

Fiat Lingua

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Lë Failikvas

by

Marcas Brian MacStiofáin Ó Mhaitiú Ó Domhnaill

*Naikove keitis, salais kaita boşikvëka,
Tsinovokala şini Vaskar sala okais maikupok,
Olaition salais nykei Sarut, “ratoş, sopa?
Byraitsy! Boşiksy! Kotvasy! Sonlasy ratosalan vërok!
Tsynosala paisuvvar mëk nadukevas pok”
Veis tsika sime? Veis tsika symoi? Lyteikasy?”
"Savolş savolş! Salais lë failikvas, Sarutvy".*

translation:

Poem Name: Until Our Last Breath

Kingdom of Géid, our mountain home,
The Wasgar attacked us from their cities,
King Sarut called out, “fight! But why?
For stream! For mountain! For family! For these we will fiercely fight!
We protect from great temple to little stone,
Will you die? Will you bleed? For the Lyteika?”
We will! we will! Until our last breath, O Sarut.

Written in the language Boşk