

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

Pàdraig na Beinne (1)

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 990. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 686 corresponds to Litir 990.

An cuala sibh riamh an sgeulachd *Pàdraig na Beinne*? Tha i a’ nochdadh ann an cruinneachadh de sgeulachdan traidiseanta a rinn Murchadh MacLeòid nach maireann – ‘Murchadh HMI’ mar a chanadh daoine ris. ’S e sgeulachd laghach a th’ innte, air a deagh aithris le sàr-Ghàidheal. Nì mi mo dhìcheall gearr-chunntas dhith a thoirt dhuibh.

Bha fear ann uaireigin aig an robh tuathanas beag air cliathaich beinne. Chanadh daoine Pàdraig na Beinne ris. Bha e fhèin, a bhean agus an gille aca **cho sona ’s a bha an latha fada**.

Bha dà bhò aca agus chuir iad romhpa tè dhiubh a reic. Dh’fhalbh Pàdraig don bhaile mhòr leatha ach, mo thruaighe, cha robh aon duine ag iarraidh a ceannach. Ghabh Pàdraig air ais dhachaigh air a shocair, e fhèin agus a’ bhò.

Cha robh e air a dhol fada nuair a thachair e ri fear aig an robh each ri reic. Shaoil Pàdraig gum b’ fheàrr leis each a bhith aige, seach bò, agus rinn an dithis suaip. Beagan ùine an dèidh sin, thachair e ri duine aig an robh muc mhòr reamhar. Rinn iad còrdadh, agus dh’fhalbh Pàdraig leis a’ mhuc.

Thachair e an uair sin ri fear aig an robh gobhar. Agus – tuigidh sibh – cha b’ fhada gus an robh e a’ dèanamh air an taigh le gobhar na chois, an àite muc. Bha fear le caora a’ coiseachd seachad agus shaoil Pàdraig gum biodh e math caora a bhith aige. Ach cha robh a’ chaora aige fada nuair a thachair e ri fear le gèadh. Rinn an dithis aca suaip, agus dh’fhalbh ar laoch leis a’ ghèadh.

Bha fear le coileach a’ dèanamh air a’ bhaile mhòr agus thachair e fhèin is Pàdraig ri chèile. ‘O, coileach,’ thuirt Pàdraig ris fhèin, ‘nach biodh sin na b’ fheàrr na gèadh?’

Bha e a’ fàs anmoch, agus bha an oidhche a’ tighinn. Cha robh Pàdraig air càil ithe fad an latha agus bha an t-acras ga tholladh. Reic e an coileach agus, leis an airgead a fhuair e, cheannaich e biadh.

Às dèidh dha grèim-bìdh a ghabhail, lean e air an rathad dhachaigh. Ràinig e taigh caraid. A-steach a ghabh e, agus thòisich a charaid air ceistean a chur air mu mar a chaidh an latha dha.

‘Och, meadhanach math,’ fhreagair Pàdraig. ‘Chan eil cus adhbhair agam toileachas a dhèanamh, ach dè math dhomh a bhith a’ gearan?’ Agus dh’inns e do a charaid, facal air an fhacal, a h-uile rud a dh’èirich dhà tron latha.

‘O, seadh,’ thuir a charaid. ‘Chan eil sin ro mhath. **Gheibh thu do chruaidh-fhortain** nuair a chluinneas do bhean mar a thachair. Cha bu toigh leam a bhith nad àite. **Tha rud thugad**, ’ille!’

‘O, ged as e droch rud a rinn mi,’ dh’aidich Pàdraig, ‘cha dèan a’ bhean agam trod rium. Cha bhi i a’ gearan uair sam bith mu rud sam bith a nì mi.’

‘Tha sin doirbh a chreidsinn,’ fhreagair a charaid.

‘Glè mhath, ma-thà,’ arsa Pàdraig. ‘Cuiridh mi geall nach dèan i trod rium. Tha ceud not agam air a chur ma seach. Ma throideas i rium, gheibh thus’ an t-airgead. An toir thusa dhòmhsa ceud not mura dèan i gearan?’

‘Is mise a nì sin,’ thuir a charaid. Agus innsidh mi dhuibh dè thachair do Phàdraig aig an taigh – an-ath-sheachdain.

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Faclan na Litreach: nach maireann: *deceased*; mo thruaighe: *alas*; ar laoch: *our hero*; coileach: *cockerel*; anmoch: *late*.

Abairtean na Litreach: ‘S e sgeulachd laghach a th’ innte, air a deagh aithris le sàr-Ghàidheal: *it’s a nice story, well told by a noble, excellent Gael*; bha fear ann uaireigin aig an robh tuathanas beag air cliathaich beinne: *there was a man one time who had a small farm on the slope of a mountain*; chuir iad romhpa tè dhiubh a reic: *they decided to sell one of them*; ghabh X air ais dhachaigh air a shocair: *X calmly made for home*; nuair a thachair e ri fear aig an robh each ri reic: *when he met a man who had a horse to sell*; gum b’ fheàrr leis each a bhith aige, seach bò: *that he would prefer to own a horse, rather than a cow*; rinn an dithis suaip: *the two men did a swap*; rinn iad còrdadh, agus dh’fhalbh X leis a’ mhuic: *they made a bargain, and X left with the pig*; cha b’ fhada gus an robh e a’ dèanamh air an taigh le gobhar na chois: *it wasn’t long until he was making for a home, accompanied by a goat*; cha robh a’ chaora aige fada nuair a thachair e ri fear le gèadh: *he didn’t have the sheep long when he met a man with a goose*; bha an t-acras ga tholladh: *he was famished by hunger*; cheannaich e biadh: *he bought food*; a-steach a ghabh e: *he went in*; thòisich a charaid air ceistean a chur air mu mar a chaidh an latha dha: *his friend started to question him about how his day went*; dè math dhomh a bhith a’ gearan?: *what good is it to me to be complaining?*; cha dèan a’ bhean agam trod rium: *my wife won’t scold me*; cuiridh mi geall: *I’ll bet*; tha ceud not agam air a chur ma seach: *I have a hundred pounds set aside*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: **Gheibh thu do chruaidh-fhortain** nuair a chluinneas do bhean mar a thachair. **Tha rud thugad**, ’ille!: *These are two good idiomatic expressions. Cruaidh-fhortain means misfortune so gheibh thu do chruaidh-fhortain means ‘you’ll be for it!’* Tha rud thugad means *pretty much the same*. Bidh rud thugad mura nochd thu aig an àm cheart *‘you’ll be for it if you don’t appear at the correct time’*.

Gnathasan-cainnt na Litreach: cho sona ’s a bha an latha fada: *as happy as the day was long*.

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