

## An Dùdlachd

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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