

CHAN E ÀILLEACHD

[It's not (the) beauty]

Chan e àilleachd do dhealbha,
àilleachd cruth t' aodainn,
àilleachd mo dhallabhrat
ged a dh'fhalbh i thar smaointean;
ach àilleachd an anama
bha dealbhach 'nad aodann,
àilleachd an spioraid,
smior cridhe mo ghaoil-sa.

**It's not the beauty of your image,
The beauty of the form of your face,
The beauty I could envisage if blindfolded
Although even it surpasses my imagination;
But the beauty of the soul
Which is illustrated in your face,
The beauty of the spirit,
The essential heart of my love.**