

Mo Reul Iùil

Dheàrrsaich solas aoibhnis dhomh,
'S b'e soillse mo reul iùil:
Mar shoilleireachd nan coinnlean
A' boillsgeadh air na bùird;
Shiab air falbh an duibhre
'S chaidh brat na h-oidhch' air chùl
'S bha cuireadh cùirteil blàth-chridheach
Gam fhàilteachadh as ùr.

Dh'fhalbh na sgòthan aognaidh ud
Is thàinig gaol 'nan àit',
Dh'èirich grian na h-aoighealachd
Is caoine na mì os Màigh;
Bha madainn bhlàth na caomhalachd
A' sgaoileadh gathan tlàiths
'S bha ceileireachd is ceòlraidh
A' cur beòthalachd 'nam phàirt.

Mar ghaoth thar bhàrr nam flùran
Fo dhriùchd na madainn chéit':
Tha t' anail bhlàth 'na cùbhraidheachd
Mar ùbhlán air a' gheug;
Tha t' ìomhaigh chàirdeil ùrlaimh
Mar chrùn fo mhùirneachd sheud —
'S mar shneachd' air iomall stùcan
Tha ùrarachd do dheud.

My Guiding Star

A gleam of pleasure shone for me,
It was my guiding star's light:
Like the brightness of the candles
Flickering on tables;
The darkness cleared away
And the cloak of night fell back
And a kind warm-hearted greeting
Welcomed me again.

Those terrifying clouds have gone
And love's come in their place,
Hospitality's sun has risen
And the gentleness of May;
The warm morning of kindness
Have spread their mellow rays
And the birdsong and the music
Have brought me back to life.

Like the breeze across the flowers
Under maytime morning dew:
Your warm breath in its fragrance
Is like apples on a branch;
Your friendly neat appearance
Is like a crown of dainty jewels —
And like snow on flanks of hilltops
Is the freshness of your teeth.

Tha cuailean dualach ri omhach ort
Mar dhì theanan an òir
A' dol 'na stuadhan dì-snaidhm
'S a' chìr ga cur an dlòth;
Ga phleatadh ann an snuadhachadh
'S ga shuaineadh anns a' chòrn —
'S gur bòidheach mu do ghualainn e,
Cur loinn is uaisl' 'nad chòir.

Gur bòidhche leam do ghluasad
Na raointean uain' fo bhlàth
Nuair as àille bhios na cluaintean
Le neòinean snuadh-mhor bàn;
Tha tèochridheachd fuaighte riut,
'S tu le fuil na h-uaisle làn,
Tha 'n sunnd a tha gad chuartaichadh
Mar cheòl na cuaich' sa Mhàigh.

Tha do phearsa 'na bheusalachd
Mar éirigh gréin' air stùc
Air madainn bhòidheach chéiteineach
'S an dealt cur geis feadh fhlùr;
Tha do chòmhradh réidh-labhairt
Mar ghleusadh teud a' chiùil
Gu togail suas ar n-inntinnean
Is mì-ghean chur air chùl.

You have glorious curling hair
Resembling golden flowers
Soaring in smooth billows
Locked fast with a comb;
Beautifully plaited
And twisted into a braid —
And it's lovely round your shoulders,
Lending elegance and charm.

I find more beauty in your walk
Than in blossoming green meadows
When the fields are at their loveliest
With gorgeous white daisies;
Warmheartedness is part of you,
Being full of excellent blood,
And cheerfulness encircles you
Like cuckoo's music in May.

Your character's as perfect
As sunrise on a mountain peak
On a lovely maytime morning
When the dew enchants the flowers;
Your smoothly-spoken discourse
Is like the plucking of a harpstring
To lift up our minds
And banish discontent.

Gur eireachdail' air ùrlar thu
Na gàrradh-fhlùr fo bhlàth,
Cho dreachmhor ris an ùrchoill'
Fo ungradh driùchd bho 'n àird;
Mar bhogha-frois' san iarmailt
Le dathan ciatach àigh
'S gach ceann dheth ann am fì on-lios
Gu riarachadh ar càil.

S binne leam do chòmhradh
Na roghainn còisir chiùil,
No fann-ghaoth madainn Chéitein
Le séideag réiteachd rùin;
Tha thu mar fhuaran fì or-ghlan
Tha pailt gu ìotas bùirn
A shil bho bhàrr na h-iarmailt
Gu ìoc-lus anns a' ghrunnd.

Tha do mhuineal glé-gheal
Mar dhéideag air an tràigh,
Mar shneachd' air mullach Éiseabhail
An géiread a' mhìos Mhàirt;
Mar eala bhàn nan cuantan
Air bhàrr nan stuadh a' snàmh,
No ceò air iomall Bheinn Chruachain —
Taobh tuath de dh'Earra-Ghàidheal.

You're better poised on a dance-floor
Than a flower-garden in bloom,
As fine in form as young forest
Anointed by heaven's dew;
Like a rainbow in the sky
With pretty colours from providence
And each end of it in vineyards
To gratify our tastes.

Sweeter to me is your talk
Than the finest musical choir,
Or the breeze of a May morning
Blowing gently to calm desire;
You're like a pure spring of water
Abundant for quenching thirst
That has rained from the top of the sky
To a healing-plant down in the ground.

Your neck is of perfect white
Like a pebblestone on the beach,
Like snow on Easaval's summit
In the bitterness of March;
Like the white swan of the oceans
Swimming on top of the waves,
Or mist on the side of Ben Cruachan —
The north Coastland of the Gael.

Nuair chì mi 'm measg a' chòmhlain thu
Bidh thu mar ròs fo bhlàth,
Cho aoigheil agus còmhraiteach
'S cho bòidheach ann ad' ghnàths;
Mo dhùrachd-sa an còmhnaidh dhut
Gach sòlas bhith 'nad phàirt —
'S nam faighinn mar a dh'òrdaichinn,
Gum bi thu beò gu bràch.

An Uibhist ghorm an eòrna
'Nad òige rinn thu fàs
Far 'm bi na tonnan crònanach
A' connspaid air an tràigh —
Far bheil fraoch Chlann Dòmhnail
A' còmhdach nam beann àrd'
'S far 'n dèan an calman còmhnaidh
Mar as deòin leis, anns na càirn.

Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin

When I see you surrounded by people
You're like a rose in full bloom,
So hospitable and talkative
And so beautiful in your ways;
My good wishes are yours forever
That you may enjoy every happiness —
And if I could get what I'd ask for,
You'll have the gift of life eternal.

In blue-green Uist of the barley
You grew up when you were young
Where the ever-murmuring waves
Debate upon the beach —
Where the heather of Clan Donald
Covers the high hills
And where the dove will make its home
As it likes to, in the rocks.

Donald MacDonald