

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

A special programme, in the form of a “letter”, designed for 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, Ruairidh can be contacted at rodny.maclea@bbc.co.uk. This is Litir 413. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 109 corresponds to Litir 413.

Tha sgeulachd Ghàidhealach ainmeil co-cheangailte ri Beinn Ghulbain ann an Gleann Sìdh. 'S e a th' innte sgeulachd a bhiodh Gàidheil ag aithris, an dà chuid ann an Alba is Èirinn. 'S e an t-ainm a th' oirre “Diarmaid agus Gràinne”. Seo agaibh geàrr-chunntas dhen stòiridh.

Bha Fionn MacCumhail a' dol a phòsadh Gràinne, nighean aig fear de na rìghrean ann an Èirinn. Chaidh cuireadh a thoirt do dh'uaislean na Fèinne dhol don bhanais. Bha cuirm mhòr ann a mhair seachd latha. Agus nuair a bha a' chuir seachad do na daoine, bha cuirm eile ann do na coin.

Bha fear aig a' chuir air an robh Diarmaid. 'S e gaisgeach eireachdail a bh' ann. Bha ball-seirce air aodann – *a love spot*. Ball-seirce. Bhiodh e an-còmhnaidh a' cumail a bhonaid sìos gus nach fhaiceadh daoine am ball-seirce. Oir, boireannach sam bith a chitheadh e, bhiodh i a' gabhail trom-ghaol air Diarmaid sa spot.

Aig cuirm nan con, thòisich feadhainn de na coin air sabaid le chèile. Dh'fheuch gaisgich na Fèinne ris na coin a chur bho chèile. Fhad 's a bha Diarmaid a' dèanamh sin, thog e a bhonaid beagan. Agus chunnaic Gràinne am ball-seirce. Ghabh i gaol air Diarmaid.

“Ruithidh thu air falbh leam,” thuir i ris.

“Cha dèan mi sin,” arsa Diarmaid. “Cha tèid mi leat. Cha ghabh mi am bog thu. Cha ghabh mi an cruaidh thu. Cha ghabh mi a-muigh thu 's cha ghabh mi a-staigh thu. Cha ghabh mi air each thu 's cha ghabh mi 'd chois thu.” Chaidh Diarmaid a dh'àite fad' air falbh. Thog e taigh is dh'fhuirich e ann.

Madainn a bha seo cò ghlaodh aig an doras ach Gràinne. “A bheil thu a-staigh a Dhiarmaid?” thuir i.

“Tha,” fhreagair Diarmaid.

“Thig a-mach is falbh leam,” thuir Gràinne.

“Nach tuirt mi riut cheana,” fhreagair e, “nach gabhainn 'd chois thu, 's nach gabhainn air each thu, 's nach gabhainn a-muigh thu, 's nach gabhainn a-staigh thu, 's nach biodh gnothach agam riut.”

Bha i eadar dà ursainn an dorais air muin boc goibhre. Tha mi airson 's gun tuig sibh sin gu ceart. *She was between the two door posts on the back of a billy goat.* Bha i eadar dà ursainn an dorais air muin boc goibhre.

“Chan eil mi a-muigh is chan eil mi a-staigh,” thuir i. “Chan eil mi 'm chois 's chan eil mi air each. Feumaidh tu dhol leam.”

“Chan eil àite dhan d' rachamaid,” thuir Diarmaid, “air nach biodh fios aig Fionn nuair a chuireadh e a làmh fo a dheud fhiosach. Marbhaidh e mi ma dh'fhalbhas mi leat.”

“Thèid sinn do Charraig,” thuirt Gràinne. “Tha **uiread** de Charraigeann ann ’s nach bi fios aige cò an tè anns a bheil sinn.” Agus dh’fhalbh iad còmhla gu àite air an robh Carraig an Daimh. Rinn iad an dachaigh ann. Bha Diarmaid na shaor agus na iasgair, agus bhiodh Gràinne a’ reic nan soithichean fiodha a bha Diarmaid a’ dèanamh. Ach bha leapannan air leth aca.

