

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

Iain Moireasdan, Fiosaiche Pheitidh (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 875. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 571 corresponds to Litir 875.

Bha mi ag innse dhuibh mun Urramach Iain Moireasdan, ministear Pheitidh, aig an robh an dà-shealladh. 'S e duine iongantach a bh' ann. Bha e na bhàrd agus na fhìdhlear. Latha a bha seo, bha boireannaich à Baile nan Iasgairean faisg air Peitidh a' tilleadh dhachaigh, air dhaibh iasg a reic ann an Inbhir Nis. Air an rathad, stad iad aig taigh-seinnse. **Bha smùid orra.**

Aig an àm sin, bha an rathad mòr a' dol seachad air mansa Pheitidh. Chunnaic am ministear na boireannaich. Chaidh e a-mach airson trod riutha mun dol a-mach aca. Bha fìdheall na làimh. Dh' iarr tè de na boireannaich air port a chluich dhaibh. Chluich e port agus rinn na boireannaich dannsa air an rathad.

Cha robh na h-èildearan toilichte nuair a chuala iad mu dheidhinn. Chaidh fear dhiubh don mhansa airson trod ris a' mhinistear.

'Ciamar a b' urrainn dhomh a diùltadh?' thuirt Mgr Moireasdan. 'Chan fhada gus am bi ainglean nèimh fhèin a' seinn an cuid chlàrsach dhi oir chan fhaic i seachdain eile anns an t-saoghal seo.' Agus, mar a thuirt am ministear, taobh a-staigh beagan làithean bha am boireannach marbh.

Bhathar a' faighinn uisge airson a' mhansa à tobar ris an cainte Fuaran a' Mhinistear. Bha an rathad eadar am mansa agus an tobar a' dol tron chladh. Bha e na chleachdadh a bhith a' faighinn a-staigh crogan uisge oidhche Shathairne gus nach biodh aig na searbhantan ri dhol don tobar air an t-Sàbaid.

Oidhche Shathairne a bha seo, ge-tà, cha d' fhuaradh an crogan uisge. Agus feasgar na Sàbaid, an dèidh dol-fodha na grèine, bha am pathadh air a' mhinistear. Chaidh tè de na searbhantan aige don tobar, anns an dorchadas, airson uisge fhaighinn. Ach cha do thill i mar a bha dùil.

'Càite a bheil mo ghlainne uisge?' dh' fhaighnich am ministear dhen t-searbhant eile.

'Gheibh sibh sa mhionaid i, a mhaighstir,' thuirt an tè òg.

'S mi nach fhaigh,' fhreagair am ministear. 'Tha an crogan briste agus an t-uisge air chall. Thalla thusa don chladh agus cuidich do charaid a-mach às an uaigh dhan do thuit i.' Dh' fhalbh an nighean don chladh agus lorg i an tèile. Bha i a' feuchainn ri faighinn a-mach às uaigh dhan do thuit i anns an dorchadas. 'S e uaigh ùr a bh' ann a chaidh a chladhach am feasgar roimhe.

'S iomadh stòiridh a th' ann mu Iain Moireasdan ach nì aon tèile a' chùis. Bha fear òg, Dòmhnall MacRath, a' fuireach aig Tom na Croiche ann an sgìre Pheitidh.

Bha e na bhleigear uabhasach. Bha e ri plòighean is droch-chleasan fad na h-ùine. Dh'fheuch am ministear ri Dòmhnall a thoirt gu Crìosd ach dh'fhàilnich air.

Sàbaid a bha seo, ge-tà, chaidh Dòmhnall don eaglais. Bha e sa ghailearaidh shuas. Bha e ri plòigh air choreigin nuair a thuit e a-mach às a' ghailearaidh agus air a' choitheanal gu h-ìosal. Nuair a chunnaic am ministear nach robh e air a ghoirteachadh, thuir e:

*A Dhòmhnail MhicRath, gun ruth 's gun rath, thig latha ortsa fhathast,
Chuir thu eagal air na bha nan dùisg, is dhùisg thu na bha nan cadal!*

Goirid an dèidh sin, **thàinig an latha air** Dòmhnall. Ghabh e ri Crìosd agus cha robh e tuilleadh ris na droch-phlòighean aige. Dìreach mar a dh'inns Ministear Pheitidh, Iain Moireasdan, a thachradh.

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Faclan na Litreach: Peitidh: *Petty*; Baile nan Iasgairean: *Fisherton*; taigh-seinnse: *inn, pub*; port: *tune*; tobar: *well*; cladh: *graveyard*; dh'fhàilnich air: *he failed*.

Abairtean na Litreach: duine iongantach: *an amazing man*; bha e na bhàrd agus na fhìdhlear: *he was a poet and a fiddler*; air dhaibh iasg a reic: *after selling fish*; airson trod riutha mun dol a-mach aca: *to scold them about their behaviour*; dh'iarr tè de na boireannaich air port a chluich dhaibh: *one of the women asked him to play them a tune*; cha robh na h-èildearan toilichte: *the elders were not pleased*; ciamar a b' urrainn dhomh a diùltadh: *how could I refuse her*; chan fhada gus am bi ainglean nèimh fhèin a' seinn an cuid chlàrsach dhi: *it won't be long until the angels of heaven themselves will be playing their harps for her*; bhathar a' faighinn uisge airson a' mhansa: *water was obtained for the manse*; gus nach biodh aig na searbhantan ri dhol don tobar air an t-Sàbaid: *so that the servants wouldn't have to go to the well on the Sabbath*; cha d' fhuaradh an crogan uisge: *the pitcher of water wasn't obtained*; an dèidh dol-fodha na grèine: *after sunset*; bha am pathadh air a' mhinistear: *the minister was thirsty*; gheibh sibh sa mhionaid i: *you'll get it in a moment*; 's mi nach fhaigh: *I certainly won't [get]*; cuidich do charaid a-mach às an uaigh dhan do thuit i: *help your friend out of the grave into which she fell*; uaigh ùr a chaidh a chladhach am feasgar roimhe: *a new grave that was dug the previous evening*; bha e na bhleigear uabhasach: *he was a terrible rascal*; ri plòighean is droch-chleasan: *involved in ploys and nasty tricks*; thuit e air a' choitheanal gu h-ìosal: *he fell on the congregation below*; gun ruth 's gun rath: *who oft goes astray*; thig latha ortsa fhathast: *you will have your day yet*; dhùisg thu na bha nan cadal: *you woke up those who were asleep*; dìreach mar a dh'inns X a thachradh: *just as X said would happen*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: **Bha smùid orra:** *they were drunk*. Smùid in this idiom refers to a fair degree of drunkenness without having reached a paralytic level. It is generally used with the preposition 'air' or with the verb gabh, a' gabhail. Tha smùid oirre 'she is drunk'. Tha e a' gabhail smùid 'he is getting drunk'.

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: Goirid an dèidh sin, **thàinig an latha air** Dòmhnall: *shortly after that, Donald had his day (his life changed)*.

Tha "Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh" air a maoinachadh le MG ALBA