

I would like to thank [redacted] for inviting me to reflect on my work as a translator of both French and Scots. In this article [redacted] the first I have written on this topic [redacted] I outline a few ideas regarding the normative tendency of Franco-Scots interactions and the way to escape it. This involves a critique of condescending and self-deprecating attitudes underlying many Franco-Scots adaptations (including some of my earlier work). Whilst I am aware that my argument could be applied to other translation pairs including both an established and a minority language, I have limited myself to the one duo I know and love best.

*Institut Ecossais
la Scottophonie*

*Scots Académie
Internationale de*

The Brus

Fables

artu e

*Raise up bairns o the mitherlaund,
There daws the morn o glory,
Tyrannous faes are at oor haund
An their wav rin flag is gory!
Can ye hearken on yonder lea,
The gowel o rammish sodgers?
They are creepin ahint o ye,
Yer louns an luve fir tae murder!*

*Tae airms, tae airms, ma freens,
Haud forrit volunteers!
Mairch on, mairch on!
The people s bluid
Will drook yon braes o er!*

*Allons enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé,
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé!
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces féroces soldats
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras,
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes!*

*Aux armes citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons,
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons.*

*Écossais, héros de Wallace,
Féaux de Bruce, de l'audace!
Pour vous le lit de la disgrâce,
A défaut de victoire!*

*Voici le jour et voici l'heure;
Voyez les lueurs du champ d'honneur
Voyez Édouard l'air supérieur
Les fers du désespoir!*

Qui donc a l'âme du félon?

*Qui donc pour la fosse aux fripons?
Qui donc les serviles poltrons?
Qu'ils décampent et s'enfuient!*

*Par les malheurs de l'oppression!
Par vos enfants en sujétion!
Nos tendres veines couleront
Pour les faire affranchir!*

*A bas l'usurpateur honni!
La curée pour la tyrannie!
Que chaque souffle ensemble crie:
Vivre libre ou mourir!*

*Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!*

*Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power
Chains and Slaverie!*

*Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Let him turn and flee!*

*By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your Sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!*

*Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!*

Liberty s in every blow!

Let us Do or Die!



*relou de ouf à tilter hein
tsais
stu piges app tu peux gageder
vazy*

casstoi dmon minche

chuisaussi stylé quvouzaut là

chais çque jfais

jtedis

wesh mêmpa tu mparles commass

colltoi ton style

où quej pense

helluva hard tay read theez init

stull

if yi canny unnirston thim jiss clear aff then

gawn

get tay fuck ootma road

ahmaz goodiz thi lota yiz so ah um

ah no whit ahm dayn

tellnyi

jiss try enny a yir fly patir wi me

stick thi bootnyi good style

so ah wull

(c) The Bottle Imp