

## **A Spring**

At the far edge of a mountain there is a green nook  
where the deer eat water-cress,  
in its side a great unruffled eye of water,  
a shapely jewel-like spring.

One day I came with my love  
to the side of the remote brook.  
She bent her head down to its brink  
and it did not look the same again.

I reached the distant little green  
many a time again, alone  
and when I looked into the swirling water  
there was in it only the face of my treasure-trove.

But the glens were going away  
and the pillared mountains were not waiting for me:  
the hills did not look  
as if my chanced-on treasure had been seen.

## **Fuararn**

Tha cluaineag ann an iomall sléibh  
far an ith na féidh lus biolaire;  
'na taobh suil uisge mhór réidh,  
fuaran leugach cuimir ann.

Air latha thainig mi le m' ghaol  
gu taobh a' chaochain iomallaich,  
chrom i h-aodann sios ri bhruaich  
's cha robh a thuar fhéin tuilleadh air.

Rainig mi a' chluaineag chéin  
a rithist liom fhéin iomadh uair,  
agus nuair choimhead mi 'san t-srulaich  
cha rogh ach gnuis té m' ulaidh innt'.

Ach bha na glinn is iad a' falbh  
is calbh nam beann gun fhuireach rium,  
cha robh a choltas air na sléibhtean  
gum facas m' eudail ulaidhe.