

*Derrick McClure***Tae M.**

“Awa, out o my sicht!” – swythe tak I tent.  
 “Awa, forhou my hert!” – my hert hears fine.  
 “Awa fae my rememb’rin!” – na, thon stent  
 Will ne’er get heed fae your memore, nor mine.  
 Lang is the scug that faas frae hyne awa,  
 An braider aye its ring o dule maunspreid:  
 Sae is’twi me. Your dwams o me will caa  
 Mair deep, the farther frae ye be my steid.  
 In ilka place we gaed, throu ilka day,  
 For ilka time we grat, or daff’t, thegither,  
 Aagait an ayeathin your thochts I’ll stay,  
 For some pairt o my saul bides there forever.  
 Gin, sloumin in your chaumer aa your lane,  
 Your tentless haun shid scuff your clarsach’s string,  
 “Jist at this hour,” your thocht comes aince again,  
 “Wi him, thon days, this sang I uiss’ttae sing!”  
 An gin, whanplayin chess, some prattickslee  
 Fankles your weirditKeing in wups o game,  
 Ye’ll think, “That’s hou his ondingbestit me,  
 Thon langsyne day we played our hinmaist game!”  
 Gin at some ball, still on a seat ye bide  
 ’Tween dances, whan the muisic stents a wee,

Ye'll see a tuim chair at the ingle side,  
 An think "That's whaur he sat, thon time, wi me!"  
 An gin ye tak an auld beuk fae its bink,  
 An read o luvvers' draems that dwine an fail,  
 Dowie ye'll souch, ansteik the beuk an think,  
 "We twa haekent the same hert-brakin tale!"  
 Or gin the screiver by some kittle turn  
 Gies them a blythesomepairinefter aa,  
 Ye'll fuff the caunle out, anwi a murn  
 Think "Hou cuidsiccansel no us befaa?"  
 Anwhan the levin flauchters 'mang the blaud,  
 Anwhan the gizzent pear-tree reeshleslown,  
 An at your lozengraininbrainches daud,  
 At siccan times ye'll think my spreit'snearhaun.  
 Sae, ilka place we gaed, throu ilka day,  
 For ilka time we grat, or daff't, thegither,  
 Aagaits an ayeathin your thochts I'll stay,  
 For some pairt o my saul bides there forever.

**Efter Adam Mickiewicz.**

*To M.*

*“Away, out of my sight!” – at once I pay attention. “Away, forsake my heart!” – my heart hears fine. “Away from my memory!” – no, that command will never get the attention of your memory, nor mine.*

*Long is the shadow that falls from far away, and wider ever its ring of sorrow must spread: so is it with me. Your dreams of me will call more deeply, the further away from you I am standing.*

*In every place we went, through every day, for every time we wept, or played, together, everywhere and always within your thoughts I’ll stay, for some part of my soul remains there forever.*

*If, daydreaming in your room all by yourself, your unthinking hand should brush your harp’s string, “Just at this hour,” your thought comes once again, “with him, in those days, this song I used to sing!”*

*And if, when playing chess, some clever trick entangles your doomed king in bonds of sorrow, you’ll think “That’s how his attack defeated me, on that long-ago day when we played our last game!”*

*If at some ball you stay still on a seat between dances, when the music stops for a brief interval, you’ll see an empty chair at the fireside and think “That’s where he sat, that time, with me!”*

*And if you take an old book from its shelf, and read of lovers’ dreams that fade and fail, sorrowfully you’ll sigh, and shut the book and think, “We two have known the same heart-breaking tale!”*

*Or if the writer by some intricate twist gives them a happy coupling after all, you’ll blow the candle out, and sadly think “Why could such good fortune not come to us?”*

*And when the lightning flashes among the blast, and when the withered pear-tree rustles softly, and groaning branches strike at your window-pane, at such times you’ll think my spirit is nearby.*

*So, in every place we went, through every day, for every time we wept, or played, together, everywhere and always within your thoughts I’ll stay, for some part of my soul remains there forever.*

**Derrick McClure**, born Ayr, educated Ayr Academy, Glasgow University and Edinburgh University; retired in 2009 after forty years of teaching in the English Department of Aberdeen University. Academic publications include three monographs and well over 100 articles on Scottish literary and linguistic topics; translations (into Scots) include *Sangstae Eimhir* (from Sorley McLean's *Dàin do Eimhir*), *The Prince-Bairnie* (from Antoine de Saint-Éxupéry's *Le Petit Prince*), *The Babel Buikbeild* (from Jorge Luis Borges' *La Biblioteca di Babel*), North-East dialect versions of the two *Alice* books and a goodly number of individual poems or selections from Gaelic, Italian, German, Polish, Swedish and French. Also editor of *A Kist o Skinklan Things*, an annotated anthology of twentieth-century Scots poetry, and of several multi-author volumes of scholarly papers. Currently working on a verse translation of the Anglo-Saxon *Andreas*.