Latha a bha seo thàinig bodach mòr nan rathad. Fear **ris an abradh iad** Ciofach Mac a’ Ghoill. Ghabh Gràinne taitneachd dhen bhodach. Rinn i fhèin is am bodach plana airson Diarmaid a mharbhadh. Bha Diarmaid ag obair air na soithichean. Thug am bodach ionnsaigh air. Bha am bodach làidir ach bha Diarmaid na bu làidire. Chuir Diarmaid am bodach fodha.

Rug Gràinne air sgian agus stob i ann an sliasaid Dhiarmaid i. Theich Diarmaid. Is cluinnidh sinn na thachair an ath-sheachdain.

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Faclan na Litreach: Beinn Ghulbain: *Ben Gulabin*; Gleann Sìdh: *Glenshee*; Fionn MacCumhail: *Fingal*.

Abairtean na Litreach: nighean aig fear de na rìghrean: *a daughter of one of the kings*; do dh’uaislean na Fèinne: *to the Fingalian gentlemen*; a mhair seachd latha: *which lasted seven days*; bha cuirm eile ann do na coin: *there was another feast for the dogs*; ’s e gaisgeach eireachdail a bh’ ann: *he was a handsome hero*; gus nach fhaiceadh daoine am ball-seirce: *so that people wouldn’t see the love spot*; boireannach sam bith a chitheadh e: *any woman that would see it*; bhiodh i a’ gabhail trom-ghaol air: *she would fall deeply in love with*; sa spot: *instantly*; ris na coin a chur bho chèile: *to separate the dogs*; thog e a bhonaid: *he lifted his hat*; ruithidh thu air falbh leam: *you’ll run away with me*; cha ghabh mi an cruaidh thu: *I’ll not take you in hardness*; cha ghabh mi air each thu ’s cha ghabh mi ’d chois thu: *I’ll not take you on horseback and I’ll not take you on foot*; a dh’àite fad’ air falbh: *to a place far away*; cò ghlaodh aig an doras: *who shouted at the door*; nach tuirt mi riut cheana: *didn’t I say to you already*; nach gabhainn ’d chois thu: *that I wouldn’t take you on foot*; nach biodh gnothach agam riut: *that I wouldn’t have anything to do with you*; chan eil àite dhan d’ rachamaid: *there’s no place we would [could] go*; nuair a chuireadh e a làmh fo a dheud fhiosach: *when he put his hand under his tooth of knowledge*; bha X na shaor agus na iasgair: *X was a carpenter and fisherman*; soithichean fiodha: *wooden vessels*; bha leapannan air leth aca: *they had separate beds*; thàinig bodach mòr nan rathad: *a big old man appeared in their vicinity*; ghabh X taitneachd de Y: *X took a liking to Y*; stob i ann an sliasaid X i: *she stuck it into X’s thigh*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: Fear **ris an abradh iad** Ciofach Mac a’ Ghoill: *a man whom they would call Ciofach Mac a’ Ghoill (Ciofach, son of the foreigner/lowlander). Being from more northerly parts, I don’t tend to use the full range of the irregular verb abair (“say”) in my Gaelic – but I occasionally deliberately put it in the Litir so you will be exposed to it. You will only commonly find its full usage today in Argyll. In the more northern parts of the Gàidhealtachd you will hear ris an canadh iad, using the regular verb can (a’ cantainn/cantail), rather than ris an abradh iad. In Argyll you will hear things like mar a dh’abradh tu, abramaid in place of mar a chanadh tu (as you would say), canamaid (let us say).*

Gnàths-cainnt na Litreach: Tha **uiread** de Charraigeann ann ’s nach bi fios aige cò an tè anns a bheil sinn: *there are so many Carraigs that he won’t know which one we’re in.*

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