



# **INSTANT GAELIC**

**ROBERT C. OWEN**

# **INSTANT GAELIC**

Gaelic and English in Parallel Texts  
with a Complete Course of Drills  
for Grammar Practice

**Robert C. Owen**

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# FOREWORD

I would like to thank Mr John Angus MacLeod for his invaluable help to me with problems of translation and also my wife Frances for doing much of the typing involved. My special thanks are due to Professor Derick Thomson who first encouraged me to produce this book, who made a number of valuable suggestions, supplied a translation of Strathnaver and who nursed the book through to publication.

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Robert C. Owen.



## TO THE READER

Ideally this book is intended for those who have at least a very basic vocabulary and some knowledge of elementary grammar. It is intended to help people make the break-through to the stage where they are beginning to feel at home with reading and speaking Gaelic.

Each Gaelic text should be worked out with the help of the English translation on the facing pages and then reread frequently until it can be read and understood in Gaelic alone.

The drills if practised repeatedly will increase spoken fluency and provide adequate practice in the basic structures of the language.

The texts have been selected to give some idea of what is available in Gaelic. The first text gives the story of Gaelic, then there are two modern tales, two traditional tales, and an extract from a very moving play which should show how valuable plays are for learning to speak the language. There is a splendid poem which echoes the theme of the play and lastly a popular song.

If the whole book is used for frequent study as suggested, reading will become easier and phrases will spring to mind when speaking.



## GAIDHLIG AN ALBAINN: BEAGAN EACHDRAIDH

Chan eil cinnt againn cuin a thàinig a' Ghàidhlig a dh'Albainn, ach bha i ann greis roimh Fhearghas mac Eirc (faisg air A.D. 500), agus bha cànanan Ceilteach anns an dùthaich roimpe. Rinn a' Ghàidhlig a' chùis, uidh air n-uidh, air an t-seann Chuimris agus air cànan nan Cruithneach, agus ri tìde chì sinn gun do sgaoil i air feadh na dùthcha gu lèir, ach an Arcaibh is an Sealtainn is an Lodainn, far nach robh i ach fann.

Bha a' Ghàidhlig aig an ìre bu sgaoilte 's bu treasa a fhuair i anns an aonamh linn deug, agus thòisich buaidh na Beurla a' fàs làidir an uairsin, gu h-àraidh troimh na bailtean marsantachd ùra.

Dh'fhàg na cànanan eile iomadh làrach air a' Ghàidhlig, ann an rathad facail is ainmean-àite is modhan labhairt, ach cha robh mòran buaidh aig cànanan eile oirre bho thaobh a-muigh crìochan Albainn.

Mhair a' Ghàidhlig fada ann an iomadh ceàrn, ged a chaidh i à sealladh an Gallobha timcheall air an t-seachdamh linn deug, agus ann am Fìobha dhà no trì cheudan bliadhna roimhe sin. Bha i beò an àiteachan de Shiorrachd Obair Dheadhain anns an linn seo fhèin. Agus ged a bha i air teicheadh chun an iar, tha coltas aice bhi beothachadh às ùr a-nis, gu h-àraidh a-measg luchd-ionnsachaidh.

Anns an t-suidheachadh a th'aice tha e mar fhiachaibh air an Riaghaltas cuideachadh a thoirt dhi. Tha i air a bhi a' cur an taigh aice fhèin an òrdugh ann an iomadh seagh anns an fhicheadamh linn. Rinn An Comunn Gàidhealach feum mhòr tràth anns an linn seo, agus tha a-nis mòran de chomuinn, 's de mheadhonan air leth, an sàs ann an obair na Gàidhlig. Tha e soilleir gu bheil dòighean is cinn-uidhe às ùr a dhith oirnn ann am foghlum. Rinneadh deagh thòiseachadh an Siorrachd Inbhirnis roimh 1960, agus a-nis tha dùil ri adhartas mòr anns na h-Eileanan an Iar. Tha mòran a' tachairt anns na Colaisdean is anns na h-Oilthighean, ann am foillseachadh leabhraichean, agus ann an dòighean eile, agus tha sgiobadh an leabhair seo a' cur air adhart am beachdan fhèin.

Leis na dòighean riaghlaidh ùra a tha a' teannadh oirnn ann an Albainn — Còmhhdhail no Pàrlamaid dhuinn fhìn — bhiodh e iomchaidh Coimisean às leth na Gàidhlig a chur air bhonn cho luath 's a gheibh sinn ar riaghladh fhèin, agus Rùnaireachd a nì trusadh is uidheamachadh air fiosrachadh is air poileasaidhean Gàidhlig. Tha làn thìde aig gach buidheann aig am biodh ùidh ann an rannsachadh de'n t-seòrsa seo, na beachdan aca a sgioblachadh. Agus seo an t-àm cuideachd anns am feum gach caraid a th'aig a' Ghàidhlig neart a dhà shlinnean a chosg.

## GAELIC IN SCOTLAND: A LITTLE HISTORY

*(How Gaelic came to Scotland, how it spread, how it declined, and how it is reviving)*

We have no certainty when (the) Gaelic came to Scotland, but it was there (in it) a while before Fergus Mac Eirc (about (near on) A.D. 500) and there were Celtic languages in the country before it (her). Gaelic got the better of (did the matter on) step by step, the old British (Welsh) and the language of the Picts, and in (to) time we see that it (she) spread throughout the country altogether, except in Orkney and in Shetland and in Lothian where it was only weak.

Gaelic was at the most widespread and strongest stage that it (she) got in the eleventh century and the influence of English began to grow strong at that time especially through the new market towns.

The other languages left many a mark on the Gaelic in the way of words and place-names and modes of speech, but other languages did not have great influence on it (her) from outside the borders of Scotland.

The Gaelic lasted long in many a region though it (she) went out (of sight) in Galloway about the seventeenth century, and in Fife two or three hundred years before that. It (she) was existing in places of Aberdeenshire in this century itself. And though it had receded towards the west it (she) has the appearance to be reviving anew now especially among learners.

In the situation that it (she) has it is as incumbent (debts) on the Government to give help to it (her). It (she) has been putting its (her) own house in order in many senses in the twentieth century. The Highland Association did great work (use) early in this century and there are now many societies and various media (means) engaged in the work of the Gaelic. It is clear that there are methods and aims anew that we need (its need on us) in education. There was made a fine start before 1960 in the county of Inverness, and now there is expectation for (to) great progress in the Western Isles. There is much happening in the Colleges and Universities, in the publishing of books, and in other ways, and the group (crew) of this book are putting forward their own opinions.

With the new types of Government that are drawing close to us in Scotland — Assembly or Parliament of our own (for ourselves) — it would be proper to set up (put on foundation) a Commission for Gaelic as soon as we get our own government and a Secretariat that will collect and prepare (on) information and (on) Gaelic policies. It is high time for (at) each group who might have concern in research of this sort to tidy up their opinions. And this is the time also for each friend that Gaelic has to push with all his might (expend the strength of his two shoulders).

## INTRODUCTION TO THE DRILLS

The following drills will help you to acquire fluency painlessly. You will see how complicated rules become easy, simply by repeating examples. Fluency in all languages is acquired by familiarising yourself with speech-patterns and when you have learnt them you say them naturally without even thinking of the grammar involved. This is how the child learns its mother-tongue.

The most basic phrases have been selected and also the most troublesome, but see how easy it all becomes with practice!

### THE GENITIVE CASE OF MASCULINE NOUNS

This is the 'of' case. In the phrase 'the hat of the boy' (the boy's hat) the boy (**am balach**) becomes **a' bhalaich** (of the boy) e.g. the hat of the boy; **ad a' bhalaich**.

So you see you express possession by mutating the first consonant (**b = bh**) and by adding an **i** to the last vowel (**a = ai**).

Most nouns add an **i** to the last or only vowel. Some nouns change the vowel to **i** e.g. **mac = mhic**. Some nouns do other things but with practice the more exceptional forms all fall into place. See how easy all this becomes simply by repeating often the following phrases. Cover up the Gaelic answer with a card always until you have worked it out. You will be able to fit other nouns into the scheme later.

**D**, **t**, and **sg**, **sp**, and **st** do not mutate.

#### 1. TRANSLATE

The name of the house ( <b>an t-ainm, an taigh</b> ).	<b>Ainm an taighe.</b>
The boy's book ( <b>an leabhar, am balach</b> ).	<b>Leabhar a' bhalaich.</b>
The son's school ( <b>an sgoil, am mac</b> ).	<b>Sgoil a' mhic.</b>
The man's work ( <b>an obair, am fear</b> ).	<b>Obair an fhir.</b>
The joiner's hammer ( <b>an t-òrd, an saor</b> ).	<b>Ord an t-saoir.</b>
The colour of the purse ( <b>an dath, an sporan</b> ).	<b>Dath an sporain.</b>
The cat's tail ( <b>an t-earball, an cat</b> ).	<b>Earball a' chait.</b>
The width of the garden ( <b>an leud, an gàrradh</b> ).	<b>Leud a' ghàrraidh.</b>
The price of the pen ( <b>a' phris, am peann</b> ).	<b>Pris a' phinn.</b>

And now for some relaxation with verbs! No joking! Gaelic verbs are easy.

Here is a typical verb: **cùm, cumail**: to keep.

**A' cumail** means keeping.

e.g. **Tha mi a' cumail**: I am keeping.

**A chumail** means to keep (infinitive).

e.g. **Tha mi a' dol a chumail**: I am going to keep.

**Cùm!** means Keep! when you tell a friend to keep something.

Add **-aibh** when you want to be more formal.

e.g. **Cùm e! Cumaibh e!**: Keep it!

**Cùm** is also used for the future tense but add **-aidh** to it.

e.g. **Cumaidh mi e**: I'll keep it.

Here are a set of drills to acquire fluency with verbs and other useful phrases. Always cover up the Gaelic answer, work it out and then check it. After a little practice you will be speaking like a Highlander!

#### 2. TRANSLATE

I'll keep the book.

Shall I keep the book?

I won't keep the book.

Shall I not keep the book?

He knows I'll keep the book.

He knows I won't keep the book.

He'll be pleased if I keep the books.

He won't be pleased if I don't keep the books.

I'll return the magazines though I'll keep the books.

I'll keep the magazines though I won't keep the books.

**Cumaidh mi an leabhar.**

**An cùm mi an leabhar?**

**Cha chùm mi an leabhar.**

**Nach cùm mi an leabhar?**

**Tha fios aige gun cùm mi an leabhar.**

**Tha fios aige nach cùm mi an leabhar.**

**Bithidh e toilichte ma chumas mi na leabhraichean.**

**Cha bhi e toilichte mur cùm mi na leabhraichean.**

**Tillidh mi na h-irisean ged a chumas mi na leabhraichean.**

**Cumaidh mi na h-irisean ged nach cùm mi na leabhraichean.**

# RAONAIID

LE CAIRISTIONA DICK

Bha Raonaid 'na seasamh aig a' bhòrd ag iarnaigeadh is a h-inntinn a' ruith air rudan eile — no 'g innse na firinn air aon rud agus air aon neach. Bha na sgoileirean a' tighinn dhachaigh a latha sin airson làithean-saora an t-samhraidh. Saoil am biodh cùisean eadar i fhèin is Ruairidh Alasdair Aonghuis cho inntinneach 's a bha iad aig a' Chàisg. No 'm biodh tèile air tighinn eadarra. Gheall i fhèin is Ruairidh sgrìobhadh gu chèile nuair a dh'fhalbh e ach cha tainig bhuaithe ach an aon sgrìobag agus ged a fhreagair ise i gu luath cha d'fhuair freagairt fhathast. Gun teagamh chunnaic i e nuair a bha i air an t-slighe Ghlaschu. Thainig e chun an Station ann an Inbhir-Nis ga faicinn fhads a bha an trèan 'na stad greiseag ann a sin ach cha robh e leis fhèin. Bha Mòrag bheag Dhòmhnail Uilleim còmhla ris. Mas fhlor gun robh ise cho feumach air a faicinn cuideachd! Huh! Bha, cho feumach nach biodh ùine aig an dithis eile còmhla. Bha nòisean a tòineadh aice do Ruairidh. Robh Mòrag bheag a' smaoinichadh gu robh ise, Raonaid, dall. Nach robh i faicinn na sùilean a bha i deanamh ri Ruairidh? Is mar a bha i tòiseachadh ri bruidhinn air gnothaichean mu'n sgoil a h-uile cothrom a gheibheadh i agus Raonaid a' feuchainn ri bruidhinn ri Ruairidh mu dè bha dol aig an taigh.

Bha Raonaid air a sgoil fhàgail a' bhliadhna roimhe sin gus greiseag a chur seachad aig an taigh mus tòisichadh i ri nursadh. Agus ged a bha i titheach gu leòr air cluinntinn mu'n fheadhainn a b'aithne dhi 's mu na tidsearan 'sann a shaoileadh tu air Mòrag nach robh gnothach aice-se riutha 's gur ann a bha seo eadar i fhèin is Ruairidh. Agus a-nis seall thusa 'n ùine a bha Ruairidh aig Mòrag dhi fhèin. 'Sann a bha seòrsa de dh'aithreachas air Raonaid nach do thill i bliadhn' eile dh'an sgoil. Agus gus dragh ceart a chur oirre bha i air litir fhaighinn o Mhòrag bheag an latha sin fhèin mas fhlor a radha gun tigeadh i nall a choimhead oirre a' chiad week-end aig an taigh ach bha litir làn de Ruairidh. Ruairidh siud, 's Ruairidh seo, Ruairidh aig na Sports, Ruairidh aig dannsa na sgoileadh, Ruairidh anns a' chlass-room. Agus thuigeadh tu ge be air bith càit am biodh Ruairidh bhiodh Mòrag!

Chan e mhàin gu robh Ruairidh aice dhi fhèin fad na bliadhna as an sgoil ach bha iad a' fuireach as an aon bhaile cuideachd — ochd mìle air falbh. Carson ma bha Raonaid 'na caraaid cho mòr aice nach do dh'iarr i oirre dhol a-null 'n àit' ise bhith tighinn a-nall a' chiad chothrom? Agus bha P.S. as a litir cuideachd.

"Tha mi air fios fhaighinn gu bheil mi faighinn a-stigh dha'n University. Tha Ruairidh e fhèin a' dol ann. An robh fios agad?" 'S math a bha fios aice nach robh. Cò bha dol ga innse dhi? Robh Mòrag a'

smuaineachadh gun robh University a' sgrìobhadh gu Raonaid a dh'innse dhi cò bha iad a' taghadh is cò nach robh!

