

# An Litir Bheag

le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

An Litir Bheag is a shortened and simplified version of Ruairidh's Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh (also available on the BBC website), designed for those who are at an earlier stage of learning Gaelic. The topic each week is the same as Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh so that, once the Litir Bheag is mastered, a student of the language might wish to try the full Litir. This is Litir Bheag 14 (which corresponds to Litir 318). Ruairidh would welcome feedback on An Litir Bheag from listeners/readers. He can be contacted at [roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk](mailto:roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk).

An toigh leibh an t-òran *Mo Rùn Geal Òg*? A bheil sibh eòlach air an òran sin? Bha e air a sgrìobhadh ri linn nan Seumasach. Tha e a' tòiseachadh, "Och, a Theàrlaich Òig Stiùbhairt, 's e do chùis [a] rinn mo làireadh..." 'S e Teàrlach Òg Stiùbhart a' Ghàidhlig air *Bonnie Prince Charlie*. Teàrlach Òg Stiùbhart.

'S e boireannach a sgrìobh an t-òran. 'S e an t-ainm a bh' oirre Cairistìona NicFhearghais. 'S e òran-gaoil a th' anns an òran. Tha e cuideachd a' cur an aghaidh cogadh. Bha Cairistìona brònach oir chaill i an duine aice aig Blàr Chùil Lodair. 'S e an t-ainm a bh' air an duine aice Uilleam Siosalach. Bha gaol mòr aig Cairistìona air Uilleam. Sgrìobh i, "bha do shlios mar an eala, 's blas na meal' air do phògan." Bha do shlios mar an eala, 's blas na meal' air do phògan." Tha i a' moladh Uilleim gu mòr.

Ach bha Cairistìona feargach cuideachd. Bha faclan cruaidh aice do Theàrlach Òg. Seo na ciad cheithir loidhnichean dhen òran:

*Och a Theàrlaich Òig Stiùbhairt,  
'S e do chùis rinn mo làireadh,  
Thug thu bhuam gach nì [a] bh' agam  
Ann an cogadh nad adhbhar;*

Seo e a-rithist:

*Och a Theàrlaich Òig Stiùbhairt,  
'S e do chùis rinn mo làireadh,  
Thug thu bhuam gach nì [a] bh' agam  
Ann an cogadh nad adhbhar;*

Bhuineadh Cairistìona do Chunndainn ann an Siorrachd Rois. Bha a h-athair na ghobha. A rèir aithris, bha Uilleam Siosalach à Srath Ghlais – dùthaich nan Siosalach. Bha e a' cumail bratach nan Siosalach aig Blàr Chùil Lodair. Bha e calma. Lean e air a' sabaid, nuair a bha cuid de na saighdearan Seumasach a' teicheadh lem beatha.

Tha a bhantrach ag ràdh anns an òran, "Cha do sheas an Cùil Lodair fear do choltas [a] bu trèine, mo rùn geal òg."

Bha Uilleam treun, ach chaill e a bheatha. Mharbh na saighdearan dearga e. Chuir iad seachd peilearan ann.

'S e gnothach uabhasach a bh' ann, gun teagamh. Cha tàinig mòran math às. Ach thàinig òran math às. *Mo Rùn Geal Òg*.

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**Faclan is abairtean:** an toigh leibh an t-òran: *do you like the song?*; Mo Rùn Geal Òg: *my fair young love*; bha e air a sgrìobhadh ri linn nan Seumasach: *he was written in the Jacobite times*; 's e do chùis [a] rinn mo lèireadh: *it is your cause that distressed me*; 's e an t-ainm a bh' oirre Cairistìona NicFhearghais: *her name was Christina Fergusson*; tha e cuideachd a' cur an aghaidh cogadh: *it also opposes war*; brònach: *sad*; chaill i an duine aice aig Blàr Chùil Lodair: *she lost her husband at the Battle of Culloden*; Uilleam Siosalach: *William Chisholm*; bha do shlios mar an eala: *your side was like the swan*; blas na meal' air do phògan: *the taste of honey on your kisses*; tha i a' moladh Uilleim: *she praises William*; feargach: *angry*; bha faclan cruaidh aice do Theàrlach Òg: *she had harsh words for Bonnie Prince Charlie*; thug thu bhuam gach nì [a] bh' agam: *you took from me everything I had*; ann an cogadh nad adhbhar: *in a war for your cause*; bhuineadh Cairistìona do Chunndainn ann an Siorrachd Rois: *Christina belonged to Contin in Ross-shire*; bha Uilleam Siosalach à Srath Ghlais: *William Chisholm was from Strathglass*; bratach: *flag*; calma: *brave*; lean e air a' sabaid: *he continued fighting*; nuair a bha cuid de na saighdearan Seumasach a' teicheadh lem beatha: *when some of the Jacobite soldiers were fleeing for [with] their lives*; a bhantrach: *his widow*; cha do sheas an Cùil Lodair fear do choltais [a] bu trèine: *there didn't stand at Culloden a braver man in your mould*; bha Uilleam treun, ach chaill e a bheatha: *William was bold, but he lost his life*; mharbh na saighdearan dearga e: *the redcoat soldiers killed him*; chuir iad seachd peilearan ann: *they put seven bullets into him*; 's e gnothach uabhasach a bh' ann: *it was a terrible business*; gun teagamh: *without doubt*; cha tàinig mòran math às: *in not much good came of it*.