

CHUIG an GHEATA SÍORAÍ

Do Mhícheál Mac Liammóir

A Mhíchíl dhil dhílis,
A shaoi chaoín chríonna,
Nár aithníodh go dtí seo:
Ghráigh tú sinn uili
Ar stáitse do shaoilse
Le dáiríreacht deis-chroíoch.

Dob aoibhinn do theacht
Dár gcine, a chara,
Ach dian-ghoirt ár scaradh:
Anois druidim an Bheatha
Ar leathchois bhacaigh
Toisc tobainne do imeachta.

Táir imithe, ochón –
Sea, ba ghnáth dom fadó
Do shláinte a ól:
Anois ardaím deoch tósta
Is ólaim faoi bhrón
Cuma dubhach na huaighe.

Smaoiním ar do bhriathra
Béalbhinn – féach na haingil
Go síoraí faoi do mhilseacht.

Slán leat, a Mhíchíl.

TO HEAVEN'S GATE

To Mícheál Mac Liammóir

Dearest Mícheál,
The perfect sage,
Unsung by us:
You loved us all
Aye on the stage
Intensely, 'twas precious.

Sweet was your coming
To grace our race,
Bitter our parting: yet
Life's show keeps running
With halting pace
Lamed by your exit.

Gone now, alas –
As oft before
I drank your health –
I lift my glass
And drink once more
The sorrow of death.

And I think on your voice
Mellifluous, now let
The angels rejoice:

Au revoir, Mícheál.

Michael Mernagh

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