"Raonaid a ghaoil," chual' i màthair ag èigheach às a sgularaidh, "tha crodh a' nochdadh agus tha banachagan a' cheann shìos seachad a sin. 'S fheàrr dhuit falbh. Crìochnaichidh mi fhèin an t-iarnaigeadh."

Tharraing Raonaid oirre na Wellingtons agus thug i peil is siuga mach às a' phreasa. Bha feasgar briagha ann. Bhiodh feadhainn dhe na sgoileirean as a' gheàrrraidh a-nochd. 'S cinnteach gu faigheadh i naidheachd air Ruairidh.

Ach nuair a thill Raonaid o'n eadrach cha robh i ach mar a bha i roimhe. Bha gu leòr aig na sgoileirean ri radha gun teagamh ach cha robh air Ruairidh a bharrachd air càch. Agus gu dearbh cha robh ise dol a dh'fhaighneachd dad mu dheidhinn. Bha na sgoileirean co-dhiù cho feumach iad fhèin air naidheachdan a' bhaile fhaotainn. Cò bh'aig Murchadh an dràsda; d'fhuair Seonaidh Alasdair a 'licence' air ais; cuin a bha dannsa gu bhith ann; cuin a bha 'football'; robh guth air banais; 'l fhios co leis a bha bàbaidh aig Seonag Eachainn; nach e bha smodaig a loidsear a bha taigh Eòghainn; robh dad a dh'fheum as na saighdearan a bh'aig na rocaidean???

Chuir seo beagan do thilleadh ann a Raonaid. Bha na saighdearan feumail gun teagamh. 'S dòcha nach robh i fhèin air a bhith cho dileas do Ruairidh 's a dh'fhaodadh i. Uill dh'fheumadh tu dannsa còmhla ri cuideigin. 'S ged a thigeadh fear dhachaigh leat an dràs' 's a rithist, dè choire bha sin?

Chuir Raonaid am bainne air suidheachadh agus dh'fhàg i am peil air an t-sinc gus an deanadh i e nuair a bhiodh i deanamh na soithichean.

Shuidh an teaghlach aig am biadh agus bha bhruidhinn a' dol, a-null 's a-nall. Cha robh cabhag air an fheadhainn òga ann. Cha robh dannsa na 'football' an àite agus on a bha na h-oidhcheanan cho soilleir cha bhiodh an òigridh a' cruinneachadh aig a' Phost-oifis airson greis mhath fhathast. Cha robh Raonaid uabhasach titheach air a dhol ann a-nochd co-dhiù.

Sgioblaich i fhèin 's a màthair am bòrd agus thòisich iad air na soithichean. Shuidh a h-athair aig an teine 's chaidh na gilleas suas a staidhre a sheabhtadh. Thanaig Dhòmhnall Mòr air chèilidh agus bha dranndail aige fhèin 's aig a h-athair an cois an teine. Bha 'màthair a' dol a chèilidh air bean Eòghainn. O uil bha e cho math dhithse dhol a thadhal aig Peigi Ruadh. Bha e cho math a dhol chun a' Phost-oifis còmhla ri càch. Bha Peigi air dreasaichean fhaighinn air *approval* 's bha i airson a faicinn co-dhiù.

Bha i butaigeadh air falbh gun seabhtadh idir ach smaoinich i nuair sin gun cuireadh i oirre sgiort eile agus geansaidh liath. Chìr i ceann aig a sgàthan as a' chidsean. Cha b'fhiach dhi phùdar a chur oirre ann.

"Tha mise falbh," thuirt a màthair. "Feuch nach bi sibhse anmoch gun tighinn dhachaigh a-nochd."



“Fuirichibh riumsa,” thuirt Raonaid ri màthair, “agus coisichidh mi sìos an rathad còmhla ribh.”

Bha Peigi Ruadh ann a deagh thrim nuair a rànaig Raonaid agus thug iad greiseag a’ coimhead air na dreasaichean.

Bha deagh sguad aig a’ Phost-oifis nuair a rànaig iad. Bha na nigheanan cruinn mu’n chiosc agus feadhainn dhe na gillean ’nan seasamh is cas air gach taobh dhe’n rothair. Bha gurc beag na dhà a’ gabhail ceò a-stigh as a’ chiosc is grunnd aca a’ ruideanachd air a rathad mhòr ’s a seacaidean mu’n ceann.

Bha Mairead dìreach a’ ràdh gur e deagh oidhche choigreach a bh’ann nuair a nochd dà rothar aig na tobhtaichean agus nuair a thainig iad na b’fhaisge cha mhòr nach do leum cridhe Raonaid a-mach às a beul. Choimhead i feuch an do dh’aithnich duine do chàch dad oirre ach bha iad uile a’ faicinn feuch am faithnicheadh iad na coigrich. Dh’fhaodadh ise bhith air innse dhaibh cò bh’ann oir dh’aithnich i Ruairidh cho luath is a nochd e. Chan e gun do dh’aithnich i buileach idir e ach bha fios is cinnt aice cò bh’ann. Stad iad a-measg nan gillean eile ach thog e a cheann airson mionaid agus choimhead e oirre. Ghlac a sùilean airson tiotan.

“Dè chuir sibhse air an astar seo a-nochd? thuirt fear dhe na gillean.”

“Bha sinn a’ smaoineachadh ’s dòcha gum biodh sibh ri ‘football,’” fhreagair Ruairidh.

“A’ mhic an diabhail ’s tu tha breugach. Thainig sibh às deaghaidh bhoireannach.” Seo o’n ghurc bheag mac a’ mhisionaraidh.

Ach bha Raonaid coma. Cha mhòr dìreach nach robh a cridhe a’ seinn le toileachas. Bha e toirt a dìol dhi gun leigeil fhaicinn do chàch gun robh diù sam bith aice-se dhe na coigrich.

‘Se oidhche àluinn fhèin a bh’ann.

## RACHEL

### A VILLAGE LOVE STORY

Rachel was standing at the table ironing and her mind running on other things — or to tell the truth on one thing and one person. The pupils were coming home that day for the summer holidays. (Think) She wondered if things would be as lively between herself and Roderick (son of) Alexander (son of) Angus as they were at Easter. Or would another girl have come between them. She herself promised and Roderick to write to each other when he left but there only came from him one note and although she answered quickly she did not get a reply yet. Of course (without doubt) she saw him when she was on the way to Glasgow. He came to the station in Inverness to see her for as long as the train was stopped (in its stop) for a while there but he was not alone (with himself). Little Marion Donald William (‘s daughter) was with him. Just as if (if it is true that) she was as keen to see her too! Huh! Yes, so keen that the other two would not have any time together. She had a bottom-wriggling crush on Roderick. Did little Marion think that she, Rachel, was blind. Did she not see the eyes she was making at Roderick and how she began to talk on matters about school every opportunity she got, and Rachel trying to speak to Roderick about what was going on at home.

Rachel had left school the year before that in order to spend a while at home before she would begin to nurse. And although she was keen enough (on) to hear about the ones she knew and about the teachers you would think about (on) Marion that she hadn’t any connection (business) with them (to them) and that this was between herself and Roderick. And now look at the time that Marion had Roderick to herself. There was a sort of regret on Rachel that she did not return another year to school. And to cause her real annoyance (put on her real trouble) she had received a letter from little Marion that very day ostensibly (if it is true) to say that she would come over to see her (to look on her) the first weekend at home but the letter was full of Roderick. Roderick that, and Roderick this, Roderick at the sports, at the school dance, Roderick in the class-room. And you would understand that wherever Roderick would be so would be Marion!

It was not only that she had Roderick to herself all the year in the (as = **anns an**) school but they were living in the same town also — eight miles away. Why if Rachel was such a great friend of hers did she not ask her to go over instead of her to be coming here (at) the first opportunity. And there was a P.S. in the letter too.

“I have heard that I am getting into University. Roderick himself is going there (in it). Did you know?” She knew well that she did not. Who was going to tell (it to) her? Did Marion think that (the) University was

writing to Rachel to tell her who they were choosing and who they were not!

"Rachel darling," she heard mother calling from the scullery, "(the) cattle are appearing and milkmaids from the lower end going past there. It is better for you to be off. I'll finish the ironing myself."

Rachel pulled on the Wellingtons and she took a pail and jug out of the cupboard. It was a fine evening. There would be some of the pupils in the common grazing tonight. Surely she would get news of Roderick.

But when Rachel returned from the milking she was only like she was before. The pupils had enough to say of course but there was no more about (on) Roderick than the rest. And certainly *she* was not going to enquire anything concerning him. However the pupils were as keen themselves to get news of the village. Who Murdo had got at present; had Johnnie Alexander got his licence back; when was there to be a dance; when was there football; was there any mention of a marriage; was it known whose baby Joan Hector had; was'nt the lodger attractive at Ewen's house; were the soldiers that were at the rockets (site) any use???

This made Rachel start a little (this put a little backward movement in Rachel). The soldiers were useful doubtless. It was probable that she herself had not been as faithful to Roderick as she might have been. Well, you had to dance with someone. And though a man came home with you now and again, what harm was there?

Rachel put the milk to settle and she left the pail on the sink until she would do it when she did the dishes.

The family sat down to their food and talking went on from one to the other (backwards and forwards). The young ones were not in a hurry (there was not haste on). There was no dance or football in any place and since the nights were so light the young people would not be gathering at the Post Office for a good while yet. Rachel was not terribly keen to go there tonight anyway.

She (herself) and her mother cleared the table and started on the dishes. Her father sat down by the fire and the boys went upstairs to change. Big Donald came on a visit and he and her father had a chat round the fire. Her mother was going to visit Ewen's wife. Oh well, she might as well (it was as good to her to) go to visit red-haired Peggy. She might as well (it was as well to) go to the Post Office with the rest. Peggy had got some dresses on approval and she intended to see (was for seeing) her anyway.

She was considering going off without changing at all but she thought then that she would put on another skirt and a blue jumper. She combed her hair (head) at the mirror in the kitchen. It was not worth her putting on any powder.

"I'm off," said her mother. "Try not to be late coming home tonight."

"Wait for me," said Rachel to her mother, "and I'll walk down the road with you."

Peggy was in a good mood when Rachel arrived and they spent a time looking at the dresses.

There was a good crowd at the Post Office when they arrived. The girls were gathered round the kiosk and some of the boys were standing with a foot each side of the cycle. There was a nipper or two having a smoke in the kiosk and several of them larking on the road with their jackets over their heads.

Margaret was just saying that it was a good night for strangers when two cycles appeared at the ruined houses and when they came nearer Rachel's heart nearly leapt out of her mouth. She looked to see if anyone of the rest spotted anything about her but they were all looking to see if they could recognise the strangers. She might have told them who it was because she knew Roderick as soon as he appeared. She did not recognise him entirely at all but she knew and was certain who it was. They stopped among the other boys but he raised his head for a minute and looked at her. Their eyes locked (caught) for a moment.

"What sent you on this journey tonight?" said one of the boys.

"We were thinking it was probable that you would be at football," answered Roderick.

"Son of the devil, what a liar you are (it is you who is lying). You came after women." This from the small lad, son of the missionary.

But Rachel did not care. Her heart was almost singing with pleasure. It was taking her all her effort (it was giving plenty to her) not to let the others see that she had any interest in the strangers.

It was an absolutely lovely night.



## THE GENITIVE CASE OF FEMININE NOUNS

If you have practised the masculine nouns in drill No. 1 you can move on with confidence to the feminine ones as the rules are similar.

In languages gender is best learnt not by remembering whether a noun is masculine or feminine but by remembering how it changes. Once you have learnt the changes, in other words, the phrases in which they occur, you will get them right because they will sound wrong any other way. Again this is how the child picks up its mother-tongue.

Repeat the following nouns of which the first lot are masculine (from drill No. 1) and the second lot feminine and therefore always mutated.

e.g. **Balach:** a boy. **Am balach:** the boy.

**Cailleag:** a girl. **A' chailleag:** the girl.

A. Repeat: **an taigh, am balach, am mac, am fear, an saor, an sporan, an cat, an gàrradh, am peann.**

B. Repeat: **an tìr, a' bheinn (beinn), a' mhuir (muir), an fheòil (feòil), an t-seachdain (seachdain), an sgeul, a' chailleag (cailleag), a' Ghàidhlig (Gàidhlig), a' phiuthar (piuthar).**

Note again that **d, t, sg, sp,** and **st** do not mutate. The **t-** is used in front of all other **s's**.

Perhaps we can now get around to the Genitive case.

You remember **ad a' bhalaich?** Well, **ad na cailleige** means the hat of the girl. Here 'of the' is **na**, there is no mutation and a final **e** is added. However an **i** is inserted in the last or only syllable (**ea = ei**). The drill will make this clear but work it out before looking at the Gaelic answer.

### 3. TRANSLATE

The inhabitants of the land ( <b>a' mhuinntir, an tìr</b> ).	<b>Muinntir na tìre.</b>
The height of the mountain ( <b>an àirde, a' bheinn</b> ).	<b>Àirde na beinne.</b>
The song of the sea ( <b>an t-òran, a' mhuir</b> ).	<b>Òran na mara.</b>
The taste of the meat ( <b>am blas, an fheòil</b> ).	<b>Blas na feòla.</b>
The days of the week ( <b>na làithean, an t-seachdain</b> ).	<b>Làithean na seachdaine.</b>
The girl's hair ( <b>am falt, a' chailleag</b> ).	<b>Falt na cailleige.</b>
The question of Gaelic ( <b>a' cheist, a' Ghàidhlig</b> ).	<b>Ceist na Gàidhlig.</b>

The sister's house (**an taigh, a' phiuthar**).

The colour of the window (**an dath, an uinneag**).

**Taigh na peathar.**

**Dath na h-uinneige.**



## MORE RELAXATION WITH VERBS

Drill No. 2 if practised well should give you a basis for this drill which is simply the Past Tense of the same phrases. You should thus be acquiring speech habits by building up on what is familiar already.

The main feature of the Past Tense is the mutation of the verb.

