

# 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 at [roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk](mailto:roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk) \* This is Litir 319. Note that Roddy also broadcasts a simplified version – An Litir Bheag – on Monday evenings at 7.00 pm. This is also available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 15 corresponds to Litir 319.*

Bha mi a’ bruidhinn an t-seachdain sa chaidh mun òran ainmeil *Mo Rùn Geal Òg*. Carson a bha sin, nise? Uill, bha adhbhar agam. Nochd an t-òran sin ann an leabhar ùr a chaidh fhoillseachadh o chionn ghoirid. ’S e an t-ainm a th’ air an leabhar *Òrain nan Rosach: a Collection of Gaelic Songs from Ross-shire*. ’S e leabhar air leth math a th’ ann. ’S i Fiona NicCoinnich a chuir ri chèile e. Tha Fiona a’ fuireach ann an Inbhir Pheofharain ann an Siorrachd Rois.

Chan eil a h-uile òran anns an leabhar buileach cho trom brònach ’s a tha *Mo Rùn Geal Òg*. Mar eisimpleir, tha fear ann aig a bheil dà thiotal – *Òran a’ Choilich, no Gog Gog!* Tha seo mu dheidhinn tachartas ann am baile beag air a bheil An Àird Dhubh. Tha an Àird Dhubh air cladach na Comraich. Bha cuid de na sinnsirean agam fhìn às an Àird Dhuibh agus, mar sin, tha mi toilichte gu bheil an t-òran anns an leabhar. Is iongantach mura robh càirdean agam fhìn am measg an fheadhainn a dh’fhulaing air sailleamh a’ choilich ghlais. Seo agaibh an t-sèist:

*Bha Gog! Gog! Gog! aig a’ choileach ghlais a-raoir  
Bha Gog! Gog! Gog! aig a’ choileach fad na h-oidhch’  
Cha robh creutair anns a’ bhaile  
Nighean òg no bean no cailleach  
Nuair bu chòir dhaibh bhith nan cadal  
Nach robh mach nan aodach oidhch’.*

A bheil sibh a’ tuigsinn dè bha a’ cur dragh air muinntir a’ bhaile? Am fuaim a bha an coileach a’ dèanamh air an oidhche. Seo an t-sèist a-rithist:

*Bha Gog! Gog! Gog! aig a’ choileach ghlais a-raoir  
Bha Gog! Gog! Gog! aig a’ choileach fad na h-oidhch’  
Cha robh creutair anns a’ bhaile  
Nighean òg no bean no cailleach  
Nuair bu chòir dhaibh bhith nan cadal  
Nach robh mach nan aodach oidhch’.*

Tha mi a’ smaoinneachadh gu bheil sinn uile air a bhith eòlach air a leithid de choileach – a bhios a’ gairm air an oidhche no tràth tràth sa mhadainn – co-dhiù ma tha sinn air a bhith a’ fuireach a-muigh air an dùthaich.

Bha Donnchadh MacCoinnich na bhàrd-baile. Bha e na sheinneadair math cuideachd. Chuala Donnchadh bho chuideigin às an Àird Dhuibh mu choileach a bha a’ cumail daoine suas fad na h-oidhche leis an fhuaim a bha e a’ dèanamh. Agus sgrìobh e an t-òran. Seo a’ chiad rann dheth:

*Mo mhallachd aig a’ choileach  
Chuir an sluagh nam boil a-raoir  
Shìn an caithream cruaidh ’s an sgreidail*

*Nuair a thàinig meadhan-oidhch’.*  
*Theann mi fhèin a-null ri Peigi*  
*’S mi air chrith le seòrsa eagail*  
*Ach nuair thòisich e air feadail*  
*Chuir e ’n cuthach air a’ chloinn.*

Chan eil “Peigi”, a nochdas san òran, beò a-nise, ach tha guth fear dhen chloinn air an do chuir an coileach an cuthach, aithnichte do luchd-èisteachd Radio nan Gàidheal. Bidh fios aig an fheadhainn aig a bheil fios!

Tha an t-ùghdar a’ faighinn comhairle san òran bho “nighean Iain mholaich”. Tha i ag ràdh, “Falbh ’s cuir às dha eun na mallachd”. An do ghabhadh a comhairle? Chan eil fhios agam, ach tha amharas agam nach robh saoghal a’ choilich ghlais buileach cho fada ’s a bhitheadh e nan robh an t-eun sin air a bhith sàmhach sìtheil air an oidhche!

\* \* \* \* \*

**Faclan na seachdaine:** Inbhir Pheofharain: *Dingwall*; sèist: *chorus*; feadail: *whistling*.  
**Abairtean na seachdaine:** bha adhbhar agam: *I had a reason*; a chaidh fhoillseachadh o chionn ghoirid: *which was published recently*; ’s e leabhar air leth math a th’ ann: *it is an excellent book*; air cladach na Comraich: *on the shoreline of Applecross*; is iongantach mura robh càirdean agam fhìn am measg an fheadhainn: *it is likely that relations of my own were among those*; air sailleamh a’ choilich ghlais: *because of the grey cockerel*; dè rinn an coileach orra?: *what did the cockerel do to [on] them?*; cha robh creutair anns a’ bhaile: *there was nobody in the village*; nuair [a] bu chòir dhaibh [a] bhith nan cadal: *when they should have been asleep*; nach robh mach nan aodach oidhch’: *weren’t out in their night clothes*; a bhios a’ gairm air an oidhche no tràth tràth sa mhadainn: *which calls during the night or first thing in the morning*; shìn an caithream cruaidh ’s an sgreadail: *the harsh loud noise and the screeching started*; theann mi fhèin a-null ri Peigi: *I moved closer to Peggy*; ’s mi air chrith le seòrsa eagail: *[and me] shaking with a sort of fear*; chuir e ’n cuthach air a’ chloinn: *he drove the children crazy*; falbh ’s cuir às dha eun na mallachd: *go and kill what wretched bird*; an do ghabhadh a comhairle?: *was his advice taken?*; tha amharas agam nach robh saoghal a’ choilich ghlais buileach cho fada: *I suspect the grey cockerel’s lifespan wasn’t quite as long*; nan robh an t-eun sin air a bhith sàmhach sìtheil: *if that bird had been quiet and peaceful*.

**Puing-chànain na seachdaine:** Bha cuid de na sinnsirean agam fhìn às an Àird Dhuibh: *some of my own ancestors were from Ardue/Arduibh*. Àird is a feminine word and therefore would be slenderised (traditionally) in the dative or prepositional case following a simple preposition. It cannot be slenderised itself, of course, but its qualifying adjective is slenderised – changing Dhubh to Dhuibh.

**Gnàths-cainnt na seachdaine:** Mo mhallachd aig a’ choileach [a] chuir an sluagh nam boil a-raoir: *my curse on the cockerel [that] infuriated the people last night*. Chuir e nam boil iad (or chuir e air bhoil iad): *he infuriated them/sent them into an uproar*.

\* Tha “Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh” air a maoineachadh le Seirbheis nam Meadhanan Gàidhlig