

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 921 (which corresponds to Litir 1,225). Ruairidh can be contacted at fios@learngaelic.scot.

I was telling you about the song Mo Rùn Geal Òg. This week, I want to look at another poem connected to the Jacobite rebellion. Again, it was written by a woman. She was 'the daughter of young Angus'. We're not sure what her given name was. She belonged to the MacDonalds of Keppoch in Lochaber.

The MacDonalds of Keppoch and 'the daughter of young Angus' were Jacobites. Today we only have one poem with certainty that she wrote. That is Òran air Teachd Phrionnsa Teàrlach 'a song on the coming of Prince Charles'.

Here is the first verse: 'the priceless treasure that we lost, we just got it [back], that was the virtuous jewel, set around by the graces, although God allowed the pig to dig in your place for a while, now since the wheel turned, every traitor will be trampled under our heels.

This poem is different from the one in the last Litir. Mo Rùn Geal Òg was about loss in battle. It was written after the day of Culloden. But Òran air Teachd Phrionnsa Teàrlach was written months before that. At that time, the Jacobites were still hopeful

Bha mi ag innse dhuibh mun òran *Mo Rùn Geal Òg*. An t-seachdain seo, tha mi airson sùil a thoirt air dàn eile co-cheangailte ri ar-a-mach nan Seumasach. A-rithist, bha e air a sgrìobhadh le boireannach. B' ise Nighean Aonghais Òig. Chan eil sinn cinnteach dè an t-ainm-baistidh a bha oirre. Bhuineadh i do Dhòmhnallaich na Ceapaich ann an Loch Abar.

Bha Dòmhnallaich na Ceapaich agus Nighean Aonghais Òig nan Seumasaich. Chan eil againn an-diugh ach aon dàn a sgrìobh i le cinnt. 'S e sin *Òran air Teachd Phrionnsa Teàrlach* 'a song on the coming of Prince Charles'.

Seo a' chiad rann: *An ulaidh phrìseil bha uainne, 'S ann a fhuair sinn an-dràst' i, Gum b' i siud an leug bhudhach, Ga ceangal suas leis na gràsan, Ged leig Dia greis air adhart, Don mhuic bhith cladhach nad àite, Nis o thionndaidh a' chuibhle, Thèid gach traoidhtear fo 'r sàiltean.*

Tha an dàn seo eadar-dhealaichte bhon fhear anns an Litir mu dheireadh. Bha *Mo Rùn Geal Òg* mu dheidhinn call ann am blàr. Bha e air a sgrìobhadh an dèidh latha Chùil Lodair. Ach chaidh *Òran air Teachd Phrionnsa Teàrlach* a sgrìobhadh mìosan roimhe sin. Aig an àm

<p><i>that their rebellion would be successful.</i></p> <p><i>Nighean Aonghais Òig was comparing the Hanoverians to pigs. She wrote: although God allowed the pig to dig in your place for a while. She made it clear that the wheel had turned and that the Hanoverian government would be trampled under the feet of the Jacobites.</i></p> <p><i>Here is the first half of the sixth verse: There is a valiant and manly race from Glengarry and Knoydart, under [the leadership of] clan chiefs who wouldn't retreat, and who wouldn't panic in the face of combat.</i></p> <p><i>The poetess names branches of Clan Donald – from Glengarry and Knoydart. They are valiant and manly. They are valiant and manly. The clan chiefs wouldn't panic in the face of combat. The clan chiefs wouldn't panic in the face of combat.</i></p> <p><i>Despite that, the rebellion was not successful. It's certain that 'the daughter of young Angus was disappointed.</i></p>	<p>sin, bha na Seumasaich fhathast dòchasach gum biodh an t-ar-a-mach aca soirbheachail.</p> <p>Bha Nighean Aonghais Òig a' samhlachadh nan Hanoibhèirianach air mucan. Sgrìobh i: <i>Ged leig Dia greis air adhart, Don mhuic bhith cladhach nad àite.</i> Rinn i soilleir gun robh a' chuibhle air tionndadh agus gum biodh an riaghaltas Hanoibhèirianach air a shaltradh fo chasan nan Seumasach.</p> <p>Seo a' chiad leth dhen t-siathamh rann: <i>Tha dream foghainteach, fearail, À Gleanna Garadh 's à Cnòideart, Fo n' cinn-fheadhna nach tilleadh, 'S nach gabhadh giorag ro chòmhrag ...</i></p> <p>Tha a' bhana-bhàrd ag ainmeachadh meuran aig Cloinn Dhòmhnaill – à Gleanna Garadh agus à Cnòideart. Tha iad foghainteach is fearail. <i>They are valiant and manly.</i> Cha bhiodh na cinn-fheadhna giorag ro chòmhrag. <i>The clan chiefs wouldn't panic in the face of combat.</i></p> <p>A dh'aindeoin sin, cha robh an t-ar-a-mach soirbheachail. Tha fhios gun do ghabh Nighean Aonghais Òig briseadh-dùil.</p>
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