### 4. TRANSLATE

I kept the novel.	<b>Chùm mi an nobhail.</b>
Did I keep the novel?	<b>An do chùm mi an nobhail?</b>
I didn't keep the novel.	<b>Cha do chùm mi an nobhail.</b>
Didn't I keep the novel?	<b>Nach do chùm mi an nobhail?</b>
He knew I kept the novel.	<b>Bha fios aige gun do chùm mi an nobhail.</b>
He knew I didn't keep the novel.	<b>Bha fios aige nach do chùm mi an nobhail.</b>
He would be pleased if I kept the novel.	<b>Bhiodh e toilichte ma chùm mi an nobhail.</b>
He wouldn't be pleased if I didn't keep the novel.	<b>Cha bhiodh e toilichte mur do chùm mi an nobhail.</b>
I returned the magazines though I kept the novels.	<b>Thill mi na h-irisean ged a chùm mi na nobhailean.</b>
I kept the magazines though I didn't keep the novels.	<b>Chùm mi na h-irisean ged nach do chùm mi na nobhailean.</b>

# A' PHROSBAIG

LE R. SEIXIAS

Bha Mr Edwards gu cùramach a' cur na prosbaig air dòigh. Thàinig seòmar na Jones gu ceart agus gu geur mu choinneamh. Rinn e osna bheag shona. Bha am bòrd air chur a-mach airson deichnear. Gu pròiseil chunnaic e gun robh an china a b'fheàrr a-muigh. B' e siud an china a fhuair iad nuair a phòs iad, nithean nach nochdadh solus an latha ach fìor chorra uair, nuair a bhiodh nitheigin sònraichte a' tachairt. Agus b' e seo, dà fhichead bliadhna pòsda, gu dearbha nì sònraichte.

Deich àite aig a' bhòrd. Feumaidh gun robh an teaghlach uile a' tighinn, Bob agus a bhean le'n dithis teaghlach, Mairead agus an duine aice agus an dithis acasan, agus aig ceann a' bhùird, àite mòr an onair, bhiodh Mr Jones agus a bhean, pòsda airson dà fhichead bliadhna o' n diugh.

Dà fhichead bliadhna. Ach an robh an fhaid ud ann bhon a thàinig e a dh' fhuireach do 'n t-seann taigh lodgaidh gruamach seo? Chuimhnich e mar a choimhead e an toiseach air a' bhòrd bhuidhe a bha ag innseadh do 'n t-saoghal gun robh leabaidh is biadh ri 'm faighinn a seo, airson prìs. Chuir e seòrsa de sgreamh air. Well, dheanadh e an gnothach airson seachdain no dhà chun am faigheadh e àite na b'fheàrr is chun am fàsadh e eòlach air a' bhaile. Nuair a thàinig cuideigin chun an doruis fhuair e a-mach nach robh rùm air fhàgail ach rùm beag lotaidh anns na sparran, le aon uinneag a' coimhead leathad an siobal gàrraidh chum na rèidhlein grinn mu choinneamh nan taighean na b' fheàrr a bha air taobh eile na sràide.

Smaoinich e air a' chiad oidhche anns an rùm shuarach ud. Bha e aineolach anns a' bhaile, e dà bhliadhna fichead, agus e a' deanamh deiseil airson a chiad latha 'na chlàireach anns a' bhanc. Bha chiad bhiadh a dh' ith e anns an tigh lodgaidh seachad agus sheas e aig dorchadas na h-uinneig a' coimhead a-mach do 'n oidhche. B' ann an uairsin, a dh' fhairich e, mar bu tric a dh' fhairich e roimhe, an cianalas agus an aonarachd uabhasach. B' ann an uairsin cuideachd a chaidh solus air anns an rùm mu choinneamh anns an t-sràid eile. Bha astar eatorra, suas ri dà fhichead slat, ach bu lèir dha am boireannach gun duilheadas sam bith.

Bha i òg agus bòidheach, agus i a' deanamh deiseil gu dhol a chadal. Sheall e oirre le anail 'na uchd nuair a chuir i dhith a h-aodach. Bha a com geal agus mìn, a cìochan làn, agus fad breabadh sùla bha i gu lèir rùisgte mu choinneamh mun deach i eadar an aodach leapa. Thàinig duine a-staigh, pyjamas agus gùn trom air. Rinn i seòrsa tionndadh bhuaithe nuair a thàinig e faisg, mar gum biodh i air dhòigh a choreigin air a nàrachadh. Ach chrom e os a cionn agus phòg e a muineal is an

uairsin a bilean. Chaidh an solus às. Anns a' mhadainn cheannaich Mr Edwards a' phrosbaig.

Seadh gu dearbha. Bha na glainneachan criostail air a' bhòrd a bharrachd air an china pòsaidh aca. B' e oidhche mhòr a bha seo. Smaoinich e gu suarach air na lodgairean eile shìos a staidhre.

"Am fan thu a-bhos greiseag còmhla rinn a-nochd, Mr Edwards?"

"O, cha bhi mi idir a' fantail, Miss Brown."

Fantail a-bhos còmhla riutha-san. Iadsan le 'n gobaireachd is am beachdan. Cha robh an còrr ann nach tuirt e riutha, "Is e seo an dà fhichead bliadhna o' n diugh, nach eil fhios agaibh," ach gheàrr e air bàrr a theanga e. Shocraich e an *telescope* far an robh e ga h-iarraidh.

Shìos a staidhre bha na bioran-fighe a' gliceadaich. Bha iad a' bruidhinn mu dheidhinn.

"Sè a chumas e fhèin aige fhèin, Mr Edwards, eh Miss Brown?"

"Sè gu dearbha, is toigh leis a bhith 'na aonarachd. Is e as sine a tha anns an taigh, fhios agad. Thàinig e nuair a bha mo mhàthair beò."

"Nach e tha neònach nach do dh' iarr e riamh rùm nas fheàrr na tha aige."

"Is ann aig an t-sealbh a tha fios gun do thafainn mi a h-uile seòmar eile a tha anns an taigh dha aig uair no uair. Ach dhiùlt e an t-aon mar am fear roimhe. 'Se an rùm ud anns an lotaidh as fheàrr leis fhathast."

"Tha e neònach gun teagamh. Neònach ga rìreadh. Am bi e idir a' dol a-mach uair sam bith air an oidhche?"

"Chan eil cuimhne agam eadhon air aon uair."

"Is gu dè a tha e deanamh shuas a siud 'na aonar?"

"Leughadh, tha mi cinnteach, ged a dh' fheumas mi a ràdh nach fhaic mi cus leabhraichean nuair a bhitheas mi a' glanadh an rùm."

"Gu dè a tha aige anns an rùm?"

"Nist tha fhios agad glè mhath nach eil dad a chòir agad sin fhoighneachd, agus nach bitheadh e ceart dhòmhsa a fhreagairt mu lodgair eile anns an taigh. Ach a dh' innseadh na firinn, chan eil nì anns an rùm ach an eàrnais."

"Chan eil ciste ghlaist an àite sam bith!"

"Cha leig thu leas a bhith magadh oirnn, a Chòirneil. Ach a bheil dad mar siud ann Miss Brown?"

"Well, tha an *wardrobe* aige glaiste, ach tha sin nàdurra gu leòr."

Troimh an phrosbaig chunnaic Mr Edwards Mr Jones agus a bhean a' tighinn a-staigh do 'n t-seòmar aca. Bu mhath a bha i coimhead fhathast, smaoinich e gu pròiseil. Bha a falt a' liathadh, ach bha a com fhathast grinn agus bòidheach. Oidhche an dèidh oidhche chunnaic e i o' n uinneig aige, a' gluasad na prosbaig o sheòmar-suidhe gu seòmar-cadail, e glacte le a h-àilleachd. Cha do dhùin i riamh cùrtairean air cùl taighe agus bha e do Mr Edwards mar gum biodh an solus blàth ud a' cur fàilte air a h-uile oidhche. An toiseach cha robh e ach a' coimhead orra ach mean air mhean bha e air a ghlacadh 'nam beatha; 'na inntinn bha e

a-nis a' dol steach do 'n t-seòmar aice, a' suidhe mu coinneamh ri taobh an teine, agus còmhla rachadh iad do 'n leabaidh.

B' e an nì iongantach nach do thachair e riamh rithe, nach robh fhios aige air a h-ainm. Ach rinn e ainmean dhaibh uile. Thagh e Jones mar chinneadh, bha an t-ainm cho ceart, cho math. Airson a ciad ainm thagh e Peigi, a chionn is gum b' e sin ainm a mhàthar. Dh' ainmich e an gille Bob agus an nighean Mairead, na h-ainmean a bhitheadh e air a thoirt do a chloinn fhèin nam bitheadh e riamh air pòsadh agus teaghlach a bhith aige. Cha tug e ainm sam bith air an duine. 'S gann gun robh fhios aige gun robh duine ann.

Fad a' chiad bhliadhna bha teagamh no dhà aige mu bhith gabhail allaidh riutha mar siud. Feumaidh seo sgur, theireadh e ris fhèin, chan eil e idir ceart. Nuair a gheibh mi rùm nas fheàrr, no nuair a theid mi nas àirde anns a' bhanc. Chan fhada chun am bi caraidean agam dhomh fhèin is bidh mi mach air an oidhche is an fheasgar. Tachraidh an tè cheart orm latha air choreigin is an uairsin am pòsadh is an teaghlach, dachaidh dhomh fhèin dìreach mar a tha aig na Jones. Ach nuair a thafainn iad rùm na b' fheàrr dha dhiùlt e; aig a' bhanc cha tàinig àrdachadh ach gu mall agus an uairsin fhèin a chionn aoise; air dhòigh a choreigin cha do rinn e caraid idir agus bu ghann cuimhne aige bruidhinn ri caileag no boireannach. Thàinig aonranachd mun cuairt air mar bhrat-mairbh ach dh' fhàs e eòlach air, is mu dheireadh thall cha robh for aige air. Thug an telescope dha dachaidh is bean, teaghlach dha fhèin. Nuair a bha latha a' bhanc seachad, an dinnear trom air a chur sìos, an staidhre chumhang air a dìreadh, an *wardrobe* air fhosgladh, fàilte air a chur air an t-solus bhlàth bho 'n uinneig, bha e an uairsin an teas meadhon gràdh agus comhartachd a theaghlach.

Mean air mhean chaill e gach teagamh, dhìochuimhnich e càch, chaill e dòchas pòsaidh agus bha e sona gu leòr leis a' bheatha bha aige.

Bha e sona còmhla rithe. A' cluich leis a' chloinn nuair a bha iad air mhàgran, ga gharadh mu 'n teine air na h-oidhcheannan fada geamhraidh, a' tionndadh a' ghàrraidh còmhla as t-earrach, 'nan sìneadh air an réidhlean an grian an t-samhraidh. Cho luath is a chaidh na bliadhnaichean seachad, smaoinich Mr Edwards, bliadhnaichean sona, bliadhnaichean lom-làn chuimhneachain.

Thall anns an rùm laiste rug Clifford Brookfield air làimh a bhean-pòsda. "Meal do naidheachd, a ghràidh," thuirt e.

"O Clifford, tha e cianail. A bheil e fhathast a siud?"

"Thà. Nis feuch ri cumail ciùin. Cuimhnich air na thuirt am poilis ruinn. Bi dìreach cho nàdurra is as urrainn dhuit, na dean dad sam bith a chuireas amharas air agus is dòcha gun glac iad e fhads a bhitheas e a' coimhead."

"An salachar. A' coimhead òirnne. Is aig Dia fhèin tha fios cia fhad. Taing do 'n fhreasdal gum faca Peadar e an oidhche roimhe nuair a bha e ag obrachadh nan glainneachan ùra againn."

"Na cuir thusa dragh sam bith ort fhèin. Bithidh a h-uile nì ceart gu leòr an dèidh a-nochd. Ach seall an uair a tha e, bithidh an teaghlach a seo air a' mhionaid."

Bha Mr Edwards fo iongnadh. Cha robh ach ochdar mu 'n bhòrd. Cha robh Bob ann agus cha robh sgial air an duine aig Mairead. Càite an robh iad? Cha bhitheadh e ceart mur a bitheadh iadsan ann. Bha e deònach gun cluinneadh iad an òraid bheag aige fhèin a chuir e air dòigh cho cùramach. "Agus a nist slàn do 'm bhean, an tè a bha 'na companach dhomh, a bha 'na comhartachd dhomh, mo bhean fad dà fhichead bliadhna. A' bhean bu ghasda agus am màthair a b' fheàrr . . ." An sin thogadh e an criostal làn agus shealladh e air a h-aghaidh.

Shìos a staidhre stad na bioran-fighe gu athlamh. Ghnoc cuideigin an dorus gu socair. Dh' èirich Miss Brown chun an dorus. Chùm gach lodgair cluais ri claisneachd, a' feuchainn ris gach facal a ghlacadh. Thainig na guthan socair bho 'n dorus.

"Mr Edwards?"

Cha b' urrainn dhaibh freagairt Miss Brown a chluinntinn.

"Ceart gu leòr, theid sinn suas leinn fhèin."

Chual iad fuaim nan cas air an staidhre. Thill Miss Brown a-staigh. Cha robh tuigse air aodann.

Bha Mr Edwards cho trang mu 'n bhòrd is nach cuala e fuaim sam bith. Chaitheadh a-staigh an dorus aige, chuireadh air an solus: "Glac e, a Pheadar."

Thionndaidh e 'na bhoil. Ghlac am poilis e agus an duine òg a dh' aithnich e, Bob. Rug am poilis eile air a' phrosbaig.

"Salachar na galladh . . ." dh' èigh cuideigin, agus thuig e anns a' mhionaid uabhas na thachair.

"Stad. Stad. Chan eil sibh a' tuigsinn . . . chan ann mar sin a tha e idir . . ." thàinig na faclan 'nan leum, ach mar thà bha e leathach sìos an staidhre eatorra. Ghlac e sealladh air na h-aodainn làn uabhais a bha aig dorus an t-seòmair shìos.

"Nach leig sibh às mi. Chan eil sibh idir a' tuigsinn. Cha do rinn mi dad ceàrr," bha e nis faisg air deòir agus bha am poilis a' goirteachadh a ghàirdein. Thilg iad e an cùl na van dhuibh a bha 'na seasamh aig an dorus.

Dhùin an dorus gu cruaidh air. Thuit Mr Edwards air an t-suidheachan dubh leathar. Bha crìoch air a-nis. Cha tuigeadh duine. Aon duine.



# THE TELESCOPE

## MARRIAGE THROUGH A TELESCOPE!

Mr Edwards was carefully focussing (putting on order) the telescope. The Jones' room came precise (right) and clear opposite him. He gave (made) a happy little sigh. The table had been laid (put out) for ten. Proudly he saw that the best china was out. That was the china they got when they married, things the light of day only revealed very occasionally when something special was happening. And this was, forty years married, certainly a special thing.

Ten places at the table. It must be that the whole family was coming. Bob and his wife with their two children (of family), Margaret and her husband (the man with her) and their two (with them), and at the head of the table, the great place of honour, would be Mr Jones and his wife, married for forty years (from) today.

