

Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

Mo Rùn Geal Òg

Each week the West Highland Free Press publishes the text for Ruairidh's "Letter to Gaelic Learners" on BBC Radio nan Gàidheal (103.5-105 FM). Broadcasts are as follows: 2:55pm on Sunday as part of BBC Radio nan Gàidheal's hour-long learning zone, following the Gaelic Learners' programme 'SpeakGaelic Extra', with a repeat at 10.30 pm on Wednesday. This is Litir 1,224. There is also a simpler version – An Litir Bheag – which is broadcast at 2:30pm each Sunday. Litir Bheag 920 corresponds to Litir 1,224. The Litir is also available at www.bbc.co.uk/litir and www.learnghaelic.scot/litir. Ruairidh can be contacted at fios@learnghaelic.scot.

'Och, a Theàrlaich òig Stiùbhairt, 's e do chùis rinn mo lèireadh. Thug thu bhuan gach nì bh' agam, ann an cogadh nad adhbhar ...' Tha mi cinnteach gum bi feadhainn agaibh ag aithneachadh nam briathran ainmeil sin. Tha iad aig toiseach òrain ris an canar 'Mo Rùn Geal Òg.' Bha e air a sgrìobhadh le Cairistiona NicFhearghais mun duine aice, Uilleam Siosalach, a chaidh a mharbhadh aig Blàr Chùil Lodair.

No an robh? Tha cuid air ceist a thogail mu eachdraidh an òrain. An e Cairistiona NicFhearghais a sgrìobh e? Agus an e 'Uilleam' a bh' air an fhear a chaill a bheatha? Tha an cunntas sin stèidhichte air na sgrìobh Iain MacCoinnich anns an leabhar aige 'Sàr-Obair nam Bàrd Gàidhealach'. Sgrìobh mi mu dheidhinn o chionn fhada ann an Litir trì cheud 's a h-ochd-deug (318).

Mar as trice, nuair a tha an t-òran air a ghabhail le seinneadair, tha ceithir no còig rannan ann. Ach, ann an aon dreach dheth, tha aon rann deug ann. Anns an Litir seo, tha mi a' dol a thoirt sùil air trì rannan anns an òran **nach cluinnear ach ainneamh**.

Seo an dàrna rann: *Cò nis a thogas an claidheamh, Cò nì a' chathair a lìonadh, 's gann gur e a th' air m' aire, O nach maireann mo chiadghràdh; Ach ciamar gheibhinn o m' nàdar, A bhith ag àicheadh nas miann leam, Is mo thogradh cho làidir, Bhith cur an àite mo rìgh mhaith, Mo rùn geal òg.*

Anns an rann seo tha a' bhean ag ràdh gu bheil i coma mun phoilitigs. B' fheàrr leatha gun robh an duine aice fhathast beò, eadhon ged a bhiodh an rìgh aice marbh.

Anns an treas rann, tha a' bhana-bhàrd a' moladh cumadh is coltas an duine aice: *Bu tu 'm fear slinneanach, leathann, Bu chaoile meadhain 's bu dealbhaich; Cha b' e tàillear gun eòlas, Dhèanadh còta math geàrr dhut, no dhèanadh dhut triubhas, Gun bhith cumhang no gann dhut ...*

Bha an duine aice slinneanach 'broad-shouldered'. Bha e leathann. Tha mi cinnteach le sin gu bheil i a' ciallachadh 'broad-chested'. Ach bha a mheadhan caol is dealbhach. Airson còta-geàrr a dhèanamh dha, dh'fheumadh an tàillear a bhith gu math comasach.

Anns an òran, tha Cairistiona (**mas i a bh' ann**) ag ràdh nach do ghabh i ris an droch naidheachd an toiseach. Bha i a' feitheamh ris an duine aice aig an taigh. Bha i an dùil 's an dòchas gun coisicheadh e a-steach air an doras. Ach cha do choisich.

Seo agaibh an seachdamh rann: *Bha mi greis ann am barail, Gum bu mhaireann mo chèile, 'S gun tigeadh tu dhachaigh, Le aighear 's le faoilteachd; Ach tha an t-àm air dol thairis, 'S chan fhaic mi fear d' eugais, 'S gus an cuir iad mi san talamh, Cha dealaich mo ghaol rium, Mo rùn geal òg.*

Ge bith cò sgriobh e, 's e òran cumhachdach a th' ann. Tha e a' cur nar cuimhne, ged a chithear gaisge ann an cogadh, gur e fulangas agus àmhghar as motha a th' ann mar dhìleab.

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Faclan na Litreach: Cairistìona NicFhearghais: *Christina Fergusson*; Uilleam Siosalach: *William Chisholm*; Blàr Chùil Lodair: *The Battle of Culloden*; cha dealaich: *will not separate*.

Abairtean na Litreach: a Theàrlaich òig Stiùbhairt: *o, young Charles Stuart*; 's e do chùis rinn mo lèireadh: *it's your cause that [has] destroyed me*; thug thu bhuam gach nì bh' agam: *you took all I had*; ann an cogadh nad adhbhar: *in a war in your cause*; ag aithneachadh nam briathran ainmeil sin: *recognising those famous words*; Mo Rùn Geal Òg: *'my fair young love'*; an e 'Uilleam' a bh' air an fhear a chaill a bheatha?: *was the man who lost his life called 'William'?*; cò nì a' chathair a lìonadh: *who will fill the throne?*; 's gann gur e a th' air m' aire: *it is hardly a matter for my attention*; nach maireann mo chiadghràdh: *since my first love is deceased*; ciamar gheibhinn o m' nàdar: *how could I find it in my nature*; a bhith ag àicheadh nas miann leam: *to deny what I wish*; is mo thogradh cho làidir: *and my desire is so strong*; bhith cur an àite mo rìgh mhaith, mo rùn geal òg: *to replace my good king with my fair young love*; bu tu 'm fear slinneanach, leathann: *you were the broad-shouldered, broad-chested man*; bu chaoile meadhain 's bu dealbhaich: *slimmest and most shapely your waist*; cha b' e tàilliar gun eòlas [a] dhèanadh còta math gearr dhut: *it isn't a useless tailor that would make you a good short-coat*; gun bhith cumhang no gann dhut: *that is not tight or small for you*; le d' gheàrr-osan mu d' chalpa: *with your short hose around your calf*; an dùil 's an dòchas gun coisicheadh e a-steach: *in full expectation that he would walk in*; bha mi greis ann am barail gum bu mhaireann mo chèile: *I was a while of the opinion that my husband was still alive*, chan fhaic mi fear d' eugais: *I won't see a man of your appearance*; gur e fulangas agus àmhghar as motha a th' ann mar dhìleab: *that the legacy is mostly suffering and anguish*.

Puing-chànain na Litreach: trì rannan anns an òran **nach cluinnear ach ainneamh**: *three verses in the song which are only rarely heard*. *Cluinnear* is a passive future form (which also stands for the present habitual) and means 'which will be heard' [or 'which is [habitually] heard']. *Cluinnear e* 'it will be heard'; *Cha chluinnear e* 'it will not be heard'.

Gnàthas-cainnt na Litreach: mas i a bh' ann: *if [indeed] it was her*.

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