

Don Bhean Phòsta Jacqueline Marsh

Mar éirigh gréin' air madainn bhòidheach samhraidh
Tha gaol gun chaochladh a' deàlradh ann ad' ghnùis;
Mar ghealach làn air oidhche reòdhta geamhraidh
Tha loinn a' boillsgeadh coibhnis 'nad dhà shùil.

Mar laigheas driùchd air duilleach grinn an neòinein
Mun seinn a' chòisridh cheòlmhor anns an àird',
Bidh aoibh is sonas far am bi do chòmhnaidh
'S bidh carthannachd mar chòmhdach dhut gu bràch.

Cho abaich ris na diasan anns an t-Sultuin
Tha dreach nan ròsan ruiteach tha 'nad ghruaidh;
Tha t' anail measgaichte le mil nam flùran
Fo bhlàth le duilleach ùr air feadh nan cluain.

Cho ealanta ri salmadair nan sgiathan
A sheinneas dhuinn cho ciatach anns a' Mhàigh,
Cho dealbhach ri Bhénus anns an iarmailt
Tha rìbhinn ghrinn na tìoralachd 's na bàidh.

Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin

Mrs Jacqueline Marsh

Like the rising of the sun on a lovely summer morning
There is love which does not alter in your face;
Like a full moon on a frosty winter night
Beauty is shining in your eyes.

As the dew subsides on the elegant leaves of the daisy
Before the birds start singing in the sky,
There will be charm and prosperity in your dwelling
And charity will surround you all your life.

As the ripeness of the corn in September
Is the appearance of your red rosy cheeks;
Your breath is mingled with the honey of flowers
Under the new blossom among the green fields.

As melodious as the birds of the firmament
That will sing so sweetly as they sway,
As handsome as Venus in the Heavens
Is the elegant lady of the warmth and the love.

(author's translation)

Donald MacDonald