Forty years. But was it that length (of time) since he came to live at (to) this old gloomy lodging house. He remembered how he looked at first at (on) the yellow board that told (was telling) the world that board and lodging (bed and food) was to be had here, at a price. It gave him a sort of nausea (put a sort of nausea on him). Well, it would do (the business) for a week or two until he got a better place and until he got (grew) acquainted with the town. When someone came to the door he found out that there was no room left but a small attic room in the rafters with one window looking across the width of the tiny garden towards the fine green opposite the better houses that were on the other side of the street.

He thought of (on) the first night in that shabby room. He was unacquainted with the town, he (was) twenty two, and he (was) getting ready for his first day as (in his) clerk in the bank. The first meal that he ate in the lodging house was over and he stood in (at) the darkness of the window looking out into (to) the night. It was then that he felt, as he often felt before, the home-sickness and the horrible loneliness. It was then also that a light went on in the room opposite (him) in the other street. There was a distance between them, up to forty yards, but he could see (was evident to him) the woman without any difficulty at all.

She was young and beautiful and she (was) getting ready to go to sleep. He looked at her with bated breath (with breath in his breast) when she put off her clothes. Her torso was white and smooth, her breasts full and for the twinkling of an eye (the length of a blink of an eye) she was completely naked opposite him before she got (went) between the bedclothes. A man came in, pyjamas and a heavy dressing gown on (him). She did a sort of turn away from him when he came near as if she were in some way ashamed. But he bent over her and he kissed her neck

and then her lips. The light went out. In the morning Mr Edwards bought the telescope.

Yes, indeed. The crystal glasses were on the table in addition to their wedding china. It was a great night. He thought indifferently about (on) the other lodgers down (the) stairs.

"Will you stay here a while with us tonight, Mr Edwards?"

"Oh, I shall not be staying at all Miss Brown."

Stay down with them. They, with their prattle and their opinions. He almost (there was not the excess that he did not say) said to them "It is their forty years from today, don't you know?" But he cut it short (cut it on the tip of his tongue). He fixed the telescope where he wanted it (her).

Downstairs the knitting-needles were clicking. They were talking about him.

"He keeps himself to himself, Mr Edwards, eh Miss Brown?"

"Yes indeed, he likes to be on (in) his own. He is the oldest in the house, you know. He came when my mother was alive."

"Isn't it strange that he never asked for a better room than he has."

"Heaven knows that I offered him every room in the house from time to time but he refused the one like the one before. It is that attic room that he still likes best."

"He is strange without a doubt. Really strange. Does he go out at all at any time at night?"

"I don't remember even once (on one time)."

"And what is he doing up there on his own?"

"Reading, I am sure, though I must say I don't see too many books when I am cleaning his room."

"What has he got in the room?"

"Now, you know very well you have no right to ask that and it would not be right for (to) me to answer (it) about another lodger in the house. But to tell the truth, there isn't a thing in the room except the furniture."

"Isn't there a locked trunk anywhere?"

"You need not mock us (on us) Colonel. But is there anything like that there, Miss Brown?"

"Well, his wardrobe is locked but that is quite natural."

Through the telescope Mr Edwards saw Mr Jones and his wife coming into their room. She was still looking very good, he thought proudly. Her hair was greying but her figure was still fine and beautiful. Night after night he saw her from his window moving the telescope from the sitting-room to bedroom, (he) (seized) captivated with her beauty.

She never shut the curtains at the back of the house and it was to Mr Edwards as if that warm light extended (sent) a welcome to him every night. At first he only looked at them but little by little he was caught (up) in their life; in his mind he was now going into her room, sitting opposite her at the fireside and together they would go to bed.

The surprising thing was that he never met (to) her, that he did not

know her name. But he made names for (to) them all. He chose Jones as a surname, the name was so right, so good. For her first name he chose Peggy, because this was the name of his mother. He named the boy Bob and the girl Margaret, the names he would have given to his own children if he had ever married and had a family (and a family to be with him). He did not give any name at all to the man. He hardly knew there was a man.

During the first year he had a doubt or two about taking to do with them like that. This must stop, he would say to himself, it is not right at all. When I get a better room or when I go higher in the bank. It will not be long (not long to be) before I have friends of my own (to me self) and I shall be out at (on) night and in the evening. The right woman will come along (happen on me) some day (somehow) and then marriage and a family, a home to my(me)self just like the Joneses have. But when they offered him a better room he refused it; at the bank promotion only came slowly and then (that time itself) because of age; somehow (or other) he didn't make a friend at all and he scarcely remembered talking to a girl or a woman. Loneliness came around him like a shroud but he grew used to it and at last he paid no attention to it. The telescope brought him a home and a wife, a family of his own (to himself). When the day at the bank was over, the heavy dinner eaten (put down), the narrow stairs climbed, the wardrobe opened, the warm light from the window welcomed (welcome put on) then he was right in the midst of the love and comfort of his family.

Little by little he lost each doubt, forgot the rest (other people), lost hope of marriage and was happy enough with the life he had.

He was happy with her. Playing with the children when they were crawling, warming himself around the fire on long winter nights, turning the garden (over) together in the spring, lying out on the green (lawn) in the summer sun. So fast the years went by, Mr Edwards thought. Happy years, years brim-full (with) memories.

Over there in the lighted room Clifford Brookfield took his wife's hand (on the hand of). "Congratulations (enjoy your news), my love," he said.

"Oh Clifford, it is terrible. Is he there yet?"

"Yes. Now try to keep calm. Remember (on) what the police said to us. Be just as natural as you can, don't do anything at all that will make him suspicious (put suspicion on him) and it is probable that they will catch him while he is looking."

"The filthy devil! (the filth). Looking at (on) us. God knows how long. (It's) Thanks to Providence that Peter saw him the other night when he was using our new glasses.

"Don't trouble yourself at all (don't put any trouble on yourself). Everything will be alright after tonight. But look at the time it is, the family will be here in a minute (on the minute)."

Mr Edwards was surprised (under surprise). There were only eight

round the table. Bob was not there and there was no sign (news) of Margaret's husband. Where were they? It would not be right if they were not there. He wanted them (was willing that they would hear) his own little speech that he had prepared (put on order) so carefully. "And now, to my wife's good health, the woman that was my companion (in her companion to me) that was my comfort (in her comfort to me), my wife during forty years. A most kindly wife and the best mother . . ." Then he would raise the full glass and look at (on) her face.

Downstairs the knitting needles stopped suddenly. Someone knocked quietly at the door. Miss Brown got up (to go) to the door. Each lodger strained (kept) their ear to hear(ing), trying to catch each word. The voices came quietly from the door.

"Mr Edwards?"

They could not hear Miss Brown's answer.

"Quite all right, we will go up by ourselves."

They heard the noise of feet on the stairs. Miss Brown came back in. They had a puzzled look on their faces (there was no understanding on a face).

Mr Edwards was so busy around the table that he heard no noise at all. His door was thrown open (in), the light was put on:

"Seize him, Peter."

He turned in (in his) a rage. The policeman caught hold of him and the young man that he knew, Bob. The other policeman caught hold of the telescope.

"Filthy animal!" (Excrement of the bitch!) someone called (out) and he understood at that moment (in the minute) the horror of what had happened.

"Stop. Stop. You don't understand . . . It's not like that (it is) at all . . ." The words came leaping out (in their leap), but already he was halfway down the stairs between them. He caught a glance of (on) the faces full of horror that were at the door of the downstairs room.

"Won't you let go of me. You don't understand at all. I didn't do anything wrong . . ." he was now near to (on) tears and the policeman was hurting his arm. They flung him in the back of the black van which was standing at the door.

The door shut firmly (hard) on him. Mr Edwards fell onto the black leather seat. That was the end of him now. No one would understand. No one (one person).



# ADJECTIVES

Do not be terrified by Gaelic adjectives! In many other European languages Adjectives have several forms. In French 'social' can be social, sociale, sociaux or sociales. In Gaelic 'mòr' can be **mhòr**, **mhòir**, **mòire**, **mòra** or **mhòra** and yet this presents no difficulty to a Gaelic-speaking child of five. Adjectives are no more troublesome than nouns. If they are learnt, as has been suggested already, in phrases then difficulties will disappear.

First of all, adjectives follow noun rules so they mutate if the nouns usually do.

e.g. **Am balach mòr** (masc.) but **a' chailleag mhòr** (fem.).

It would therefore be a useful start to have a drill with feminine nouns. Cover up the Gaelic phrases first!

## 5. TRANSLATE

The warm (**blàth**) land.

The big mountain.

The Red (**dearg**) Sea.

The hard (**cruaidh**) meat.

The wet (**fliuch**) week.

The short (**goirid**) story.

The little girl.

The cold wind (**gaoth, fuar**).

The good (**math**) sister.

**An tìr bhlàth.**

**A' bheinn mhòr.**

**A' Mhuir Dhearg.**

**An fheòil chruaidh.**

**An t-seachdain fhliuch.**

**An sgeul ghoirid.**

**A' chailleag bheag.**

**A' ghaoth fhuar.**

**A' phiuthar mhath.**

## THE GENITIVE OF ADJECTIVES

We know by now that a masculine noun in the Genitive usually mutates and inserts an 'i' in the last or only syllable. Adjectives will do the same therefore.

e.g. **Am balach mòr**: the big boy.

**A' bhalaich mhòir**: of the big boy.

All drills must be repeated regularly for fluency and so presuming we are familiar by now with Drill No. 1, let's repeat it with adjectives.

## 6. TRANSLATE

The name of the white (**geal**) house.

The little boy's book.

The young (**òg**) son's school.

The big man's work.

The fair-haired (**bàn**) joiner's hammer.

The black (**dubh**) cat's tail.

**Ainm an taigh ghil.**

**Leabhar a' bhalaich bheag.**

**Sgoil a' mhic òig.**

**Obair an fhir mhòir.**

**Ord an t-saoir bhàn.**

**Earball a' chait dhuibh.**

The width of the narrow (**caol**) garden.

The price of the red pen.

**Leud a' ghàrraidh chaoil.**

**Pris a' phinn dheirg.**

Finally, adjectives with feminine nouns in the Genitive. These nouns as we know already do not mutate but add an **e** and insert the usual **i**. Again adjectives follow suit.

e.g. **A' chailleag mhòr**: the big girl.

**Na cailleige mòire**: of the big girl.

Let's repeat Drill No. 3 with adjectives.

## 7. TRANSLATE

The inhabitants of the warm land.

The height of the big mountain.

The depth (**doimhneachd**) of the Red Sea.

The taste of the hard meat.

The writer (**sgriobhaiche**) of the short story.

The little girl's hair.

The effect (**buaidh**) of the cold wind.

The good sister's house.

**Muinntir na tìre blàithe.**

**Airde na beinne mòire.**

**Doimhneachd na Mara Deirge.**

**Blas na feòla cruaidhe.**

**Sgriobhaiche na sgeòil goiride.**

**Falt na cailleige bige.**

**Buaidh na gaoithe fuair.**

**Taigh na peathar maithe.**

# TAIBHS

LE CAILEIN MACCOINNICH

Chan eil mi togail cainnt duin' eile mar dhearbhadh air na leanas. A rud a thachair, thachair e 'nam fhiosrachadh fhèin, 's tha m'fhacal agad air a shon. Ach chionn's nach eil e cho fad às, a chionn's gu bheil a' chuid mhòr dhan fheadhainn aig a robh co-phàirt sa' ghnothaich, fhathast beò, bu mhath leam ainmean dhaoine agus àiteachan a chur an dara taobh, eagal dragh na luasgan a chur air fear na tè aig nach robh leasachadh sa bith air na thachair. Chan e nach eil mi làn-chinnteach gu bheil gu leòr ann, ma thachras dhoibh seo a leughadh, a chuimhnichas co air a bheil mi tighinn.

Bha mi fuireach son dhà na trì sheachdainean, aig toiseach a' Chogaidh Mhòir mu dheireadh, còmhla ri seann bhoireannach còir an àite ris an abair sinn (son an aobhair a dh'ainmich mi) Ealabhagh. Bha a mac, 's e beagan seachad air aois airm, a' fuireach còmhla ris a' bhoireannach — banntrach. Bharrachd ormsa, bha i cuideachd a' cumail air aoidheachd dithis ghillean-sgoile, 's iad a' frithealadh sgoil-mhòr air falbh o'n dachaidh fhèin. Còignear againn san tigh, 's bhuin a rud a thachair ris gach aon againn.

Bha i suas gu math san fhoghar 's na h-oidhcheana a' dùnadh a-steach caran tràth. Bha lampa air a lasadh, caoran math mònachd a' deàlradh air a' chagailt sa' chidsin, bean-an-taighe san t-seathar mhòr a' fighe, na balaich trang aig a leasan, 's mise leughadh a' phàipeir-naidheachd. Bha mac na caillich a-muigh air chèilidh.

A-nis bha'n taigh air aon de thrì na cheithir a thaighean a bha 'na seasamh leotha fhèin plos a-mach às a' bhaile — ri cladach a' bhàigh. Bha rathad caol a' tighinn a-nuas o'n bhaile, mu thrì chairteil a mhìle dh'fhad 's craobhan a' fàs ri chois cha mhòr fad na slighe. Bheir sin dhuit seòrsa de dhealbh air suidheachadh an àite. Cha chanadh duine gu robh e iomallach, ach bha na craobhan eadar e 's am baile ga chumail, mar gum biodh, "air leth". Aite bòidheach sàmhach, a bha còrdadh riumsa fìor mhath.

Agus sin, ma tà, mar a bha sinn air an fheasgar fhoghair ud: còmhlan sàmhach socair, gun dad a' cur dragh oirnn timcheall an teine. Ged a bha teine air cha robh i fuar. Bha doras a' chidsin fosgailte, 's far an robh mise 'nam shuidhe, chithinn sìos chon an dorais-a-muigh. Bha lampa beag laiste air bòrd mu choinneamh an dorais, 's aig bonn na staidhre.

Ann an ciùin an fheasgair chuala mi ceum coise a' tighinn chon an dorais, 's a sin fuaim aig bannan an dorais 'se 'ga fhosgladh. "Dé tha cho annasach mu sin?" Saoilidh mi gun cluinn mi thu foighneachd na ceisd. Dìreach seo, a charaid; bha mo shùilean-sa air an doras, 's ged a bha fuaim fosglaidh aige, seadh, ged a chuala mi ceum nan cas san fhosgalan

's a' dìreadh na staidhre, bheir mi dhuit m'fhacal nach d'fhosgail an doras ud riamh. A bharrachd, chuala càch an aon fhuaim, ach on nach fhaiceadh às an doras, shaoileadh tu nach cuireadh fuaim ceum coise luasgan orra.

