



The Scottish Parliament
Pàrlamaid na h-Alba

20
Years

THE LONG VIEW

by Jackie Kay, Scots Makar

When you were born, my daughter, my son
The half-moon grinned and the sun shone

You came after a long song of a labour
Of years and years - and then some!

It was July when you at last appeared, hanselled
With the mace from her Majesty - Ma'am, Good Day -

bright eyed, flushed, newest day!
And the crags at your tiny feet, and Arthur's seat.

When you were born, bairn,
Red Arrows flew over your city

And everyone you met, Pet,
Wanted to join you on your journey -

Between the lochs and the ferns
Between the braes and the bens

Between the crofts and the bothies
Between the Rowans and the pines.

Between the high rise and the tenements
And the Wimpey houses in the big cities

Between the north and the south, the east and the west,
And the land and the seas...

AN SEALLADH FADA

Le Jackie Kay, air eadar-theangachadh
le Rody Gorman

Nuair a rugadh tu, a nighean agam, a bhalaich,
Bha corran na gealaich is a' ghrian a' deàrrsadh

Thàinig thu 'n dèidh òran-saotrach a bha fada
Fad bhliadhnaichean fada nan cian.

Nochd thu san Iuchar mar thiodhlac leis an lorg-
shuaicheantais
Bhon Bhanrigh -a Mhòrachd, Là Math Dhuibh -

Le stùilean a bha lannireach ùr an là 's ùire
'S na creagan aig do chasan beaga 's Àrd air Suidhe.

Nuair a rugadh tu fhèin, a leanabain,
Shiubhail saighdean dearg' os cionn a' bhaile

'S bha gach neach a thachair ort
Ag iarraidh dol còmhla riut air do chuairt -

Eadar na lochan is an raineach
Eadar na bruthaichean is na beanntan

Eadar na goirteanan is na bothain
Eadar an giuthas is an caorann.

Eadar na taighean eadar àrd is ìseal
Eadar na taighean beaga sna bailtean mòra

Is eadar tuath 's deas is an ear
Is an iar is am fonn is an lear...

Now: I know of someone in Kilchoan, Ardnamurchan
Who remembers an old Kilchoan man

Saying that he remembers an old Kilchoan woman
Who had once seen all the houses ablaze

And these were the first of your days:
Stories to keep the past alive,

A poem read aloud to knock the future's door.
A song sung by Sheena Wellington, for a' that.

You're twenty now. We're couldn't be prouder.
Look how you've grown in stature:

'This is about who we are, how we carry ourselves,
your godfather's premonition, the day you were born.

We are not a people that takes to the compliment well.
Put it this way - you're twenty! You've carried yourself well.

Seadh: 's aithne dhomh cuideigin ann an Cille Chomhain
Aig a bheil cuimhn' air bodach às a' cheàrnaidh

'S e 'g ràdh gun robh cuimhn' aig' air cailleach
A chunnaic na taighean air fad nan lasair

Agus b' iad seo do làithean-toisich,
Seanchas gus an t-àm a dh'aom a ghleidheadh,

Duan a chaidh a leughadh mar ghnog air doras na tìde
romhainn.

Luinneag le Clann MhicMhuirich a dh'aindeoin cò
theireadh e.

Tha thu fichead a-nis. Nach sinn a tha moiteil.
Seall mar a dh'fhàs thu suas a dh'aindeoin cò theireadh e.

'Seo sinne 's mar a tha sinn gar giùlan fhèin'
Manadh d' oide là do bhreithe.

Cha chan mi mar sin ach meal do naidheachd
Mar mholadh dhut aig aois fichead.

Twenty years on, what can I tell you about your birth?
Your birth was a process not an event –

Your wee form emerged between the land and the stone;
A citizen already sitting, seen through the portal.

And the boats carried you out to sea – to see what you
could see,
And back to the land, to the bottom of The Royal Mile.

Every way you turned, your smile made others smile;
And, if at first you faced ridicule, and some were hostile,

You held your own and carried on! Ground breaking
land reform!
First up with the smoking ban ... and on, on.

Remember the jubilation when same sex marriage passed?
When Clause 28 was opposed?

Look how you shone the light on
The darkness of abuse, how you had such a clear vision;

How you let Auld Scotland out
And Modern Scotland in, first footing.

An dèidh fichead bliadhna, dè dh'innseas mi dhut mu do
bhreith?

'S e modh a bha nad bhreith 's chan e tachartas –

Nochd do riochd beag eadar am fearann is a' chlach;
Na shaoranach na shuidh' a-cheana, a chunnacas tron
phortal.

Is thug an loingeas gu muir thu – gum faiceadh tu na bha ri
fhaicinn

Is air ais gu tìr, aig sàil a' Mhìle Rìoghail.

Gabh taobh a thionndaidh thu, thug do ghàire gàire air
feadhainn eile

'S, an toiseach, ma fhuair thu fochaid is gun robh
feadhainn a bha nàimhdeil,

Chùm thu ris! Leasachadh ùr air an fhearann mar
bhreacadh an fhearainn!

