

# Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

*A special programme, in the form of a “letter”, written and compiled by Roddy Maclean, and specifically aimed at Gaelic learners who already have some knowledge of the language. A short vocabulary and comments on points of grammar and figures of speech are included with the text. If you have comments, Roddy can be contacted by e-mail at [rodny.macleam@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.macleam@bbc.co.uk) \* This is Litir 234.*

Tha mi a’ fuireach a-staigh an-diugh oir tha a’ ghaoth gu math fuar. Tha abairt ann an Gàidhlig a tha ag aithris air na trì gaothan as fhuair a th’ ann. Nise, chan eil mi a’ ciallachadh na trì àirdean as fhuair às an tig a’ ghaoth, ach na trì gaothan as fhuair. Seo an seanfhacal: *Gaoth ron aiteamh, gaoth tro tholl, ’s gaoth nan long a tha a’ dol fo sheòl – na trì gaothan a b’ fhuair a dh’fhairich Fionn a-riamh.* Seo an seanfhacal a-rithist: *Gaoth ron aiteamh, gaoth tro tholl, ’s gaoth nan long a tha a’ dol fo sheòl – na trì gaothan a b’ fhuair a dh’fhairich Fionn a-riamh.*

Ann am meadhan na Gaidhealtachd, bhiodh na seann daoine a’ cumail sùil gheur air a’ ghaoth aig an àm seo dhen bhliadhna, is gu seachd àraidh air an oidhche mu dheireadh dhen bhliadhna, oir ghabhadh mòran ionnsachadh mun aimsir a bhiodh ann sna mìosan romhpa. Ann an Srath Spè cha bhiodh iad toilichte idir nan tigeadh a’ bhliadhna gu crìch, agus a’ ghaoth bhon àird a tuath no bhon àird an ear. Chanadh iad: *Gaoth deas, teas is toradh, gaoth an iar, iasg is bainne, gaoth tuath, fuachd is gailleann, gaoth an ear, tart is crannadh.*

Gaoth an ear, tart is crannadh. Chan e sin beachd muinntir taobh an iar na Gaidhealtachd, ge-tà. ’S e na bh’ acasan anns an loighne mu dheireadh dhen rann: *gaoth an ear, meas air crannaibh*, a’ ciallachadh gum biodh measan a’ fàs gu math air craobhan nuair a thigeadh an samhradh. Tha e furasta gu leòr tuigsinn mar a bhiodh diofar bheachdan air a’ ghaoth an ear a rèir cà’ robh daoine a’ fuireach. Agus bhiodh a’ ghaoth bhon àird an ear fuar fuar ann an Srath Spè, agus i a’ sguabadh sneachd thar mullaichean a’ Mhonaidh Ruaidh.

Agus ’s fhiach aithris a dhèanamh air aon ghaoth eile ann an Srath Spè – tè ris an cainte *Pìobairean Srath Eireann*. Bhiodh daoine a’ cluinntinn na gaoithe sin a’ tighinn thairis air a’ Mhonadh Liath, à Srath Eireann, agus dhèanadh i fead anns gach beàrn ann an dorsan is ballachan nan taighean, mar gu robh pìobaire ri port. Goirid às a dèidh, bhiodh stoirm mhòr ann.

Tha mi cinnteach gun cuala sibh mun dòigh sa bhios na Sinich, am measg dhaoine eile, a’ cleachdadh bheathaichean airson ro-aithris a dhèanamh air an t-sìde. Uill, bha ar sinnsearan ag obair air an aon dòigh. Mar eisimpleir, chanadh iad: *tha an seillean fo dhion, thig gailleann is sian* – a’ ciallachadh, nuair nach rachadh an seillean fada bho dhachaigh, gu robh droch thìde a’ tighinn. Tha an seillean fo dhion, thig gailleann is sian.

Agus chanadh iad: *tha an cat san luath, thig frasan fuar*. Bhiodh an cat an ìre mhath anns an teine no co-dhiù air a’ chagailt, agus bhiodh fios agad gu robh droch shìde air an rathad. Tha an cat san luath, thig frasan fuar.

Fàgaidh mi sibh le aithris air beathach nach eil uabhasach pailt an là an-diugh – an deala. B’ àbhaist do dhaoine a bhith a’ cumail tè ann am botal aig an taigh. Nan robh an deala aig bonn a’ bhotail, gun a bhith a’ gluasad, chanadh na daoine gu robh deagh aimsir gu bhith ann. Nan robh i a’ gluasad gu mòr, bhiodh gaoth a’ tighinn. Agus nan robh i a’ stad aig ceann shuas a’ bhotail, bha sin a’ ciallachadh gu robh uisge no sneachd gu bhith ann. Chanainn an-diugh gum biodh i aig ceann shuas a’ bhotail oir cha chreid mi gu bheil an sneachd fad às.

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**Faclan na seachdainne:** àirdean: *directions (of wind)*; Srath Spè: *Strathspey*; Piobairean Srath Eireann: *The Strathdearn Pipers (name of wind)*; Sìnich: *Chinese*; cagailt: *hearth*; deala: *leech*.

**Abairtean na seachdainne:** gu seachd àraidh air an oidhche mu dheireadh dhen bhliadhna: *most particularly on the last night of the year*; ghabhadh mòran ionnsachadh mun aimsir: *much could be learned about the weather*; sna mìosan romhpa: *in the months ahead [in front of them]*; teas is toradh: *heat and produce*; fuachd is gailleann: *cold and tempest*; tart is crannadh: *drought and withering*; a’ sguabadh sneachd thar mullaichean a’ Mhonaidh Ruaidh: *sweeping snow across the summits of the Cairngorms*; dhèanadh i fead anns gach beàrn ann an dorsan is ballachan nan taighean: *it would make a whistling sound in every gap in the doors and walls of the houses*; mar gu robh pìobaire ri port: *as if a piper were playing a tune*; goirid às a dèidh, biodh stoirm ann: *shortly after it [fem], there would be a storm*; airson ro-aithris a dhèanamh air an t-sìde: *to predict the weather*; tha an seillean fo dhòn: *the bee keeps close [in shelter]*; thig gailleann is sian: *tempest and rainstorms will come*; tha an cat san luath, thig frasan fuar: *the cat’s in the ashes, cold showers will come*; nach eil uabhasach pailt an là an-diugh: *which isn’t very common today*; nan robh an deala aig bonn a’ bhotail: *if the leech were at the base of the bottle*; cha chreid mi gu bheil an sneachd fad às: *I don’t think the snow is far away*.

**Puing-ghràmar na seachdainne:** ’S fhiach aithris a dhèanamh air aon ghaoth eile: *it’s worth commenting on one more wind*. Fiach is an adjective meaning “valuable, worth, worthwhile” and it is most commonly met with in combination with the assertive verb *is* in such idiomatic phrases as in ’s fhiach e fheuchainn (*it’s worth trying*), am b’ fhiach an oidhirp? (*was the effort worth it?*), thuirt i nach b’ fhiach e (*she said it wasn’t worth it*). It can be a tricky one for learners because the sound of the “f” disappears with lenition – what you hear is the “s” or “b” of the assertive verb. *Keep a look out for it!*

**Seanfhacal na seachdainne:** Gaoth ron aiteamh, gaoth tro tholl, ’s gaoth nan long a tha a’ dol fo sheòl – na trì gaothan a b’ fhuair a dh’fhairich Fionn a-riamh: *wind before a thaw, wind through a hole and the wind of a ship when hoisting sail – the three coldest winds Fionn (MacCumhail, the ancient Gaelic hero) ever felt*.

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