Ach chan ann mar sin a bhà. Thug mi sùil air an dithis ghillean mu m' choinneamh 's bha iad cho geal ris an anart agus sgèan an eagail 'na sùilean. Sheall an t-seanbhean gu aighearr orm, 's cho luath sin thionndaidh i sùilean air falbh. As sàmhchair is sìth na h-oidhche, thàinig fuachd is luasgan an eagail a-steach nar measg le ceum coise duine agus doras nach d'fhosgail, ged a bha fuaim nam bannan sa' chleamhain a' cur an cèill a' chaochlaidh.

Mhòthaich mi gu robh na deòir ann a sùilean fear dha na gillean. Ach mun d'fhuair aon seach aon againn cothrom guth a ràdha, thàinig fuaim nan cas a rithisd chon an dorais. Sheall mi sìos, agus an turas seo dh'fhosgail an doras nàdurra gu leòr, 's thàinig a' fear a bh'air chèilidh a-steach. Ach an àite tigh'nn a-nuas dhan chidsin, mar a b'abhaist, son cupan tì ro àm cadail, 'sann a ghabh e dìreach suas a' staidhre, 's bheirinn mo mhionnan gur e ceum a chois a' chiad cheum a chuala mi dol suas. An ceann greiseag dh'èirich a mhàthair 's chaidh i fhèin suas an staidhre.

Cha robh i air falbh còig mionaidean nuair a thill 's a smèid i riùmsa o'n doras. Caran mì-shocrach lean mi i, 's mi aig an aon àm mothachail nach robh na gillean idir saoirsneil a bhi ga fàgail leotha fhèin. Bha iad ann an droch staid eagail, ach carson cha b'urrainn mi radha; chan fhac às an co-dhiù dad às a' rathad.

Nuair a chaidh sinn a-steach dhan rùm-chadail aig Fearghas (ni an t-ainm a' chùis cho math ri fear eile) bha e 'na shìneadh air a' leabaidh, fuar-fhallus roimhe, 's crith bàis air. Thug sinn greis mun d'fhuair sinn a-mach aobhar a bhrùaillean 's a thrioblaid, ach mu dheireadh thàinig e mach leis is fhiacalan a' snagadh air a chèile.

Air a rathad dhachaidh, dìreach mar a thàinig e fo sgàile nan craobhan, thàinig colas duine mach às an dubhar 's theann e coiseachd ri thaobh, bog balbh. Cha dug Fearghas leth-dusan ceum nuair a bhuail e thuige mar ghath, nach e fuil is feòil a bha 'na chuideachd. Bhruidhinn e ris a' rud a bh'ann, ach guth cha d'fhuair e air ais. Mu dheireadh, 's e aig ceann a theadhaire le oillt, dh'fheuch e greim a dhèanamh air a' cholas, 's ann am prioba na sùlach, mar a thubhairt e fhèin, "chaidh e às an t-sealladh mar cheò eadar mo làmhnan".

An toiseach, cia bith carson, chan aidicheadh e idir gun d'aithnich e an cruth a chunnaic e, ach fa dheireadh thall thubhairt e fo anail, "Se Eòghainn a bh'ann, ach air ur beatha na toiribh guth ri athair na ri mhàthair. Tha eagal orm gun deach e às a' rathad."

A-nis, bha Eòghainn bochd, mar a bha iomadh gille còir dha aois, ri aghaidh cogaidh is tuasaid aig an àm. Cha robh dhachaigh ach dà dhoras air falbh o dhachaigh Fhearghais; bha iad 'nan dlùth-chompanaich

's is iomadh oidhche thàinig an dithis a-nuas a rathad ud ri guaillean a chèile!

Cha b'fhada gon d'fhuaras dearbhadh air "faireachadh" Fhearghais. Thàinig brath, beagan ùine an deidh seo, gun deach Eóghainn a mharbhadh. Chaidh iomadh latha agus seachdain seachad mun coisicheadh Fearghas a-nuas a' rathad ud leis fhèin, aon uair 's gun dorchnaicheadh i. Ach an deidh a h-uile rud, chan e faireachadh ainneimh a bha 'na leithid, mì-nàdurra 's ga robh e. 'Se rud a bha 'na iongnadh leamsa 's a tha 'na cheisd orm fhathast, dè chiall a bh'aig na chuala sinne bha staigh, mun do ràinig Fearghas dhachaidh idir. An do ràinig an t-eagal a bhuail esan sinne, cho luath 's a dh'fhairich e fhèin e? An e ceum coise na taibhs a chuala sinn? An dàinig a' manadh dhachaidh air thoiseach air, cho luath 's a chaidh e às a shealladh-san? An e cruth neo-fhaicsinneach a chuir a làmh air cleamhann an dorais, a thàinig a-steach roimhe gun fhosgladh, a dhìrich a staidhre?

O chionn mìos na dhà air ais, thachair mi air fear dha na gilleas sgoile bha staigh an oidhch' ud, 's e nis 'na dhuine, air ceann taighe 's teaghlaich e fhèin. Cha robh an còmhradh air a dhol fada air adhart nuair a thuirt an dithis againn cha mhòr san aon anail, "Bheil cuimhn' agad an oidhche . . .". Stad sinn le chèile. Rinn e gàire beag 's chrath e cheann. Bha e soilleir dhomh gu robh cuimhn' aige, cho math 's ged a b'ann an dè a bh'ann. Ach bha e cheart cho soilleir, nach do chuir na bliadhnaichean dad a bharrachd soluis air a' chùis dhàsan na chuir iad dhòmhsa.

## A GHOST

I am not bringing up the words (talk) of anyone else as proof for (on) what follows. The thing which happened happened in my own experience and you have my word for it. But because it is not so long ago (from it) and because the greater part of those who had a part in the affair are still alive, I would like to put names of people and places on one side, (for) fear of putting (to put) bother or vexation on man or woman who had no responsibility at all for what happened. It is not that I am not fully certain that there are plenty, if it happens to them to read this, who will remember to (on) whom I am referring (coming).

I was living for two or three weeks at the beginning of the last great war with a worthy old woman in a place we shall call (for the reason I mentioned) Swan bay. Her son, (and he) a little over the army age was living with the woman — a widow. In addition to me (more on me) she was also maintaining as guests two school boys (and they) attending a secondary school (big school) away from their own home. Five of us in the house and the thing that happened affected each one of us.

It was well (up) into the autumn and the nights closing in somewhat early. A lamp was alight, a good lump of peat glowing in the hearth in the kitchen, the housewife in the armchair knitting, the boys busy at their lessons and me reading the newspaper. The old woman's son was out on a visit.

Now the house was (on) one of three or four houses standing on their own a little way out of the town on (at) the shore of the bay. There was a narrow road coming down from the town about three quarters of a mile in length, trees growing beside it (to its foot) almost the length of the road. That will give you a sort of picture of (on) the situation of the place. No one would say it was remote but the trees between it and the town were keeping it, as it were apart. A pretty quiet place which (suited to me) I enjoyed really well.

And that, then, is how we were on that autumn evening: a quiet peaceful group, without anything to trouble us (to put trouble on us) around the fire. Although there was a fire (on it) it was not cold. The door of the kitchen was open and where I was sitting I could see down to the outside door. There was a small lighted lamp on a table opposite the door and at the bottom of the stairs.

In the calm of the evening I heard footsteps coming towards the door and then the sound of the hinges of the door (and it) being opened. "What is so strange about that?" I think I can hear you asking the question. Just this, my friend; my eyes were on the door, and although there was a sound of opening, (it had the sound of opening), yes, although I heard foot steps (in) at the porch and climbing the stairs, I'll give you my word that that door did not ever open. Furthermore, the rest

heard the same sound, but since they could not see the door, you would think that the sound of footsteps would not cause them uneasiness (would not put shakes on them).

But it was not like that. I glanced at (I gave an eye on) the two boys opposite me and they were as white as a sheet (as the linen) and the glint of fear in their eyes. The old woman looked briefly at me and as quickly looked away. From the quiet and peace of the night came the chill and shaking of fear into our midst with a man's footstep and a door that did not open, although the sound of hinges and latch suggested otherwise.

I noticed there were tears in the eyes of one of the boys. But before any of us (one more than one) had opportunity to say a word (voice), the sound of the footsteps came again towards the door. I looked down and this time the door opened naturally enough and the man that was on a visit came in. But instead of coming down to the kitchen as usual for a cup of tea before bed-time (sleep time), he went straight up the stairs and I would give my oath that those footsteps were the first footsteps I heard going up. After a while his mother got up and went herself up the stairs.

She was not away five minutes when she returned and beckoned to me from the door. Somewhat uneasily I followed her and I noticed at the same time that the boys were not at all happy to be left on their own. They were in a bad state of fear but why I could not say; they at any rate did not see anything out of the way.

When we went into Fergus' bedroom (the name will do (the matter) as well as any other) he was lying on the bed (in) a cold sweat (through him) and with a tremor of death (on him). We took a while before we discovered (got out) the cause of his disturbance and distress, but at last he came out with it, his teeth chattering (on each other).

On the road home, just as he came under cover of the trees, there came the appearance of a man out of the shade and began to walk at his side, quiet and silent. Fergus had not taken half a dozen paces when it struck (to) him like a dart that it was not blood and flesh that was in his company. He spoke to the thing that was there but he got no word (voice) back. At last (and he) at the end of his tether with dread he tried to get (make) a grip on the apparition, and in the twinkling of an eye, as he said himself, "He went out of sight like mist between my hands."

At first, for whatever reason, he would not admit at all that he knew the apparition that he saw but at the very last he said under his breath, "It was Owen (that was in him) but on your life don't breathe a word (give a word) to his father nor to his mother. I am afraid that he has died (gone out of the road)."

Now, poor Owen was, like many decent boys of his age, facing the war and fighting at the time. His home was only two doors away from Fergus's home; they were close friends and many a night the two came down the road side by side (to the shoulders of each other).

It was not long before proof was found of Fergus' experience. Informa-

tion came a little time after this that Owen had been killed. Many days and weeks went past before Fergus would walk down that road on his own once it got dark. But after all it was not an infrequent experience that such a thing was, unnatural though it was. The thing that surprised me and still is a question to me (on me) was what meaning had what we inside heard, before Fergus reached home at all. Did the fear reach us which struck him as soon as he felt it himself? Was it the footstep of the ghost that we heard? Did the apparition come home before him as soon as it went out of his sight? Was it an invisible form that put its hand on the latch of the door, that came in through it without opening it, that climbed the stairs?

A month or two ago, I came across (happened on) one of the school boys that was in that night; he is now a man and has a house and family (at the head of a house and family) of his own. The conversation had not gone on long when we both said almost in the same breath, "Do you remember the night . . .". We stopped (speaking) together. He gave (made) a little laugh and shook his head. It was clear to me he remembered, as well as if (though) it was yesterday. But it was just as clear that the years had not thrown (put) any more light on the matter for him than they had done (put) for me.



## SENTENCES INVOLVING THE PRESENT TENSE

We are now in a position to combine nouns, adjectives and verbs. The Present Tense in Gaelic is expressed as follows:

**Tha mi a' cluinntinn:** I am (at) hearing.

Oddly enough in London and East Anglia people say, "He is a-singing of a song. I was a-telling of a story." Now this is exactly how you use the Present Tense with the Genitive in Gaelic.

e.g. I am a-climbing of the mountain (I am climbing the mountain).

**Tha mi a' dìreadh na beinne.**

Here are two drills; one with masculine nouns and one with feminine nouns together with adjectives so as to get as much practice as possible. They are from drills 6 and 7.

### 8. TRANSLATE

I am buying (**ceannach**) the white house.

I am meeting (**coinneachadh**) the little boy.

I am teaching (**teagaisg**) the young son.

You are helping (**cuideachadh**) the big man.

They are paying (**pàigheadh**) the fair-haired joiner.

He is feeding (**biadhadh**) the black cat.

We are digging (**cladhach**) the narrow garden.

She is using (**cleachdadh**) the red pen.

### 9. TRANSLATE

They are cultivating (**àiteachadh**) the warm land.

I am climbing (**dìreadh**) the big mountain.

We are filling (**lìonadh**) the red bag (**màileid**).

He is eating (**ithe**) the hard meat.

You are reading (**leughadh**) the short story.

**Tha mi a' ceannach an taigh ghil.**

**Tha mi a' coinneachadh a' bhalaich bhig.**

**Tha mi a' teagaisg a' mhic òig.**

**Tha thu a' cuideachadh an fhir mhòir.**

**Tha iad a' pàigheadh an t-saoir bhàin.**

**Tha e a' biadhadh a' chait dhuibh.**

**Tha sinn a' cladhach a' ghàrraidh chaoil.**

**Tha i a' cleachdadh a' phinn dheirg.**

**Tha iad ag àiteachadh na tire blàithe.**

**Tha mi a' dìreadh na beinne mòire.**

**Tha sinn a' lìonadh na màileide deirge.**

**Tha e ag ithe na feòla cruaidhe.**

**Tha sibh a' leughadh na sgeòil goiride.**

You (*fam.*) are looking for (**iarraidh**) the little girl. They are talking (**bruidhinn**) Gaelic.

She is waking (**dùsgadh**) the good sister.

**Tha thu ag iarraidh na cailleige bige.**

**Tha iad a' bruidhinn na Gàidhlig.**

**Tha i a' dùsgadh na peathar maithe.**



## THE COMPARISON OF ADJECTIVES

Finally, something for nothing! Having learnt what feminine adjectives do in the Genitive it is a relief to know that the same form has a second meaning and therefore another use without any extra learning.

e.g. **Faide (fad)** also means longer.

**Bige (beag)** also means smaller.

To end this set of drills on adjectives here is a short drill to practise saying that something is smaller or larger than something else.

### 10. TRANSLATE

This is longer (**fad**) than that.

Robert is younger (**òg**) than Janet.

Iron is harder (**cruaidh**) than wood.

A dog is smaller than a horse.

Italy is warmer than Scotland.

The bird is faster (**luath**) than the cat.

