

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

Na Trì Lèintean Canaich (4)

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 1,008. Note that there is also a simplified version called An Litir Bheag which is likewise available on the BBC website. Litir Bheag 704 corresponds to Litir 1,008.

Tha mi a’ dol a chur crìoch air an sgeulachd ‘Na Trì Lèintean Canaich’. Bha a’ bhanrigh trom a-rithist, ach lean i oirre le bhith a’ snìomh agus a’ fighe nan trì lèintean canaich airson a bràithrean a shaoradh bhon gheas. Thàinig an aon bhean-ghlùine ’s a bh’ aice roimhe. Rug a’ bhanrigh leanabh-gille – an dàrna fear. Chuir a’ bhean-ghlùine roimhpe gun cadal fhaighinn. Ach, an dèidh seachdain, bha i ro sgìth agus **thàinig an cadal oirre**.

Cha b’ fhada bha i na cadal nuair a thàinig làmh mhòr a-steach air an uinneig. Thug i leatha an leanabh. Nuair a dhùisg a’ bhean-ghlùine, cha robh sgeul air an leanabh. Bha piseag a-staigh agus mharbh i i. Chuir i fuil a’ chait ann an cupa agus shuath i an fhuil ri beul na banrigh.

Chaidh i an uair sin far an robh an rìgh. ‘ ’S ann olc a tha am boireannach siud,’ ars ise ris, ‘agus i ag ithe a leanabh fhèin.’

‘Am bi i a’ dèanamh sin?’ thuirt an rìgh.

‘Bithidh,’ fhreagair a’ bhean-ghlùine.

‘Ud, chan eil i ach gòrach,’ thuirt an rìgh. ‘Leigidh sinn leatha sin an-dràsta.’

Thachair an gnothach turas eile. Bha a’ bhanrigh fhathast ag obair air na lèintean canaich. Rug i leanabh gille eile, ach chaidh a thoirt air falbh leis an làimh mhòir turas eile. Bha cuilean a-staigh. Mharbh a’ bhean-ghlùine an cuilean agus shuath i fuil bhuaithe air beul na banrigh.

Chaidh a’ bhean-ghlùine a-rithist far an robh an rìgh. ‘ ’S ann olc a tha am boireannach siud. Dh’ith i a leanabh fhèin,’ thuirt i.

An turas seo, bha beachd eadar-dhealaichte aig an rìgh oirre. ‘Bidh sinn ga crochadh a-màireach,’ thuirt e.

Bha na trì lèintean canaich a-nise deiseil. Chaidh fios a-mach gu gach ceàrn **gun robhar a’ dol a chrochadh na banrigh**. Chaidh fios a chur air na trì coin ghlasa anns an uaimh. Thàinig iad air muin each, nan trì gillean òga, agus bha balachan beag leis a h-uile fear aca.

Dh’iarr a’ bhanrigh air an fhear a bu shine a chuid aodaich a chur dheth. Chuir i lèine chanaich air. ‘Gun còrd do lèine riut, a bhràthair,’ ars ise.

‘Gum bi thu fhèin slàn, fallain, a phiuthar,’ ars esan.

Dh’iarr i an uair sin air an fhear mheadhanach a chuid aodaich a chur dheth. Chuir i lèine ùr air. ‘Gun còrd do lèine riut, a bhràthair,’ ars ise.

‘Gum bi thu fhèin slàn, fallain, a phiuthar,’ ars esan.

Dh'iarr i air an fhear a b' òige a chuid aodaich a chur dheth. Chuir i lèine chanaich air. 'Gun còrd do lèine riut, a bhràthair,' ars ise.

'Gum bi thu fhèin slàn, fallain, a phiuthar,' ars esan.

'S e sinne a thug a' chlann agad air falbh,' dh'aidich na bràithrean. 'Bha an t-eagal oirnn gum bruidhneadh tu riutha aig àm laighe, agus gum biomaid fo gheasaibh gu sìorraidh. Seo an triùir bhalach agad.'

Chunnaic an rìgh seo agus bha e toilichte. Chuala e guth a mhnà airson a' chiad turais. Chuir e às don bhean-ghlùine, don Iochlach Ùrlair (a' bhana-bhuidseach) agus don mhuime olc. Thill e fhèin, a' bhanrigh agus an triùir mhac don lùchairt, far an robh iad sona còmhla. Ach tha amharas agam nach do rinn a' bhanrigh aon lèine chanaich tuilleadh fhad 's a bu bheò i.

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Faclan na Litreach: Na Trì Lèintean Canaich: *The Three Bog Cotton Shirts*; trom: *pregnant*; piseag: *kitten*; eadar-dhealaichte: *different*; na trì coin ghlasa: *the three grey dogs*; balachan: *wee lad*.

Abairtean na Litreach: lean i oirre le bhith a' snìomh agus a' fighe: *she continued spinning and weaving*; airson a bràithrean a shaoradh bhon gheas: *to free her brothers from the spell*; thàinig an aon bhean-ghlùine 's a bh' aice roimhe: *the same midwife came that she had had before*; rug a' bhanrigh leanabh-gille: *the queen gave birth to a son*; thug i leatha an leanabh: *it took the baby with it*; chuir i fuil a' chait ann an cupa: *she put the cat's blood in a cup*; shuath i an fhuil ri beul na banrigh: *she wiped the blood on the queen's mouth*; 's ann olc a tha am boireannach siud: *that woman is evil*; ag ithe a leanabh fhèin: *eating her own baby*; am bi i a' dèanamh sin?: *does she [will she] be doing that?*; chan eil i ach gòrach: *she is just foolish*; leigidh sinn leatha: *we'll let her be*; rug i leanabh gille eile: *she gave birth to another baby boy*; mharbh a' bhean-ghlùine an cuilean: *the midwife killed the puppy*; bidh sinn ga crochadh a-màireach: *we'll be hanging her tomorrow*; dh'iarr a' bhanrigh air an fhear a bu shine a chuid aodaich a chur dheth: *the queen asked the eldest one to take off his clothes*; gun còrd do lèine riut, a bhràthair: *[I hope] that you enjoy your shirt, brother*; gum bi thu fhèin slàn, fallain, a phiuthar: *[I hope] that you'll be hale and healthy, sister*; 's e sinne a thug a' chlann agad air falbh: *it's us that took away your children*; bha an t-eagal oirnn gum bruidhneadh tu riutha aig àm laighe: *we feared that you would speak to them at bedtime*; gum biomaid fo gheasaibh gu sìorraidh: *that we'd forever be under a spell*; chuala e guth a mhnà: *he heard his wife's voice*; fhad 's a bu bheò i: *as long as she lived*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: gun robhar a' dol a chrochadh na banrigh: *that the queen was going to be hanged*. Gun robhar is a passive form, the relative form of *bhathar*. *Bhathar a' dol a chrochadh na banrigh* 'the queen was going to be hanged'. *Crochadh* is a verbal noun in its infinitive form which places *banrigh* in the genitive case thus the genitive article *na*.

Gnathas-cainnt na Litreach: thàinig an cadal oirre: *she fell asleep*.

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