

***Do Mhàiri Nicilleathain, Griomsaigh***

Fàilt', a ghruagach dhonn mo ghaoil,  
Si d' aoibh a thog mo cheòl  
'S a chuireadh sunnd 'nam chom le gaol  
'S a dh'aotromaich mo bhròn;  
Ged bhithinn ìosal iomadh uair  
Mar as dualach do mo sheòrs',  
Nì fiamh do ghàire blàths do m' chrìdh  
'S do bhrìodal m' fhàgail òg.

An dealbh a nì mi dhìot an-dràst'  
Mar eala snàmh san òb,  
Mar shneachd air mullach nam beann àrd  
'S e deàrrsadh madainn reòdht',  
Mar long fo shiùil a-muigh sa chuan  
'S a' ghaoth cho cruaidh gu còrs',  
'S i stiùireadh cùrsa nall gu luath  
Gu Uibhist uain' an eòrn'.

Mar ghathan gréin' san àird' an-iar  
Tha ìomhaigh chiùin na h-òigh',  
Tha blàths is càirdeas, agus rian,  
Tha Crìostalachd 'nad fheòil;  
Tha àilleachd a' snàmh 'nad ghnùis —  
Gach seòrsa flùir as bòidhch',  
Tha ròsan 's ùbhlan 'na do ghruaidh  
'S céir-bheach mun cuairt do bheòil.

***To Mary Maclean, Grimsay***

Greetings, my darling brownhaired lass,  
Your charm's set me composing  
For it's always brightened my soul with love  
And lightened my depression;  
Though time and again I have been low  
As my kind is inclined to be,  
The sight of your smile brings warmth to my heart  
While your banter restores my youth.

The image I'll make of you just now  
Is of a swan that swims in the bay,  
Of snow on the highest mountain tops  
As it gleams in the morning frost,  
Of a ship in full sail out there in the ocean  
While the wind blows hard to the shore,  
Steering her course so swiftly across  
To pale-green Uist of the barley.

Like rays of sunshine in the west  
Is the girl's serene appearance,  
There's warmth and friendship, and self-possession,  
There's Christianity in your flesh;  
There's beauty swimming in your face —  
Each kind of flower that's loveliest,  
Roses and apples are in your cheek  
And beeswax around your mouth.

Cridhe coibhneil agus blàth  
Cur fàilt' air aois is òig',  
Bidh beannachd dhaoine leat gu bràth  
Gach là fhads bhios tu beò;  
Gur fhad o chuireadh ort an crùn  
Gu mùirneach aig a' Mhòd  
'S a fhuair thu 'n t-urram bhith 'nad Bhàrd  
Le tàlant an do bheòil!

Nuair thig ciaradh air mo là  
Is gath a' bhàis 'nam fheòil,  
A' dol don t-sì orraidheachd gu bràth  
'S a' laigh' a' cnàmh fon fhòd,  
Mhiannaichinn gum bithinn dlùth  
Don mhaighdinn rùnaich chòir  
Ris an robh mi réidh o thùs —  
'S cha bhris an ùir an còrd.

***Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin***

A heart that's full of warmth and kindness  
Welcoming both old and young,  
People's blessings go with you forever  
Each day that you're alive;  
O how long it is since you were crowned  
Ceremonially at the Mòd  
And received the honour of being Bard  
For the talents of your mouth!

When evening descends upon my day  
With the dart of death in my flesh,  
Going for all time to eternity  
And lying rotting in the soil,  
I'd wish forever to be close  
To the girl who's dear and kind  
And who has always been my friend —  
And the grave won't break the cord.

***Donald MacDonald***