**Tha seo nas faide na sin.**

**Tha Raibeart nas òige na Seònaid.**

**Tha an t-iarann nas cruaidhe na am fiodh.**

**Tha cù nas bige na each.**

**Tha an Eadailt nas blàithe na Alba.**

**Tha an t-eun nas luaithe na an cat.**



# SRÀID NAN CAILLEACHAN-DUBHA

LE CAILEIN MACCOINNICH

Bha sràid ann a Steòrnabhagh uaireigin ris an canadh iad Sràid nan Cailleachan-Dubha. Chan ann a chionns gu robh na boireannaich chòir sin, a tha deanamh uimhir de obair na h-èiginn 's na tròcair an Eaglais na Ròimhe, a' còmhnaidh ann, ach a chionn gu robh an t-ainm aig mòran de chailleachan na sràide a bhi ri buidseachd. Ach ged a bha daoine làn-chreidsinn sin aig an àm, feumaidh sinn a bhi uasal às muinntir nan eileanan, nach eil cunntas sa bith gun do loisg iad riamh creutair bochd 'son a bhi 'na bana-bhuidseach. Chan ionnan daoine aineolach brùideil Shasuinn, — 's cheàrnan de Alba cuideachd.

Bu mhath leam a ràdha seo, nach ann dìreach o dhuine aig an robh fiosrachadh pearsanta air a' chùis, a fhuair mi an naidheachd seo; anns an t-seagh sin tha i caran eadar-dhealaichte o chàch. Gu bheil i fìor, chan eil teagamh sa bith agam, ged nach urrainn mi ainm, na bliadhna, na latha thogail mar dhearbhadh air mo bhriathran.

Bha nighean òg a' fuireach air an t-sràid ainmeil seo, caileag bhòidheach, air am biodh iomadh fear an tòir, na robh i fuireach an ceàrna sa bith eile dhan bhaile — 's mura b'e gu robh cliù na buidsich aig a màthair. 'Si 'n oidhche àm na suirghe, ach cò le chiall nàdurra rachadh air àrainn Sràid nan Cailleachan-Dubha, aon uair 's gun ciaradh an tràth?

Tha ghaigeach fhèin aig gach dùthaich is eachdraidh, 's carson a bhiodh "Eilean Leòdhais Tìr nan Gaisgeach" air dheireadh air càch? Thuit gille òg calma às Ceann-a-Bhàigh an gaol leis an nighinn, 's cailleachan-dubh ann na às, ruigeadh e taigh a leannain ri solus grèine na gealaich na 'n duibhre na h-oidhche Gheamhraidh. Gus an do dhearbhadh dha nach b'fhaoine-sgeul idir seanachas is amharas na feadhainn a bha cur air a mhanadh gun tachradh aimhleas dha oidhche bhriagh air choireigin.

An oidhche seo, oidhche chiùin dhòrcha gheamhraidh, liùg e steach mar a b'abhast dhan a' chlòsaid far an robh leannan ga fheitheamh. Dè am brìodal a bha dol eatorra, biodh càch air cùl a sheanachais, ach cha robh an gille fada staigh nuair a chual e cuideigin a' stàplaich a-steach troimh'n doras-a-muigh 's a' cur fàilt air a' chaillich, a bha leatha fhèin sa' chidsin. A-nis bha sgoltadh beag sa' bhalla-tharsainn fhiodha bha eadar a' chlòsaid 's an cidsin, 's chuir an gille shùil ris feuch cò bha còmhla ris a' chaillich. Chan eil fhios dè bha dùil aig' fhaicinn, ach bidh e dualach gu robh inntinn caran na bu shocraiche nuair nach fhac e dad na bu mhiosa na cailleach eile bha fuireach pìos shìos an t-sràid.

B'fhèarr gun do mhair an t-socair-inntinn sin gu deireadh an fheasgair 's na sgeòil!

Cha robh 'n fharchluais idir 'na cleachdadh aige, ach an dràsda 's a-rithisd cha b'urrainn e gun facal thall 's a-bhos a thogail dhan chòmhradh a bha dol aig an dithis a bha 'nan crùban mu theine chidsin. "Coma leat dhiubh — chan eil iad ach ri amaideas dhoibh fhèin", theireadh an nighean ris, 's i mothachail gu robh leannan ag èisdeachd ris an t-seanchas o thaobh eile bhalla. Cha b'urrainn e 'leasachadh; bha an còmhradh mean air mhean a' dol an tàthadh a chèile 's bha e soilleir dha gu robh an dithis a bha mu'n teine a' deilbh uilc.

"Ma ghabhas tusa am banca mu thuath, gabhaidh mise am banca mu dheas 's bheir sinn crathadh an Fhìr Mhòir air clann na galladh." 'Si màthair na h-inghinne a bhruidhinn 's a dh'aindeoin oidhirp a leannain bacadh a chur air, chàirich an gille a shùil ris a' sgoltadh. Cha robh na cailleachan na b'fhaide mu'n teine. Bha iad am meadhon an ùrlair, 'na suidhe timcheall air stòl beag cruinn, cailleach an taighe a' sìor chur spàin-adhairc mun cuairt ann a slige uighe, 's a bana-choimhearsnach a' snìomh a làmhnan os cionn a' stùil 's a' crònan ann an cànan de nach tuigeadh an gille smid.

Thug an nighean tarraing air a ghàirdean. "Leig leatha, ghràidh. Na cuir diù sa bith anna; chan eil ann ach gòraiche na h-aoise," ars ise. "Gòraiche 'n donais," ars esan, 'se ga putadh uaithe, "tha fhios agamsa glè mhath dè tha clann an àrsair ris. Ach cuiridh mise stad air mun teid e nas fhaide."

Bha e air thuar èirigh nuair a bhuail a' chiad rotach gaoithe an taigh. Calma, misneachail 's ga robh an gille, 'sann a dh'fhairich e mar gum biodh a chasan a' call an lùis. Cha b'urrainn e gluasad. Thainig an dara h-oiteag chruaidh, agus beag air bheag dh'èirich a' ghaoth, gus an robh an oidhche chiùin gheamhraidh 'na rag stoirm.

Thug an nighean a casan leatha 's chual e an iuchair a' tionndadh an doras an t-seòmair chadail aice. Ghlac e mhisnich sùil eile thoirt troimh'n bheàrna. Bha na cailleachan a-nis 'na làn uidheam 's a' deanamh air an doras, còtaichean oisglin orra 's sabhostar air a sgrogadh a-nuas air mala gach tè aca.

"Nì an t-slige bhàirnich a' chùis dhòmhsa, Mharsali, 's mo thruaighe an cloaichean, nuair a ruigeas mise", dh'èigh a' chiad tè 's i gabhail a-mach dhan stoirm.

"S gur mòr as fheàrr leam fhèin an sop connlaich air a' Chuan Sgìth", ghlaodh an tèile 's i mach troimh'n doras mar bhoc 'na leum.

Dh'altaich an gille a chasan 's thug e taing shàmhaich do Dhia gu robh comasan gluasad aige. Thug e na buinn dhi a-mach às an taigh, suas Sràid nan Cailleachan Dubha, tarsainn a' bhaile, 's cha do tharraing e srian gus an do dhùin e às a dheidh doras taigh athar an Ceann-a-Bhàigh.

Smid cha do leig air mu nì a thachair, ach bha e shìos aig a' chidhe

làrna-mhàireach nuair a thainig na bàtaichean-iasgaich a-staigh gu cala, a chluasan air fiaradh ach dè chluinneadh e. Agus chuala e gu leòr, ged nach robh naidheachd idir cho fìor dhona 's a bha eagal air a bhiodh i.

Thainig dithis dha na sgiobaidhean a-staigh gu cidhe Stèornabhaigh le naidheachd mu oidhche cho garbh 's a chunnaic iad riamh aig muir.

Ach 'se rud bu neònaiche dhan chùis, nach fhaca aon bhàta eile bha muigh, an anail gaoithe bu lugha air broilleach a' chuain a bha mar sgàthan fad na h-oidhche. 'S cha robh gin de na bàtaichean fada o chèile air a' ghrùnn iasgaich. Mur biodh an droch mhilleadh a bh'air an dà bhàta mhi-fhortanach ud 's air na lìn aca, cha chreideadh duine feasd gun do thachair a leithid orra. Ach air a làimh eile, cha robh duine ann am baile Steòrnabhaigh nach do ghabh iongnadh dhan a' stoirm obann a dh'èirich an teas-meadhon na h-oidhche chiùin ud, 's a shìolaidh a cheart cho luath sin.

Air a shocair fhèin, gun cheisd gun amharas a dhùsgadh an cridhe duine eile, lorg ar gille tapaidh gun do choisinn sgiobaidhean an dà bhàta àraidh ud diomb nan cailleachan greis mhath roimhe siud. Bhiodh e 'na chleachdadh aig na cailleachan uairean, a bhith dol chon a' chidhe nuair a thilleadh na bàtaichean, feuch dè thàrradh iad a sgadan o na gillean. Tha fhios aig an t-Sealbh nach do dhiùlt iasgair air cidhe Steòrnabhaigh riamh làn na preaiseadh a sgadan do bhoireannach, òg no sean i, ach mar a rinn an t-annradh, thachair gu robh beachdan caran làidir air buidseachd aig cuid dha na gillean a bh'air an dà bhàt' ud. Chan ann le mosaiche sa bith a dhiùlt iad a' sgadan dhan dà chaillich, ach le eagal gun toireadh iad an toradh às na lìn aca. 'S an dèidh na thachair cò chuireadh às a leth?

Chaidh corra bhliadhna seachad mun do leig an gille ris na chunnaic 's na chual e; cho-dhùin e 'na ghliocas nach biodh ann ach àird an amaideis innse dha na h-iasgairean — bha iad, mar a tha luchd na mara gu tric, dona gu leòr às aonais dearbhaidh sa bith air an creideamh ann am buidseachd.

Aon rud cinnteach, cha do dhuatharaich an gille doras na caillich tuilleadh, 's ghabhadh e barrachd is bòidheachd nighinne son a thàladh a-steach air àrainn Sràid nan Cailleachan Dubha, aon uair 's gun ciaradh an tràth.

## THE STREET OF THE OLD BLACK WOMEN

### A TALE OF BLACK MAGIC

There was a street in Stornoway at one time that they called the Street of the Old Black Women. It was not because those worthy women, who do so much work of necessity and mercy in the Church of Rome were living in it, but because many of the old women of the street had the name for being involved in (at) witchcraft. But although people fully believed that at the time, we must be proud of the inhabitants of the isles, that there is no account at all that they ever burnt a poor creature for being a (in her) witch. There is no comparison with the ignorant and brutal people of England — and regions of Scotland too.

I would like to say this, it was not direct from a man that had personal experience of (on) the matter, that I got this story; in that way it is somewhat different from the rest. That it is true, I have no doubt at all though I cannot bring up a name nor a year nor a day as proof of my words.

There was a young girl living in (on) this famous street, a pretty girl, (on) whom many men would have been pursuing, if she were living in any other district of the town — and if her mother had not a reputation for (of) being a witch. The night is the time for courting, but who with common sense would (go) within the bounds of the Street of the Black Women, once the day grew dusky.

Each country and history has its own hero, and why should 'The Isle of Lewis Land of Heroes' be behind the rest? A young brawny lad from (out of) the Head of the Bay fell in love with the girl, and witches or not, he reached his beloved's house in the light of the sun or of the moon or the blackness of the winter night. Until it was proved to him that it was not a silly story at all the talk and suspicion of those who were prophesying that a catastrophe would happen to him some fine night.

This night, a calm dark winter's night, he crept as usual, into the closet where his love waited for him. Whatever love-talk passed between them, let others do without knowing it (be behind its relating) but the boy had not been long inside when he heard someone stepping noisily inside through the outside-door and greeting the old woman who was by herself in the kitchen. Now there was a small chink in the wooden partition wall that was between the closet and the kitchen, and the boy put his eye to it to try and see who was with the old woman. There is no knowing what he expected to see, but it will be likely that his mind was rather more peaceful when he saw nothing worse than another old woman who was living a little way down the street. It would have been

better if that peace of mind had lasted to the end of the evening and of the story!

Eavesdropping was not at all in his habit, but now and again he could not help here and there picking up a word of the conversation between the two people that were crouching round the kitchen fire.

"Don't worry about them — they are only amusing themselves," said the girl to him, and she noticing that her boy friend was listening to the conversation from the other side of the wall. He could not help himself; the conversation was little by little taking shape (going into cementing with itself) and it was clear to him that the two people round the fire were plotting evil.

"If you take the north fishing-bank, I'll take the south fishing-bank and we'll put the fear of death (the Devil's shaking) into the sons of a bitch."

It was the girl's mother who spoke and in spite of his girl friend's efforts to restrain him the boy put his eye to the chink. The old women were no longer at the fire. They were in the middle of the floor sitting around a small round stool, the old woman of the house continually moving a horn spoon around in an eggshell and her female companion twisting her hands above the stool and murmuring in a language of which the boy did not understand a syllable.

The girl gave a pull on his arms. "Leave them alone, love. Don't pay any attention to them, it is only the silliness of old age," she said. "The silliness of the devil," he said pushing her from him. "I know very well what the children of Auld Nick are at. But I'll put a stop to it before it goes any further."

He was on the point of getting up when the first gust of wind hit the house. Though the boy was tough and courageous yet he felt as if his legs were losing their strength. He could not move. The second strong (hard) squall came, and little by little the wind rose until the calm winter's night was a severe (stiff) storm.

The girl made off (took her legs with her) and he heard the key turning in the door of her bedroom. He plucked up (caught) courage to have (give) another glance through the gap. The old women were now fully dressed up and making for the door, oilskin coats (on them) and a sou'wester pulled down on the brow of each woman.

"The limpet shell will do for me, Marsali, I pity their corpses when I reach (them)," the first woman called out setting out into the storm.

"I much prefer a straw on the Minch," shouted the other and she was away through the door like a buck leaping.

The boy moved his legs and gave quiet thanks to God that he had the power of movement. He rushed out of the house (he took the soles of his feet out of the house), up the Street of the Witches, across the town and he did not (pull the rein) stop until he shut behind him the door of his father's house in Head of the Bay.

He did not say a word (let on a syllable) about the thing that happened, but he was down at the quay the next day when the fishing boats came in to the harbour, his ears straining just for what he might hear. And he heard plenty, though the news was not at all so really bad, as he feared it would be.

Two of the crews came into the quay of Stornoway with news about a night as rough they had ever seen at sea.

But the strangest thing of the matter was that no other boat that was out saw the least breath of wind on the surface of the sea which was like (as calm as) a mirror all night long. And there were not any of the boats far from each other on the fishing ground. If it were not for the bad damage to those two unfortunate boats and their nets, no one would ever believe that such a thing happened to them. But on the other hand, there was not anyone in the town of Stornoway that was not surprised (took surprise of) at the sudden storm which arose right in the middle of that calm night and which subsided just as quickly.

