrush.
Without flesh or soul I dance
On this bare earth.
I taste shingle:
The coire lochan breathing.

There is nothing between the foot-fall and the shower about my head
But thoughtless feeling sizzling,
And the shadow from the cloak of the Cailleach;
Joyously, moodily revealing my face in a new guise.

Mine are the paws of Finn's Hound.

Mine is the glen's gust

That flirts with me,

And mourns my passing.