Cruiskeen Lawn – image 127

Ní bhogfaidh tú dhá chéim i nDoire fá lathair gan bualadh le saighdiuir gallda. Táid thíos ag thuas, thall is abhus, agus fiú amháin sa spéir. Tá cuid eile ag teacht i dtír ó am go h-am as tóin na farraige. Tá an áit plodaighthe leo. An cuimhin leat rann Columcille?

Is uime a charaim Doire,

Ar a réidhe, ar a ghloine,

‘s ar iomad a n-aingeal bhfionn,

Ón gcionn go soich aroile.

Seadh. Non Angeli sed Angli.

\*

You won’t move two steps in Derry nowadays without running into an English solider. They’re all over the place and can even be spotted in the sky. Another crowd of them are coming ashore from the bottom of the sea from time to time. The place is packed with them. Do you remember Columcille’s verse?

That is why I love Derry,

For its evenness, for its purity,

And for its abundance of blonde angels

From one end to another.

Yes, yes. Non Angeli sed Angli.