At his own leisure, without awakening question or suspicion in the heart of anyone else, our brave lad found out (traced) that the crews of those two special boats had incurred (earned) the displeasure of the old women a good while before that. These old women were in the habit (it was in the habit with) sometimes of going to the quay when the boats were returning to see how much herring they could get from the lads. Heaven knows that no fisherman on the Stornoway quay ever refused a pot full of herring to a woman, young or old, but as misfortune had it (did it) it happened that some of the lads that were on those two boats had fairly strong opinions about witchcraft. It was not with meanness at all that they refused herring to the two old women but with fear that they would take the haul out of their nets. And after what happened, who would deny the possibility (put out its share)?

Several years passed before the boy let out what he saw and heard, he concluded in his prudence that it would be the height of foolishness to tell the fishermen — they were, as sea-faring people often are bad enough for believing in witchcraft without any evidence at all.

One thing is certain, the boy did not darken the door of the old woman any more, and it would take more than the beauty of a girl to attract (for attracting) him into the bounds of the Street of the Witches once the day darkened.



# THE DATIVE CASE OF NOUNS AND ADJECTIVES

We can now complete all the basic phrases involving nouns and adjectives.

The Dative Case is only the case used after prepositions like, **aig, air, anns, leis**. Masculine nouns mutate and therefore so do their adjectives.

e.g. **Am balach beag**: the little boy.

**Leis a' bhalach bheag**: with the little boy.

Here is the first drill which is different to previous ones. In this drill we not only learn basic phrases but also learn how to vary them as we need to do in conversation. It is a substitution drill. Just translate the first sentence into Gaelic and then go on repeating it while varying words as indicated. As usual, attempt the drill yourself before looking at the Gaelic.

## 11. SUBSTITUTION DRILL

He is working in the white house.

black

big

garden.

little

room.

white

writing

with

pen.

big

They

on

table.

round

There's a big stick

little

The little man has a big stick.

black

cat

nose.

big

**Tha e ag obair anns an taigh gheal.**

**Tha e ag obair anns an taigh dhubh.**

**Tha e ag obair anns an taigh mhòr.**

**Tha e ag obair anns a' ghàrradh mhòr.**

**Tha e ag obair anns a' ghàrradh bheag.**

**Tha e ag obair anns an t-seòmar bheag.**

**Tha e ag obair anns an t-seòmar gheal.**

**Tha e a' sgrìobhadh anns an t-seòmar gheal.**

**Tha e a' sgrìobhadh leis a' pheann gheal.**

**Tha e a' sgrìobhadh leis a' pheann mhòr.**

**Tha iad a' sgrìobhadh air a' bhòrd mhòr.**

**Tha iad a' sgrìobhadh air a' bhòrd chruinn.**

**Tha maide mòr air a' bhòrd chruinn.**

**Tha maide mòr air a' bhòrd bheag.**

**Tha maide mòr aig an fhear bheag.**

**Tha maide mòr aig an fhear dhubh.**

**Tha sròn mhòr aig a' chat dhubh.**

**Tha sròn mhòr aig a' chat mhòr.**

Feminine nouns in the Dative Case mutate but retain the 'i' they acquired in the Genitive and so, needless to say, the adjectives follow the same pattern.

e.g. **A' chearc mhòr**: the big hen.

**Na circe mòire**: of the big hen.

**Leis a' chirc mhòir**: with the big hen.

Here is a drill similar to the last which will straighten things out.

## 12. SUBSTITUTION DRILL

The white girl has a book.

big

sister

good

There's a fly on the good sister.

little window.

big

coat

street.

little

bridge.

black

with

shoe.

big

white

bag.

black

little

girl in

story.

long

street.

big

**Tha leabhar aig a' chaileig ghil.**

**Tha leabhar aig a' chaileig mhòir.**

**Tha leabhar aig a' phiuthar mhòir.**

**Tha leabhar aig a' phiuthar mhaith.**

**Tha cuileag air a' phiuthar mhaith.**

**Tha cuileag air an uinneig bhig.**

**Tha cuileag air an uinneig mhòir.**

**Tha còta air an t-sràid mhòir.**

**Tha còta air an t-sràid bhig.**

**Tha còta air an drochaid bhig.**

**Tha còta air an drochaid dhuibh.**

**Tha còta leis a' bhròig dhuibh.**

**Tha còta leis a' bhròig mhòir.**

**Tha còta leis a' bhròig ghil.**

**Tha còta leis a' mhàileid ghil.**

**Tha còta leis a' mhàileid dhuibh.**

**Tha còta leis a' mhàileid bhig.**

**Tha calleag anns an sgeòil bhig.**

**Tha calleag anns an sgeòil fhaid.**

**Tha calleag anns an t-sràid fhaid.**

**Tha calleag anns an t-sràid mhòir.**

# THE PLURAL OF NOUNS AND ADJECTIVES

Here are three drills of nouns and adjectives after which there is nothing more to learn about how these words change. If you want to learn Gaelic just persevere in reading and speaking and your vocabulary will widen and the mutations and even the exceptions will in time become second nature.

Plurals of many nouns as you probably know already end in **-(e)an**; especially feminine nouns. A lot of masculine nouns insert the **i** we have heard so much about in the drills.

Plurals of adjectives of one syllable end in **-a** if they have a broad vowel (a, o, u) or **-e** after a slender vowel (e, i).

e.g. **Na caileagan mòra tinne.** The big sick girls.

The only thing to remember is that if a noun does not end in **-(e)an** in the plural but inserts an 'i' then the adjectives mutate.

e.g. **Na balaich mhòra thinne.** The big sick boys.

There are no worries about the Dative Case after prepositions; virtually it does not exist in the plural.

e.g. **Am balach mòr BUT Na balaich mhòra.**

**Leis a' bhalach mhòr BUT Leis na balaich mhòra.**

## 13. SUBSTITUTION DRILL

At the white houses.

black  
big  
little

On

islands.

round  
big  
little

girls.

white  
black  
sick

hens.

big

With

sick  
white  
black

houses.

**Aig na taighean geala.**  
**Aig na taighean dubha.**  
**Aig na taighean mòra.**  
**Aig na taighean beaga.**  
**Air na taighean beaga.**  
**Air na h-eileanan beaga.**  
**Air na h-eileanan cruinne.**  
**Air na h-eileanan mòra.**  
**Air na h-eileanan beaga.**  
**Air na caileagan beaga.**  
**Air na caileagan geala.**  
**Air na caileagan dubha.**  
**Air na caileagan tinne.**  
**Air na cearcan tinne.**  
**Air na cearcan mòra.**  
**Leis na cearcan mòra.**  
**Leis na cearcan tinne.**  
**Leis na cearcan geala.**  
**Leis na cearcan dubha.**  
**Leis na taighean dubha.**

In

white  
round

**Anns na taighean dubha.**  
**Anns na taighean geala.**  
**Anns na taighean cruinne.**

## 14. SUBSTITUTION DRILL

The white men have fish.

black  
big  
little

boys

big  
black

cats

little  
white

With the little birds.

big  
sick

men.

little  
white

On

buttons.

round  
black  
big  
little

**Tha iasg aig na fir gheala.**  
**Tha iasg aig na fir dhubha.**  
**Tha iasg aig na fir mhòra.**  
**Tha iasg aig na fir bheaga.**  
**Tha iasg aig na balaich bheaga.**  
**Tha iasg aig na balaich mhòra.**  
**Tha iasg aig na balaich dhubha.**  
**Tha iasg aig na cait dhubha.**  
**Tha iasg aig na cait bheaga.**  
**Tha iasg aig na cait gheala.**

**Leis na h-eòin bheaga.**  
**Leis na h-eòin mhòra.**  
**Leis na h-eòin thinne.**  
**Leis na fir thinne.**  
**Leis na fir bheaga.**  
**Leis na fir gheala.**  
**Air na fir gheala.**  
**Air na putain gheala.**  
**Air na putain chruinne.**  
**Air na putain dhubha.**  
**Air na putain mhòra.**  
**Air na putain bheaga.**

The Genitive plural is simply the singular of the noun and the plural of the adjective preceded by **nan(m)**.

## 15. SUBSTITUTION DRILL

The eyes of the white hens.

black  
sick  
big

girls.

little  
sick  
white

The hands

black  
big  
little

men.

**Sùilean nan cearc geala.**  
**Sùilean nan cearc dubha.**  
**Sùilean nan cearc tinne.**  
**Sùilean nan cearc mòra.**  
**Sùilean nan caileag mòra.**  
**Sùilean nan caileag beaga.**  
**Sùilean nan caileag tinne.**  
**Sùilean nan caileag geala.**  
**Làmhnan nan caileag geala.**  
**Làmhnan nam fear geala.**  
**Làmhnan nam fear dubha.**  
**Làmhnan nam fear mòra.**  
**Làmhnan nam fear beaga.**



The feet

white  
sick  
big

birds.

Casan nam fear beaga.  
Casan nan eun beaga.  
Casan nan eun geala.  
Casan nan eun tinne.  
Casan nan eun mòra.  
Casan nam balach mòra.  
Gàirdein nam balach mòra.  
Gàirdein nam balach beaga.  
Gàirdein nam balach dubha.

The arms

little  
black

boys.

## A' CHUIRT

LE IAIN MAC A' GHOBHAINN

- Boireannach* Cò sibh? An ann mu dheidhinn a' phension a thàinig sibh? Tha mo dhuine air a bhith . . . air siubhal . . . bho chionn seachd bliadhna, 's e saighdear a bh'ann 's cha d'fhuair . . .
- Sellar* Chan ann . . . airson pension . . . a thàinig mi.
- Boireannach* O?
- Sellar* Innsidh mi dhuibh carson a thàinig mi. An cuala sibh a riamh mu'n Diùc . . . ?
- Boireannach* An Diùc?
- Sellar* Seadh. Uill, 'se duine mòr a th'ann.  
(Faodaidh am fear a tha cluich Sellar a bhith spaisdearachd air ais 's air adhart a' bualadh a' chuip.)  
Diùc. Tha mi fhèin 's an Diùc mar seo (a' cur a mheuran an glaic a chèile. Tuitidh a' chuip air an uair a nì e seo.. Togaidh e i.)
- Boireannach* Nach fhaodadh e rudeigin a dhèanamh mu mo phension?
- Sellar* B'fheàrr leam gu sguireadh tu chur a-mach mu'n phension sin. Chan eil gnothach aig mo thuras ri pension.
- Boireannach* Thug iad leotha mo dhuine. Thug iad do'n arm e, 's a-nis . . . Bheil fhios agaibh gu robh e ann an àite ris an can iad Canada?
- Sellar* Bidh barrachd air-san an Canada . . . Thàinig mise airson taigh a thoirt dhuibh, taigh beag ùr. Bheil sibh a' tuigsinn? Chan ann mar seo (a' sealltainn le tàir timcheall an t-seòmair). Innis dhomh. Dè cho fada 's a tha an tobair bhuat?
- Boireannach* An tobair? Chan eil fhios agam . . . Bidh iad a' toirt a' bhùirn thugam . . . na nàbaidhean.
- Sellar* Uill, smaoinich. Bidh an tobair ri do thaobh. "An ath dhoras," mar a their sinn. Bheil thu tuigsinn? 'S bidh dà rùm agad. Chan ann coltach ri seo . . .
- Boireannach* Dè dhèanainn-sa le dà rùm? Chan eil ann ach mi fhìn, a chionn 's gu bheil mo dhuine . . .
- Sellar* Marbh? Chan urrainn dhut a thoirt air ais.
- Boireannach* (a' deanamh grèim air a' Bhìoball gun mhothachadh aice air) — Tha sin ceart. Ach tha am Bìoball a' teagasg nach e a' bheatha seo . . .
- Sellar* (an corraich) — O . . . all right . . . (a' suidhe a-rithist) . . . 's bidh an taigh seo glan.
- Boireannach* Nach eil am fear seo glan?

*Sellar* (ag èigheachd) — Tha. Tha e glan gu leòr. Ach a bheil sibh a' tuigsinn? Gheibh sibh cùirtaran, is àite-teine brèagha. Smaoinich air a sin.

*Boireannach* Carson a bhios sibh ag ràdh "sibh" an dàrna uair is "tu" an ath uair?

*Sellar* Am bi . . . Uill, tha mi call na Gàidhlig. Chan eil ann ach sin . . . Nuair a bhios duine an còmhnaidh maille ri Diùc . . .

*Boireannach* Cha bu chaomh leam dà rùm.

*Sellar* Carson? Carson?

*Boireannach* Bhiodh e ro-mhòr dhomh. Cha robh agam fhìn 's aig mo dhuine ach an aon rùm 's thog sinn ar teaghlach ann.

*Sellar* Chan ann an Africa a tha sibh a-nis.

*Boireannach* Africa?

*Sellar* Seadh. Africa.

*Boireannach* Co-dhiù, dè dhèanainn nam fàginn na nàbaidhean? Iain is Màiri is Tormod is . . .

*Sellar* Am bi iad a' tighinn a shealltainn oirbh?

*Boireannach* Uaireannan.

*Sellar* Uill matà . . .

*Boireannach* Tha iad dripeil, tha sibh a' tuigsinn. Ach a dh'aindeoin sin . . .

*Sellar* (gu dian) — Smaoinich! Dà rùm. Uinneagan le gloine. Cha bhiodh tughadh air an taigh, no càil aosd. Chì thu a' ghrian a' deàlradh air na h-uinneagan (a' suidhe gu chùil), 's bithidh carpet air an làr . . .

*Boireannach* (a' crathadh a cinn) — Cha chòrdadh e ris an duin' agam idir.

*Sellar* Bha dùil agam gun robh e marbh.

*Boireannach* Chaochail e. Cha chaomh leam am facal sin "marbh." Ach cha chòrdadh e ris. Chanadh e rium, tha mi cinnteach, "Dè tha thu 'g iarraidh leis na nithean ùra sin? Nuair a thig mi steach le mo bhrògan salach càit an cuir mi mo chasan? Bidh eagail orm gluasad air feadh an taighe." O, sin a chanadh e ceart gu leòr.

*Sellar* 'S ann air na mairbh a tha thu mach?

*Boireannach* Uill, nach eil sin ceart? Feumaidh sinn smaoineachadh air na mairbh. Is cuideachd càit an tiodhlaiceadh iad mi?

*Sellar* Tiodhlaiceadh? Dè'n diofar a tha sin?

*Boireannach* Tha. 'S mòr an diofar sin. Nach deach mo dhaoine gu lèir a thiodhlaicadh anns a' chladh seo? Chì thu e ma sheallas tu mach air an uinneig. Talamh gainmhich is sìtheanan anns an t-samhradh, droighneach timcheall air.

