

An D^ídlachd

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