

Moran laithean dhut le sith,
 Led' mhaitheas' 's led' ni bhi fas,
 A chulaidh cheutach a chaidh suas.
 'Stric a tarring buaidh air mnaoi;
 Bi-sa gu subhailceach ceutach,
 O'n thionnsgainn thu fein san stri
 An tus do chomraidh is tu og,
 An tus gach lo iarr Rìgh nan dul,
 'S cha'n eagal nach dean thu gu ceart,
 Gach dearbh bheachd a bhios nad' run,
 Bi-sa fialaidh ach bi glic,
 Bi misneachail ach bi stold,
 Na bi bruidhneach sna bi balbh,
 Na bi mear no marbh 's tu og,
 Bi gleidhteach air do dheagh run,
 Ach na bi duinte sna bi fuar,
 Na labhair air neach gu h-olc,
 'S ged labhrar art na taisbean fuath,
 Na bi gearanach fo chrois,
 Falbh socair le cupa lan,
 Chaoidh don olc na tabhair speis,
 'S le do bhreid ort mìle failt.

The translation of which in English is:—

Oh, now that matron curch proclaims thee mine
 May health without alloy be ever thine !
 Long be thy days, and undisturbed thy peace;
 Still may thy virtues, still thy stores increase,
 Oft in that dress in which thou'rt now arrayed
 Have women's brightest virtues been displayed,
 May thine be so ! and as thou hast begun
 In life's gay spring, thy wedded course to run
 To Heaven's High King each morn thy prayers address,
 And hope from Him all that thy days can bless;
 Learn to be hospitable, not profuse,
 True spirit show and yet due caution use,
 Talk not too much, yet be not always mute;
 Thy years, nor giddiness, nor dulness suit;
 From sudden friendships guard thyself with care,
 And yet of coolness and reserve beware,
 Speak ill of no one, and should it be thy fate
 To be reviled never give place to hate,
 When fortune frowns, be to thy lot resigned,
 And when she smiles lift not too high thy mind,
 So every virtue shall thy path adorn,
 Thus, thus, I hail thee on the bridal morn.

The Rev. Donald Macleod married Ann Maclean, September 6th, 1728. He died in 1760. His mother was a daughter of Maclean of Coll.