

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 74 (which corresponds to Litir 378). Ruairidh can be contacted at roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

Thug Naois gràdh do Dheirdre. Bha fios aige gun robh Rìgh Uladh, Conachar, feargach. Chaidh Naois agus Deirdre a dh'Alba. Chaidh bràithrean Naois – Aillean is Àrdan – còmhla riutha. Thog iad tùr ri taobh loch. Bha iad a' fuireach anns an tùr. Bha iad a' sealg is ag iasgach a-mach air an uinneig.

Bha Conachar ag iarraidh Deirdre air ais. Bha e ag iarraidh a pòsadh. Chuir e fios a-mach gun robh cuirm gu bhith aige ann an Èirinn. Chuir e bràthair athar, Fearchar Mac Ro, a dh'Alba.

“Can ri Naois,” thuir Conachar ri Fearchar, “gu bheil mi ag iarraidh gum bi e fhèin, Aillean is Àrdan, aig a' chuir.”

Ràinig Fearchar tùr Naois ann an Alba. Chuir Naois fàilte air.

“Bidh Conachar, Rìgh Uladh, a' cumail cuirm mhòr,” thuir Fearchar. “Tha e an dòchas gum bi sibh ann.”

“Thèid sinn ann,” arsa Naois.

“Thèid,” dh'aontaich a bhràithrean.

“Thèid,” thuir Fearchar Mac Ro.

“Cha tèid,” thuir Deirdre. Cha robh Deirdre a' cur earbsa ann am Fearchar. Cha robh i ag iarraidh dhol a dh'Èirinn. Ghabh i òran binn brònach.

“Cha do ghéill mi riamh do bhoireannach,” thuir Fearchar. Dh'aontaich Naois a-rithist dhol a dh'Èirinn. Ach cha robh Deirdre toilichte. Ghabh i òran binn brònach.

A dh'aindeoin sin, dh'aontaich Naois falbh a dh'Èirinn. Bha Deirdre mì-thoilichte ach dh'fhalbh i còmhla ris. Bha i a' caoineadh.

Ràinig na bràithrean Èirinn. Thug Conachar cuireadh dhaibh dhol a dh'fhuireach ann am fear de na taighean aige. Dh'iarr e air a' mhuime dhol don taigh airson Deirdre fhaicinn.

“Faigh a-mach a bheil i mar a bha i,” thuir Conachar rithe.

Chaidh a' mhuime don taigh. Ach bha e glaiste. Chan fhaca i Deirdre. Choimhead i tro tholl na h-iuchrach. Chunnaic i Deirdre. Thill i don lùchairt.

“Ciamar a tha i?” dh'fhaighnich Conachar. “A bheil i cho bòidheach 's a bha i?”

“Chan eil,” fhreagair a' mhuime.

“Tha mi ag iarraidh dearbhadh air sin mus leig mi seachad i,” thuirt an Rìgh. Dh’iarr e air mac Rìgh Lochlainn dhol a choimhead air Deirdre.

“Faigh a-mach a bheil i cho bòidheach ’s a bha i,” thuirt e.

Chaidh mac Rìgh Lochlainn don taigh. Sheall e a-staigh air toll na h-iuchrach. Ach chunnaic Naois a shùil anns an toll. Agus chì sinn dè rinn e an ath-sheachdain.

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Faclan is abairtean: thug Naois gràdh do Dheirdre: *Naois fell in love with Deirdre*; Rìgh Uladh: *The King of Ulster*; còmhla riutha: *along with them*; thog iad tùr ri taobh loch: *they built a tower beside a loch*; a’ sealg is ag iasgach a-mach air an uinneig: *hunting and fishing out of the window*; bha e ag iarraidh a pòsadh: *he was wanting to marry her*; gun robh cuirm gu bhith aige: *that he was going to have a feast*; bràthair athar: *his father’s brother*; can ri Naois: *tell Naois*; ràinig Fearchar tùr Naois: *Fearchar reached Naois’s tower*; chuir Naois fàilte air: *Naois welcomed him*; tha e an dòchas gum bi sibh ann: *he hopes you will be there*; thèid sinn ann: *we’ll go there*; cha robh Deirdre a’ cur earbsa ann am Fearchar: *Deirdre did not trust Fearchar*; ghabh i òran binn brònach: *she sang a sad melodious song*; cha do ghèill mi riamh do bhoireannach: *I never yielded to a woman*; dh’aontaich Naois a-rithist dhol a dh’Èirinn: *Naois again agreed to go to Ireland*; a dh’aindeoin sin: *despite that*; a’ caoineadh: *crying, weeping*; thug Conachar cuireadh dhaibh: *Conachar gave them an invitation*; dhol a dh’fhuireach ann am fear de na taighean aige: *to go and stay in one of his houses*; dh’iarr e air a’ mhuime: *he asked the foster-mother*; faigh a-mach a bheil i mar a bha i: *find out if she is as she was*; glaiste: *locked*; choimhead i tro tholl na h-iuchrach: *she looked through the keyhole*; thill i don lùchairt: *she returned to the palace*; cho bòidheach ’s a bha i: *as beautiful as she was*; dearbhadh: *proof*; mus leig mi seachad i: *before I let her go*; mac Rìgh Lochlainn: *a son of the King of Scandinavia*; chunnaic Naois a shùil: *Naois saw his eye*; chì sinn dè rinn e: *we’ll see what he did*.

ends