

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

An Gille agus an Gobha (3)

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.macleon@bbc.co.uk. This is Litir 689. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 385 corresponds to Litir 689.

Bha mi ag innse dhuibh an stòiridh *An Gille agus an Gobha*. Bha ceann na bana-phrionnsa tromach air shearrach. Bha Iain, an gobha, air gealltainn don Rìgh gun cuireadh e ceart i.

Gheàrr e a ceann dhith, mar a rinn an gille don bhoireannach ann an ceàrdach Iain fada roimhe sin. Chuir e an ceann don teine agus shèid e am balg-sèididh. An ceann greis cha robh air fhàgail dhen cheann ach luathre. Rinn Iain smugaid, agus rinn e taois dhen luathre. Chuir e an taois air amhaich na h-ìghne ach cha do rinn sin feum sam bith. Cha do dh’fhàs a ceann às ùr.

Bha an t-eagal mòr air Iain. Bha na freiceadain a’ feitheamh taobh a-muigh an dorais. Dh’fheuch e a-rithist e. Cha do dh’obraich e.

An uair sin, fhuair e sgleog air a chluais. An sin, na sheasamh air a chùlaibh, bha am fear òg, le èideadh uaine air. “Nach do dh’inns mi dhut,” thuirt e, “gun a bhith a’ dèanamh an rud a rinn mise. Suidh an sin. Agus na gluais corrach.”

Rinn am fear òg taois dhen luathre agus chuir e air amhaich na bana-phrionnsa i. Nochd solas uaine anns an taois agus dh’èirich ceann air amhaich na h-ìghne. Dh’fhosgail i a sùilean agus rinn i gàire. “**Tiugainn**, a ghràidh,” thuirt am fear òg rithe. Mus do dh’fhalbh iad, thug am fear òg seachd buinn òir don ghobha. “Cuimhnich,” thuirt e, “na dèan a-rithist e!”

Bha Iain air còig buinn òir a shàbhaladh bhon chiad turas a thachair e ris a’ ghille. Mar sin, bha a-nise dusan bonn òir aige. Ach chuimhnich e a sheann bhean, a bha marbh fon ghual anns a’ cheàrdaich aige. Bha e fhathast fo iomagain mu dheidhinn sin.

An uair sin, bha gnog air an doras. Bha cuideigin ag iarraidh a-steach. Dh’fhosgail e an doras. Cò bh’ ann ach Magaidh a bhean, agus i beò. Ghabh e uiread de dh’iongnadh ’s gun do chuir e a ghàirdeanan timcheall oirre.

“Dè tha thu ris?” thuirt i.

“Tha mi ag iarraidh pòg,” ars esan.

“Pòg?” ars ise. “Cha d’ fhuair mi pòg bhut bho chionn bhliadhnaichean.”

“Uill, bheir mi pòg dhut an-dràsta,” thuirt Iain. “Gheibh thu pògan bhuam mar nach d’ fhuair riamh.”

“Nach ist thu!” thuirt i. “Sguir dhen dol a-mach agad. Nise, tha fear a’ tighinn sìos an rathad, air muin eich. ’S dòcha gum faigh sinn beagan airgid airson biadh a cheannach.”

“Airgead?” thuirt Iain. “Airgead? Mas e airgead a tha thu ag iarraidh, ’s e mi fhìn an duine.” Chuir e a làmh na phòcaid. Thug e a-mach dusan bonn òir.

“Càite an d’ fhuair thu sin, a bhumaileir leisg?” dh’fhaighnich a’ bhean. “Is cinnteach nach ann tro chosnadh onarach.”

“Na bodraig le sin,” ars an gobha. “**S ann dhuts’ a tha e.** Agus gheibh thu tuilleadh nuair a ruigeas am fear-eich sinn.” Bha fios aig an Iain gur e teachdaire bhon Rìgh a bh’ anns an fhear-eich. Bha duais aige do dh’Iain airson ceann na bana-phrionnsa a thionndadh air a h-amhaich.

Agus bhon latha sin a-mach gus an do leig e suas an deò, cha tuirt Iain facal feirg a-rithist don bhean aige. Bha e coma mu a droch nàdar agus mun t-sniomh a bh’ aice na h-amhaich. Agus thug e pòg dhi a h-uile oidhche mus deach e a laighe.

* * * * *

Faclan na Litreach: luaithe: *ash*; smugaid: *spit*; taois: *paste*; ceàrdach: *smiddy*; dusan: *twelve*; teachdaire: *messenger*.

Abairtean na Litreach: An Gille agus an Gobha: *the lad and the smith*; bha ceann na bana-phrionnsa tromach air shearrach: *the princess’s head was on backwards*; air gealltainn don Rìgh: *had promised to the King*; gheàrr e a ceann dhith: *he cut her head off [her]*; fada roimhe sin: *long before that*; shèid e am balg-sèididh: *he blew the bellows*; amhaich na h-ìghne: *the girl’s neck*; bha na freiceadain a’ feitheamh taobh a-muigh an dorais: *the guards were waiting outside the door*; fhuair e sgleog air a chluais: *he received a cuff on his ear*; na sheasamh air a chùlaibh: *standing behind him*; le èideadh uaine air: *wearing green clothing*; nach do dh’inns mi dhut: *didn’t I tell you*; suidh an sin: *sit there*; na gluais corrag: *don’t move a finger*; dh’fhosgail i a sùilean agus rinn i gàire: *she opened her eyes and smiled*; seachd buinn òir: *seven gold coins*; bha e fhathast fo iomagain: *he was still vexed*; dè tha thu ris?: *what are you doing?*; gheibh thu pògan bhuam mar nach d’ fhuair riamh: *you’ll get kisses from me like you never got before*; nach ist thu!: *[won’t you] be quiet!*; sguir dhen dol a-mach agad: *stop your nonsense*; air muin eich: *on horseback*; chuir e a làmh na phòcaid: *he put his hand in his pocket*; a bhumaileir leisg: *you lazy oaf*; is cinnteach nach ann tro chosnadh onarach: *certainly not through honourable earning*; na bodraig le sin: *don’t [you] bother about that*; gus do leig e suas an deò: *until he breathed his last*; facal feirg: *an angry word*; bha e coma mu a droch nàdar agus mun sniomh a bh’ aice na h-amhaich: *he didn’t care about her bad nature and about the twist she had in her neck*; thug e pòg dhi a h-uile oidhche mus deach e a laighe: *he gave her a kiss every night before he turned in*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: **’S ann dhuts’ a tha e:** *it’s for you. This construction allows us to emphasize the personal pronoun tu, here disguised in the prepositional pronoun dhut ‘to you’ (idiomatically ‘for you’). The use of the emphatic suffix –sa on dhut ie dhutsa, shortened to dhuts’ in front of a vowel, increases that emphasis. An alternative would be tha e dhutsa but, by using ’s ann at the start of the clause, it puts more emphasis on the dhutsa.*

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: **Tiugainn,** a ghràidh: *let’s go, dear.*

Tha “Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh” air a maoineachadh le MG ALBA