

## **Ròs Geal**

*Mar chuimhneachan air Jo Cox*

Nach geal camhanaich Shiorrachd Eabhraig,  
Bhan an èisg ri thaistean na maidne,  
Boireannach is sari sìoda ri linig,  
Dearg ri gilead nam botail-bhainne.

Nì nighean-sgoile slighe le àilgheas,  
Ceum a cois trast clachan-chàsaidh  
Gach gin dhiubh glas, sleamhainn bho fhras  
A bhàth na sràidean an Siorrachd Dhè.

Nach farsaing a saoghal bho uinneag-sgoile,  
Cnocan 's dàlaichean nan righe roimhpe,  
Gach uile dòchas an gleans nan driùchdan,  
Gan sùghadh gu lèir le teas na grèin.

Cò leis an tìr ga chur air thoiseach  
An t-saoghail gu lèir, na iolrachd shoilleir,  
Gach cinneach 's coigreach ùr o fhuadach,  
Gun ach fàilte pais is slais don smior.

Nach bàn na leacan air sràidean Bhirstall,  
Far a laigheas bean uasal ionadach na sgìr',  
Is peilear innte o inneal iarainn,  
Thug bàs do fhlùr nach blàthaich a-rithist.  
Dùisg an talamh  
De dh'ùir dèan falamh  
Gus faigh an ròs geal suaimhneas buan.

*English version below*

## **White Rose**

*In memory of Jo Cox*

How white the Yorkshire dawn today,  
the fish-van on its morning wind,  
a woman stands, silk sari to hang,  
red beside milk bottles, blank.

A school-girl's proud diagonal stride,  
her footsteps cross the cobble stones,  
each one grey, showered smooth,  
from God's own county's dawn deluge.

How wide her world from school-room window,  
hills and dales laid out before her,  
every hope in dew-drop shimmer,  
dried out to nought in midday shine.

Who owns this land, puts Britain first,  
before the world reflects sun's plural rays?  
each gentile, stranger, fresh-evicted;  
our welcome wounds with weapons raised.

How pale the flags on a Birstall street,  
where a noble local woman lies  
with bullet placed by an iron tool,  
that blew the chance of second bloom.

Dig up this land,  
of soil make empty,  
to give the white rose repose eternal.