

An Dùdlachd

SuidAkrA

When the moon shines bright
all leaves delight
is to dance with the wind
is to whisper in silence
is to cover the world with a hint

Low lie the fields of fright
enchanted by the moon
embosomed by night
Our sillouhetles flow in the wind

The wind calls a secret name
and pale licking flames
deride the rising night