



## THE BANDRUIDH<sup>1</sup>

With woven green branches  
All of the quicken  
The Bandruidh waveth  
The soft Airs nigh.

### THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the mountain, what news of the mountain,  
Does the green moss cling to the claw of the eagle?

### THE MOUNTAIN AIR

The green moss clings to the claw of the eagle.

### THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the hill-slope, what news of the hill-slope,  
Does the red stag sniff at the coming of green?

### THE UPLAND AIR

The red stag sniffs at the coming of green.

<sup>1</sup> The Bandruidh: literally, the Druidess; commonly, the Sorceress; poetically, the Green Lady, i.e. Spring.

## THE BANDRUIDH

### THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the corries, what news of the corries,  
Does the hart's-tongue sprout where the waterfalls leap?

### THE AIR OF THE CORRIES

The hart's-tongue sprouts where the waterfalls leap.

### THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the pine-wood, what news of the forest,  
Do the seedlings stir in the needle-strewn mould?

### THE FOREST AIR

The seedlings stir in the needle-strewn mould.

### THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the braes, what news of the braes now,  
Do the curled young bracken unsheathe their green claws?

### THE AIR OF THE BRAES

The curled young bracken unsheathe their green claws.

### THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the glen, what news of the birdeens,  
Is song on the birds yet, and leaves on the lime?

### THE AIR OF THE GLEN

Green song to the birds now, green leaves to the lime!

## THE BANDRUIDH

### THE BANDRUIDH

My robe is of green,  
My crown is of stars,  
The grass is the green  
And the daisies the stars:  
O'er lochan and streamlet  
My breath moveth sweet,  
Blue lochan so bonnie, brown burnie  
So sweet.

The song in my heart  
Is the song of the birds,  
And the wind in my heart  
Is the lowing of herds:  
The light in my eyes,  
And the breath of my mouth,  
Are the clouds of Spring skies  
And the sound of the South.

### THE AIRS

Grass-green from thy mouth  
The sweet sound of the South!

FIONA MACLEOD.