

## Earrann I

TR -2

### Ordugh Aeòluis don Bhalg

Labhair Aeòlus, "Sèid, mo bhalg, 1  
Pronn an calg is frois an gràn,  
Rùisg na taighean, spìon am fraoch,  
Leag na craobhan sìos ri làr.

"Riab is siab is brist is sgealb,  
Ardaich m' airn-sa measg nan dùl,  
Nochd do dh'innleachdan chlann-daoine  
Meud am faoineis nam dhà shùil.

"Sèid gu daingeann, sèid gu cruaidh, 10  
Sèid gun iochd, gun truas, gun chàs,  
Sèid le uile chlà do ghuaillleadh,  
Sgrìob do sguaidheadh — faiceam à!

"Gainne is gort is gaoiribh guil,  
Sgrìos is tuil is call is àr;  
Faiceam geilt an gnùis an t-sluaigh,  
'S ait leam gruaidhean fhaicinn bàn.

## Movement I

TR-2

### Æolus gives Orders to his Bellows

1 Thus spake Æolus, "Blow, my bellows,  
Crush the corn and thresh the grain,  
Strip the houses, tear the heather,  
Fell the trees unto the ground.

"Rend and sweep, smash and splinter,  
Amongst the elements raise my fame,  
Prove to the puny works of man  
How slight they stand before my eyes.

"Blow full force, blow your hardest,  
Without compassion, mercy, fear,  
Blow with all your strength of arm,  
Your swathe of sweeping — show it me!

"Famine, want and cries of pain,  
Destruction, flood, loss and strife;  
Show me people struck with fear —  
I laugh to see their faces white.

from Aedhus!

by Donald Macintyre / Domhnall Ruadh Mac an t-Saoir

translated by Bill Innes. 2 (Grace Note Publications, 2008)

"Faiceam ainmhidhean a' crùbadh  
Anns gach toll is cùil is càrn,  
Sireadh iasg an t-aigeal gorm  
Is mise, dia na stoirm, ga ràdh!

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"O 's e chumhachd còir is ceart,  
Feuch mo neart air muir is tìr,  
Sir 's na seachainn sean na òg  
Is thar gach seòrsa tog mo chìs.

"'S coingeis leanabh na fear liath,  
'S coingeis feòil na iasg leam ann;  
'S coingeis duine, brùid no ian;  
Sgaoil mo lìon o cheann gu ceann.

"Tarraing sgrìob an lùib nam beò,  
Brist nan dòchas ioma neach  
Is nochd do chumhachd mhòr, a bhuilg,  
Ann ad luirg biodh sgeul nan creach.

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"Let me see animals cower  
In every nook and hole and cairn,  
Let fish seek the ocean floor —  
So I, the god of storms, declare!

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"As power is the might and right,  
Test my strength on land and sea;  
Seek and spare not young or old —  
Exact my dues from every kind.

"I care not whether babe or sage,  
I care not whether flesh or fish;  
Whether man or beast or bird,  
Spread my net from end to end.

"Cut a swathe through the living,  
Destroy the hopes of many a one;  
Show your mighty strength, my bellows,  
Leave tales of ruin in your wake."

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