

JOURNEY SANG

Maria-Mercè Marçal

For Marina

Wad ye come abuid this boat o mine?
Thare ye'll finnd a fouth o purpie flouers!
We'll gang faur an winna mynd
aa we'll tyne, left here amang the stour.

We'll gang faur an winna mynd
– an we'll be twa, we'll be three –
come, come on oor boat, quines;
the heich sails, the braid sky we'll see.

Thare'll be an oar for ilka airm
– an we'll be fower, we'll be five! –
an oor een, thay'll be sterns,
forgettin ilka tether syne.

We'll gang throu Mairch wi the wind
an wi the clouds o a tummelt hert.
Ay, we'll be twenty, forty, wi the muin
ti steer us, oor bricht standert.

Witches o theday, witches o yestreen,
we finnd oorsels aa oot at sea.
Aa aroond us life is spreid;
a growein, fouthy melody.

Wi the saut wave on oor skin
we'll be five hunnert, a thoosand richt.
We'll lose coont, tummel the cran;
thegither, syne, we'll mak oor ain the nicht.

Translated by Niall O'Gallagher