

## Grioglachan - Do Mhagaidh Hearach (Marcas Mac an Tuairneir)

Tha cuimhne leam aon uair  
Is sinn nar seasamh ràgh air ràgh,  
Mus deach làmhan a thogail, gus ar  
Tàladh càch a chèile.

Bu tu a thionndadh comharra  
Gu duanag sa bhad is a  
Thogadh lìonra eadarainn  
Le fàisgeadh clis do làimhe.

Bu tu, le priob do shùla,  
Bha ri balbhanachd do shocair  
Is bhoillsg an gàire ort  
Mar loinne slige-neamhnaid.

Lean sinn do shoillse, mar bu  
Tu an crann is an ceòl na  
Ghath fo sheòl geal balgach,  
Do na ghèilleadh sinn le chèile.

Nis 's sinn a sheòlas tusa null,  
Mar shoitheach air an abhainn,  
Is an naidheachd na shradag  
Do lòchrain an cois dà bhruaich.

*Crois-tara Àrd nam Manach,  
Baile an Fhraoich is Druim na Drochaid,  
Gus do chomharrachadh is  
Do dheò beò a chumail annainn.*

Saoil an sioft na spiricean  
Eu-dìon as ùr nan stèidhean,  
Gus do stiùireadh os ar cionn,  
'S tu gad chumail bhuainn.

Nar làithean nì sinn ceangal  
Eadar solais àrd' an speura  
Gus faoisgnich ar tuigse dheth  
Mar dhealbh maoiseach airgid.

Mothaichear aig meadhan-oidhche  
Reul eile nach faicear riamh  
Ùr-thaisbeanta san iarmailt,  
'S e liath macanta mìn.

Ceòl air tighinn gu aona cheann,  
Aithnichidh sinn co-chòrdachd;  
Guth nach cluinnear seo nas mò,  
Ach an co-sheirm nan cruinne.

*Grioglachan ga ghleusadh  
Na bhogha thar na Gàidhealtachd,  
Na shìneadh eadar ar cathair-bhaile,  
Borgh na Hearadh, Ghlaschu 's a' Ghnìoba.*

I remember the instance of us  
Standing row on row,  
Before the raising of the hands  
That drew us in, together.

It was you who could translate  
The marks to melodies in an instant,  
And put the cadence in motion  
With a quick squeeze of the hand.

It was you, with one wink,  
Who would communicate your ease  
In the smile that shone out of you  
Like a mother's pearlescent sheen.

We cleaved to your light, as if  
You were the mast and the music,  
The wind below white, billowing sail,  
To which, together, we surrendered.

Now we sail with you, out,  
Like a pinnacle on the river,  
As the news sparks like torches,  
Either side of the banks.

Beacons in the Black Isle,  
Muirtown and Drumnadrochit,  
To mark you in your passing,  
While your vitality lives within us.

Wondering if the steeples shift,  
Newly vulnerable in their foundations,  
To guide you up, beyond,  
As you are taken from us.

In our day, we divine the lines,  
Between those heavenly bodies,  
Let understanding emerge,  
Across that silvered mosaic.

Noticing at midnight,  
Another star before unseen  
Presented in the firmament,  
Gentle in its flickering.

Music come to final climax,  
We will know that harmonic;  
A voice no longer heard of here,  
Outwith the music of the spheres.

A constellation fine-tuned  
Into a bow across the Highlands,  
Stretching out from our capital,  
To Borve, Greepe and Glasgow.