Casg air toit air thoiseach air càch...is mar sin air aghaidh 's
air adhart.

Cuimhn' agad air a' ghàirdeachas nuair a cheadaichadh
pòsadh aon ghnè?

Nuair a chuireadh an aghaidh Roinn Fìchead 's a h-Ochd?

Seall mar a las thu 'n solas air an dubhar
An lùib an smàdaidh, na bh' agad a lèirsinn;

Mar a leig thu Alba Aosta a-mach
Agus Alba Ùr a-steach, air a' chiad cheum.

Nane for thee a thouchtie sparin
Earth thou bonnie broukit bairn!

You knew what was right and what was wrong.
And oh, how your citizens sang their song:

Under the Common Weal, weel, weel
Under the Common Weal, we'll thrive

Oh, it was a braw, bricht day when you arrived, alive!
Wee wean, under the common sun, doon,

Doon
Where you'd been coorie-ing doon, coorie-ing doon,

Under democracy's moon
Wee wean, hoping that aw'thin wuid be fine

And you'd get to tell yer story, wee wean
Who kent awready whit was richt an whit was wrang

Wee wean,
Look how you've grown up mighty fine

Oh ma darlin, you'll aye be ma trusty fiere
When the dorkness descends,

Gun duine smaoineachadh ort fhèin,
A Chruinne-chè, a leanaibh bhòidhich air dhearmad !

Bha fios agad dè bha ceart agus dè bha ceàrr.
Agus och mar a sheinn na saoranaich agad an t-òran aca:

Fo Mhaitheas a' Phobaill, a' Phobaill, a' Phobaill
Fo Mhaitheas a' Phobaill, nach sinn a bhios rathail.

Och nach ann glan geal a bha 'n là nuair a nochd thu, air
mhaireann!

A leanaibh bhig, fon ghrèin choitchinn, sìos

Sìos
Far an robh thu laighe dlùth dlùth,

Fo ghealach flaitheas an t-sluaigh,
A leanaibh bhig, an dòchas gum biodh e glan

Agus fhuair thu do sheanchas a chur an cèill, a leanaibh bhig
Aig an robh fios cheana dè bha ceart agus dè bha ceàrr

Seall, a leanaibh,
Mar a dh'fhàs thu cho gasta fhèin

Och, a luaidh, bidh thu 'n-còmhnaidh nad charaid dlùth
dhomh

Nuair a thig an dorchadas a-nuas,

When the MacPhees roar an the lochans sing, wee wean,
And ye sing tae mak the wurld a better place.

And Oh ma Country, ma country,
you will ayeways be loved and respected by me.

Loved and respected by me.
Oh, my country, my country...

Scotland itself is my country, said Sorley MacLean.
My other country is Ireland

And after it, France, our great Gaelic bard said plainly.
And if he were still alive today, maybe

He'd have been compelled to name
The other twenty-five countries.

Scotland itself is my country
And twenty years on, my country has changed!

I remember it once being a country I ran from,
In those days, you felt unwelcome.

Nuair a bheucas Clann Mhic a' Phì 's a sheinneas na lochain
Agus a sheinneas tu dhomh gus an saoghal a dhèanamh
nas fheàrr

Agus O Mo Dhùthaich, 's tu mo dhùthaich,
Bidh meas agam ort gu suthainn sìorraidh,

Meas agam ort
O Mo Dhùthaich, a luaidh

'S e Alba fhèin mo dhùthaich, thuirt Somhairle MacGill-
Eain,

'S mo dhùthaich eile Èirinn

'S an dèidh sin an Fhraing, thuirt am bàrd mòr.
Is nan robh e fhathast beò an-diugh, 's dòcha

Gun fheumadh e 'm fichead 's a sia
Dùthaich eile luadh.

'S e Alba 'n dùthaich agam fhìn
Agus fichead bliadhn' air adhart, tha atharrachadh air mo
dhùthaich!

Tha cuimhn' agam oirre mar thìr a theich mi bhuaipe.
Sna làithean ud, bha d' fhurann fuar.

You passed. You pretended. You kept your mouth shut
Unless you sang sing if you're glad to be gay, sing if you're
happy that way..

And now – look – Old Scotland is no more.
Gay men kiss at the Parliament's door.

Hope travels all the way round the world.
Hope has people it wants to meet, hands to shake

Hope flies to New Zealand, to the South Island in solidarity
Hope wears a hijab and speaks out against hate.

Hope comes home – finds a hearth, a country ahead of
its time,
looking out across the lands and the years

Across the cold North Sea, where the waves knit in plain
and purl,
Is a country to sign you a lullaby, a country to rock you
awake.

My country has started to speak my language
And I am no longer alone

I used to feel a foreigner in my own land
I used to feel not at home

Chaidh thu seachad. Leig thu ort. Chùm thu do bheul
Nas lugha na ghabh thu, seinn ma tha thu aighearach is
moiteil...

Agus seall a-nis agus Alba Aosta fon fhòid
Agus fir aighearach a' pògadh aig doras Thaigh 'n Ròid.

