

## ***Dealbh Camilla***

Chunnaic mi do dhealbh mar òr-sheud  
Am pàipear *Posta Di-Dòmhnach*  
Mar reul iùil do dh'fhear an t-seòlaidh  
Bhios air bhòidse fad' bho thìr.

Chunnaic mise dealbh na h-àilleachd,  
Rì bhinn ghrinn a' chuailein fhàinnich,  
Marcachd steud air achadh fàschoill —  
Ì omhaigh fhàilteach agus sì th.

Aodann aoibhnis choibhneil chàirdeil,  
Dreach do ghnùis mar ubhal an gàrradh;  
Deud cho geal ri sneachd air àrd-bheinn  
'S cathadh-làir air ùrlar glinn.

Tha do shùilean ann am bòidhche  
Mar an dealt air bhàrr nan neòinean;  
Calpa cuimir is troigh chòmhnard —  
Cha do sheas am bròig cho grinn.

Ged a mharcaich thu na leòidean  
'S air raointean farsaing tha d' mhion-eòlais,  
Cha do smaointich thu 'nad òige  
D' ainm bhith 'm meòmhair anns na glinn.

Cha do dh'aisling thu air clusaig  
'S cha do bhrìst e steach 'nad smuaintean  
Gum biodh do dhealbh ann cho luachmhor  
Am measg ghleanntan uain' an fhraoich.

***Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin***

## ***Camilla's Picture***

I saw your picture like a golden jewel  
In the paper *Sunday Post*  
Like a guiding star to the mariner  
On a voyage far from land.

I saw the picture of beauty,  
Handsome lady of the golden tresses,  
Mounting a steed on a green field —  
The image of peace and welcome.

A face of joy and friendship,  
The hue of your complexion is like an apple in a garden;  
Your teeth as white as snow on a mountain  
And ground drift on the floor of a glen.

The beauty of your eyes  
Resembles the dew on a daisy;  
The calves of your legs are attractive and elegant —  
As graceful as stood inside a shoe.

Although you rode on many fields  
And of wide plains you have vast knowledge,  
You never thought in your younger days  
Your name would be remembered in the glens.

You never dreamed on your pillow  
And it never entered your mind  
That your picture would be so treasured  
Among the green heathery glens.

*(author's translation)*  
**Donald MacDonald**