

## ***Don Té Rinn Tighinn gam Fheòraich Dhachaigh***

*Don Mhnaoi Phòsta Catrìona Laing, Uibhist a-Tuath,  
ceannard seirbheis cobhair na dachaigh*

Bhon tha peann agam 'nam mheòirean,  
Sgrìobhaidh mi leis sì os mun t-sòlas  
Rinn mi ris an rì bhinn bhòidhich  
A thàinig gam fheòraich dhachaigh.

Tha i laghach agus bàidheil,  
Air a h-aodann fiamh a' ghàire;  
Tha h-anail mar ghaoth a' ghàrraidh  
Far am fàs na blàthan fallain.

Tha i coingeis Beur' no Gàidhlig,  
Tha i comasach sna dhà dhiubh;  
Bhuilich freastal oirre tàlann  
A thug àrd i ann an aithne.

Tha i tapaidh agus sunndach,  
Deas 'na pearsa 's 'na giùlan;  
A dà ghruaidh air dhreach nan ùbhlan  
Bhios air cunntair bùth a' cheannaich'.

Tha i leam mar reul san iarmailt  
An àm don fheasgar a bhith ciaradh,  
An uair tha ghrian a' cromadh sì os  
'S an cuan an-iar a' dol ga falach.

## ***In Praise of the Lady who Came Home to See Me***

*To Mrs Cathy Laing, North Uist,  
head of the home help service*

As it happens that I have the pen in my fingers,  
I will write down with pleasure  
About the beautiful lady  
Who came home to see me.

She is nice and pretty,  
And on her face a lovely smile;  
Her breath is like the freshness  
Coming from a garden of flowers.

She can talk English and Gaelic,  
She is fluent in both languages;  
She is blessed with talents  
Which brought her to high office.

She is strong and healthy,  
Fit in mind and body;  
Her cheeks are as rosy  
As apples on the counter of a merchant's shop.

I see her as a star in the Heavens  
When darkness falls,  
When the sun is declining  
And the ocean going to hide her from our view.

Tha a brìodal leam cho ceòlmhor  
Ri pìob-mhàl' fo raghadh mheòirean;  
Tha a crìdh cho làn de chòiread —  
Cha dèan mèinn an òir a cheannach.

Tha de thaitneas 'na briathran  
Na chuireadh mì-ghean air dìochuimhn',  
Tha deud cho geal ri sneachd' air sliabh  
'S e measgaichte le trian clach-mheallain.

Falt dubh dualach ann an òrdagh  
'S e cho snuadh-mhor agus bòidheach:  
Chan eil teagamh nach do chòrd sinn,  
Chuir i sòlas mun a' chagailt.

Sgaoil ar conaltradh gu làidir:  
Bhruidhinn sinn mu iomadh àite  
Eadar sgòrr-bheanntan Chinn t-Sàile  
Chun a' chàirn a th' air Beinn Bhragaidh.

Nuair a dh'fhalbh i bha mi tùrsach,  
Tha mi daonnan ann ga h-ionndrainn:  
Tha h-ìomhaigh leam a-cheart cho rùnach  
Ris na flùran air a' mhachair.

Bidh mo bheannachd ga còmhdhail  
Anns an àit' sam bheil i còmhnaidh —  
Cadal suaimhneach socair stòlda  
'S dùsgadh beòthail anns a' mhadainn.

***Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin***

Her speech is as musical as the bagpipes  
Played by elegant fingers;  
Her heart is full of kindness —  
A gold mine could never buy it.

Her voice is so pleasing  
It will cast gloom away,  
Her teeth as white as snow and hail  
Mixed in the drifts of a field.

Her dark heavy curly hair  
Is beautiful in hue and appearance:  
We got on really well,  
She brought happiness to my hearth.

Our conversation was very interesting:  
We talked about many places,  
From the mountains of Kintail  
To the cairn on Ben Bhraggie.

When she went away I was sorry,  
I am always missing her:  
Her image to me is as beautiful  
As the flowers on the machair.

My blessings always go  
To the place where she is staying —  
I wish her sound sleep  
And a bright happy awakening.  
*(author's translation)*  
***Donald MacDonald***