Bidh 'n dòchas a' siubhal air feadh na cruinne-cè.
Tha muinntir aig dòchas a tha e 'g iarraidh fhaicinn.

An dòchas a' siubhal gu Sealainn Nuadh, don Eilean a
Deas.
Bidh hijab air dòchas is i a' bruidhinn an aghaidh na
gràine.

Bidh dòchas a' tighinn dhachaigh – gu cagailt, dùthaich
ron linn aice,
A' sealltainn a-mach thar nan tìrean 's nam bliadhnaichean

Thairis air Cuan fuar a Tuath, far a bheil na tuinn a' fighe 's
a' lùbadh,
Tha dùthaich a sheinneas tàladh dhut, a luaisgeas tu bhod
shuain.

Thòisich mo dhùthaich air mo chànan a bhruidhinn
Agus chan eil mi nam aonar a bharrachd.

Dh'fhairich mi uair nam choigreach nam thìr fhèin.
Cha do dh'fhairich mi gun robh mi aig an taigh.

I used to be a stranger in the mirror
I used to talk to the hand because the mouth wasn't
listening

And now you get what I'm saying
How difficult it is for me on some occasions

But these days, you're listening up
And I am not cordoned off

The door's open and I've come ben this bonny chamber
A nod to you two, and you and you and you for taking the
long view

And the mountains are speechless
If what they say cannot be understood
And the many-voiced ocean is silent
If no one knows its language

It must be a bizarre thing being in the same room
As all these people who share the same birthday as you!

Everybody dressed up and looking so fine;
And when you were born, Nicola,

In the middle of the day between Wimbledon
And the opening of Scottish Parliament

B' àbhaist dhomh bhith nam choigreach anns an sgàthan.
Bhruidhinn ris an làimh bho nach robh 'm beul ag
èisteachd.

Agus a-nis tha thu a' tuigsinn na tha mi 'g ràdh,
Cho doirbh 's tha e dhomh-s' air uairibh

Ach an-dràsta, tha thu a' cumail cluas ri claisneachd
Agus chan eil mi air mo chuingealachadh .

Tha 'n doras fosgailte 's thàinig mi a-steach dhan t-Seòmar
seo cho bòidheach -
Gnogadh-cinn dhuibh bho ghabh sibh an sealladh fada.

Agus tha na beanntan gun bhruidhinn
mura tuigear an glòir,
's an cuan iolaghuthach sàmhach,
ma tha chànain gun eòl

Tha fios gu bheil e neònach a bhith san t-seòmar cheudna
Ris na daoine seo gu lèir aig a bheil an aon cheann-
bliadhna!

A h-uile duine cho grinn glan sgiobalta
'S nuair a rugadh tu fhèin, a Neacag

Am meadhan an latha eadar Wimbledon
Agus fosgladh Pàrlamaid na h-Alba

You were induced. It was a quick birth.
And your gran jumped over a wall to tell all you were a girl.

And the Hielin cow jumped over the moon,
And the dish ran awa wey the widdin spune!

And you are the future: Parliament's bairns.
Sworn in that hot July day in 99.

The grass is greener in Scotland, Callum said.
The milk is better and the people friendlier, Nicola said.

It's nice that people can be themselves, Megan said,
And not be afraid.

I'm excited said Alicja Hertmanowska
In her Dear Scottish Parliament Letter

To see what the future brings
Here's to the next twenty years!

Under the Common Weal, we're taking the long view.

Under the Common Weal, we're taking the long view.

Under the Common Weal, weel, weel, we're taking the
long view.

Chaidh do spreagadh gu breith. 'S e breith luath bh' ann
Is leum a' chailleach thar a' ghàrraidh a dh'innse gun
d'fhuaireadh nighean

Agus leum an crodh Gàidhealach thar na gealaich
Agus theich Beathag Mhòr le Màrtainn Mòr a' Bhealaich!

Agus is sibh fhèin an t-àm ri teachd : a chlann na
Pàrlamaid.

A mhionnaicheadh a-steach anns an Iuchar Naochad 's a
Naodh.

Thuirte Calum: Tha 'm feur nas guirme 'n Alba.

Thuirte Neacag: Tha 'm bainne nas fheàrr agus na daoine
nas laghaiche.

Nach snog gum bi daoine mar a tha iad, thuirte Megan,
Gun eagal orra.

Tha mi air bhioran, thuirte Alicja Hertmanowska
San litir dhan a' Phàrlamaid aice

A dh'fhaicinn gu dè bheir an t-àm air thoiseach
Slàinte mhòr aig an fhichead bliadhna romhainn!

Fo mhaitheas a' phobail

'S e 'n sealladh fada tha sinn a' gabhail.

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The Bonnie Broukit Bairn' by Hugh MacDiarmid (Complete Poems, Vol. I, 1994); and 'My Country' and 'The mountains are speechless' by Sorley MacLean (From Wood To Ridge, Collected Poems in Gaelic and English, 1999) are reprinted here by kind permission of Carcanet Press Limited, Manchester - www.carcanet.co.uk/index.shtml

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