*Sellar* Leis an fhirinn innse chan eil mi a' tuigsinn dè th'aig a' chladh ri dhèanamh ris an taigh ùr . . .

*Boireannach* Tha sibhse òg. 'Se sin as coireach.

*Sellar* Tha mi còig deug air fhichead.

*Boireannach* Tha sin òg. Bheil sibh pòsd?

*Sellar* Chan eil.

*Boireannach* An robh sibh anns an arm?

*Sellar* Anns an arm? Cha robh na . . .

*Boireannach* Bha mo dhuine 'g innse dhomh mu na Frangaich. Daoine dona. Cha b'urrainn dhut earbs' a chur annta. Eich mhòra aca, 's aon duine le each mòr geal, tha iad ag ràdh. Fear beag reamhar. Bheil sibh a' smaoineachadh an aithnich an Diùc e?

*Sellar* (air fhiachainn) — Chan eil fhios agam.

*Boireannach* Co-dhiù tha mise ro aosda tuilleadh airson an t-àite seo fhàgail. Ach . . . an gabh sibh balgam teatha? Tha mi duilich nach do thairg mi teatha dhuibh roimhe.

*Sellar* Cha ghabh. Chan eil mi ag iarraidh tea. Chan eil tìd' agam. Tha mi air a bhith fada gu leòr . . .

*Boireannach* Uill, bha e coibhneil dhuibh a thighinn, oir tha mi smaoineachadh gum bi sibh dripeil ach faodaidh sibh cantainn ris an Diùc nach eil mi ag iarraidh an taigh ùir. Tha mi glè dhuilich ach canaibh ris nam b'urrainn dha càil a dhèanamh mu mo phension gum biodh sin tòrr na bu ghiorraiche . . .

*Sellar* (air a chur mun cuairt mar dhuine am breislich cogaidh) — Eisdibh rium! (Seallaidh i ris 's i ag èisdeachd.)

Bheil sibh ag èisdeachd? Feumaidh sibh an taigh fhàgail. Tha e dol ga leagail.

*Boireannach* Ga leagail? (Seallaidh i air an taigh le iongnadh.)

*Sellar* (A' bualadh a chuip air a bhrògan leathrach) — Seadh. Ga leagail.

*Boireannach* (suidhidh i) — O. Carson? An e càil a rinn mi? An e am pension as coireach? Dh'fhaodadh nach robh còir agam air? Dh'fhaodadh gun chuir sin fearg air . . .

*Sellar* Chan eil gnothach aige ris a' phension. Tha e ag iarraidh na talmhainn airson chaorach.

*Boireannach* Chaorach?

*Sellar* Seadh. Tha an Diùc ga iarraidh airson chaorach . . .

Nach ann leis fhèin am fearann co-dhiù?

*Boireannach* Cha robh fhios agam.

*Sellar* Uill, tha fhios agad air a-nis.

*Boireannach* Airson chaorach? . . . Ach (gu buadhmhor) chan eil feum aig caoraich air taighean.

*Sellar* (A' togail a shùilean gu nèamh leis cho mì-reusonach 's a tha i.)

Co-dhiù tha e ga iarraidh. 'Sann leis fhèin a tha e.

- Boireannach* (a' seasamh) — Chan ann! Leam-sa tha an taigh! Le mo dhuine 's leam fhìn 's le mo theaghlach. Bheil fhios agad gur e sin mo leabaidh-phòsda? (Bheir i ceum air feadh an taighe, a' comharrachadh a-mach far am biodh an leabaidh.) Agus is e sin an dreasair a thug mo mhàthair dhomh (seallaidh i suas). Is mo ghleoc. Bheil thu tuigsinn? Bheil fhios agaibh cho aosd' 's tha an taigh-sa? Tha cuimhn' agam nuair a chaidh an tughadh buidhe mu dheireadh a chur air, 's an sloman 's na h-acraichean . . . (Thig i thuice fhèin a-rithist.) Faodaidh sibh cantainn ris nach eil mi ag iarraidh a' phension. Faodaidh e a chumail . . . Ceannaichidh e rudeigin dha. Canaibh sin ris.
- Sellar* ('s na facail a' taomadh a-mach) — Seall a-mach air an uinneig. Dé tha thu a' coimhead ach talamh cruaidh clachach? Co mheud spaid, co mheud corran a lùb do dhruim? Bheil fhios agad gu robh mis' ann an Lunnainn, baile mòr ann an Sasainn? Cha robh thusa riamh an Sasainn. Na daoine, na trusganan, na soluis! Bheil thu tuigsinn? Chan eil nì an seo ach uisg' is clach . . . Bheil thu smaoinichadh gun robh mise dol a dh'fhuireach an seo? (ris fhéin). Tha cuimhn' agam air . . . Daoine a' cromadh ris an talamh . . . mar chaoraich . . . (stadaidh e greiseag 's an uair sin greasaidh e air). Am bàs! Cladhan! (A' tighinn thuige fhéin.) Feumaidh tu fàgail. Feumaidh tu bhith mach á seo am màireach. Chuir an Diùc mi dha d' ionnsaigh. Thug e dhomh an t-òrdugh.
- Boireannach* Co às a tha sibh fhéin?
- Sellar* Mise? Chan eil gnothach aig an sin ris . . . Chan eil annam-sa ach ionstramaid. Ach (gu pròiseil) chan e. Bidh mise an Lunnainn fhathast. Cuimhnich air a sin.
- Boireannach* (a' bruidhinn rithe fhéin) — Bhiodh cèilidhean againn cuideachd. A h-uile seachdain. Is òrain. Is, uaireannan, dannsan. Le mèlèididhean. Nuair a bha mi òg, tha sibh a' tuigsinn?  
(tòisichidh i ag aithris.)  
Nuair a philleas ruinn an samhradh  
Bidh gach doire . . .
- Sellar* Stad! Chan eil mi airson do chuid bàrdachd. (Eiridh e, deiseil gu falbh.) Agus, cuimhnich, am màireach. (Nì e a shlighe chun an dorais.)
- Boireannach* Chan urrainn dhomh. Cha leigeadh mo dhuine dhomh. Cuimhnichibh gur ann leis-san a tha an taigh cuideachd, 's le mo theaghlach.
- Sellar* (le fiamh) — Càit a bheil do theaghlach?

- Boireannach* Tha Iain an Canada, is Aonghas an Astràilia . . .
- Sellar* (air faochadh fhaighinn) — Uill, tha sin ceart gu leòr . . .
- Boireannach* Balaich àrd thapaidh . . . Chan fhaic mi iad tuilleadh.
- Sellar* Chan eil fhios air sin . . . Cuimhnich, am màireach . . .
- Boireannach* Tha mi duilich nach b'urrainn dhuibh copan teatha a ghabhail. Cha chaomh leam duine a bhith tadhal gun chopan teatha a ghabhail.
- Sellar* Chan eil tid' agam. Ach cuimhnichibh air an taigh ùr. Tha innleachdan mìorbhaileach ann an diugh . . .
- Boireannach* (mar gum b'ann rithe fhéin) — Caoraich.
- Sellar* Dè thubhairt sibh?
- Boireannach* Caoraich. Bheil fhios agaibh gum b'fheàrr leam bò uair sam bith. Gheibh sibh bainne bho'n bhoine, is ìm, is . . . Ach canadh sibhse ris an Diùc nach urrainn dhomh an taigh fhàgail. Co-dhiù, tha siataig orm mun àm seo de'n bhliadhna.
- Sellar* ('s a chiall air a mhuin) — O . . .! (Ruithidh e mach ach thèid stad a chur air aig an doras, far a bheil dà fhear-faire an aodach dubh air nochdadh. Bheir e sùil orra 's an sin bheir e ceum lapach air ais chun na cathrach agus suidhidh e sìos mar dhuine ann am bruaillean. Leigidh an t-seana-bhean i fhéin 'na leth-shuidhe cuideachd.)

# THE COURT

This play is about one of the most notorious of the Highland Clearances that took place after Culloden. In this extract Patrick Sellar, agent for the Duke of Sutherland, tells an old Highland woman that she must leave her home the next day. She shows most eloquently how deeply rooted a home is in one's family, dead or alive, present or absent. At the end of the play Sellar is made to face his own conscience and the consequences of his act.

*Old Woman* Who are you? Is it about the pension that you have come? My husband has . . . has died . . . seven years ago, he was a soldier and I didn't get . . .

*Sellar* It is not . . . for a pension . . . that I have come.

*O.W.* Oh?

*S.* I'll tell you why I have come. Have you heard about the Duke?

*O.W.* The Duke?

*S.* Yes. Well, he is a great man.  
(The man that is playing Sellar may walk backwards and forwards cracking his whip)  
A Duke. I and the Duke are like this. (Clasping his fingers together. The whip falls when he does this. He picks it up).

*O.W.* Mightn't he do something about my pension?

*S.* I would rather thou stoppest keeping on about that pension. My visit has nothing to do with a pension.

*O.W.* They took my husband with them. They took him to the army and now . . . Do you know he was in a place they call Canada?

*S.* There will be more than him in Canada . . . I came to give you a house, a new little house. Do you understand? Not like this (looking with contempt around the room). Tell me. How far is the well from thee?

*O.W.* The well? I don't know . . . They bring fresh water to me . . . The neighbours.

*S.* Well, imagine. The well will be beside thee, 'Next door' as they say. Dost thou understand? And thou wilt have two rooms. Not like this . . .

*O.W.* What would I do with two rooms? There is only myself because my husband is . . .

*S.* Dead? Thou cans't not bring him back.

*O.W.* (picking up the Bible unconsciously) — That's right. But the Bible teaches that it is not this life . . .

*S.* (angrily) — Oh . . . all right . . . (sitting down again) . . . and this house will be clean.

*O.W.* Isn't this one clean?

*S.* (shouting) — Yes. It's clean enough. But do you understand? You'll have curtains and a fine fireplace. Think of that.

*O.W.* Why do you say 'you' at one time and 'thou' the next time?

*S.* Do I? . . . Well, I'm losing the Gaelic. That is all it is. When a man is always in the company of a Duke . . .

*O.W.* I wouldn't like two rooms.

*S.* Why? Why?

*O.W.* It would be too big for me. I and my husband only had one room and we brought our family up in it.

*S.* You're not in Africa now.

*O.W.* Africa?

*S.* Yes, Africa.

*O.W.* Anyway, what would I do if I left the neighbours? John and Mary and Norman and . . .

*S.* Do they come and see you?

*O.W.* Sometimes.

*S.* Well then . . .

*O.W.* They are busy, you understand. But in spite of that . . .

*S.* (persistently) — Imagine! Two rooms. Windows with glass. There wouldn't be thatch on the house, or anything old. You'll see the sun shining on the windows (sitting back) and there will be a carpet on the floor . . .

*O.W.* (shaking her head) — My husband wouldn't like it at all.

*S.* I thought he was dead.

*O.W.* He passed away. I don't like that word 'dead'. But he wouldn't like it. He would say to me, I am sure, 'What dost thou want with those new things? When I come in with my dirty shoes where shall I put my feet? I shall be afraid to move through the house'. O, he would say that right enough.

*S.* You're concerned with the dead?

*O.W.* Well, isn't that right? We must think of the dead. And also where would they bury me?

*S.* Bury? Of what importance is that?

*O.W.* Yes. It's of great importance. Weren't all my people buried in this cemetery? You'll see it if you look out of the window. Sandy earth and flowers in the summer, with thorns around it.

*S.* To tell the truth I don't understand what the cemetery has to do with the new house.



O.W. You are young. That's the trouble.  
 S. I am thirty five.  
 O.W. That's young. Are you married?  
 S. No.  
 O.W. Were you in the army?  
 S. In the army? Not at all . . .  
 O.W. My husband was telling me about the French, wicked people you couldn't trust them. They had big horses, and one man with a big white horse, they say. A small fat man. Would you think the Duke would know him?  
 S. (strained) — I don't know.  
 O.W. Anyway I'm too old for leaving this place. But . . . will you have a drop of tea? I'm sorry I didn't offer you tea before.  
 S. No. I don't want any tea. I haven't any time. I have been long enough.  
 O.W. Well, it was kind of you to come, because I'm thinking that you will be busy, but you may say to the Duke that I don't want the new house. I'm very sorry but say to him, if he could do something about my pension that would be much more beneficial.  
 S. (confused like a man in the tumult of war) — Listen to me! (She looks at him and listens). Are you listening? You'll have to leave the house, he is going to demolish it.  
 O.W. Demolish it? (She looks at the house with surprise).  
 S. (striking his whip on his leather shoes) — Yes. Demolish it.  
 O.W. (She sits down) — Oh! Why! Is it anything I have done? Is it my pension which is to blame? Perhaps I had no right to it. Perhaps that made him angry . . .  
 S. It has nothing to do with the pension. He wants the land for sheep.  
 O.W. Sheep?  
 S. Yes. The Duke wants it for sheep . . . Isn't the ground his anyway?  
 O.W. I didn't know.  
 S. Well thou knowest now.  
 O.W. For sheep? . . . But (triumphantly) — sheep don't need houses.  
 S. (raising his eyes to heaven as she is so unreasonable) — Anyway he wants it. It is his own.  
 O.W. (standing up) — No! The house is mine! My husband's and mine and my family's. Do you know that that is my marriage bed? (She walks across the house, pointing out where the bed is) — And that is the dresser my mother

gave me. (She looks up) — And my clock. Do you understand? Do you know how old this house is? I remember when the yellow thatch was last put on it, and the ropes and the anchor stones. (She comes to herself again). You may tell him I don't want the pension. He can keep it . . . It will buy something for him. Tell him that.  
 S. (words pour out) — Look out of the window. What do you see but hard stony ground? How many spades, how many sickles bent thy back? Didst thou know I was in London, a big town in England? Thou wast never in England. The people, the dresses, the lights! Dost thou understand? There isn't a thing here but water and stone . . . Dost thou think I was going to live here? (To himself) — I remember it . . . People stooping to the earth . . . like sheep . . . (he stops a moment and then hurries on) — Death! Cemeteries! (Coming to himself) — Thou must leave. Thou must be out of here tomorrow. The Duke sent me to thee. He gave me the order.  
 O.W. Where are you from?  
 S. Me? That has nothing to do with . . . I am only an instrument. But (proudly) no. I shall be in London again. Remember that.  
 O.W. (speaking to herself) — We had ceilidhs too. Every week. And songs. And, sometimes, dances. With a melodeon. When I was young, do you understand?  
 (She begins to recite) —  
 When summer returns to us  
 Every grove will be . . .  
 S. Stop! I don't want to hear your bit of poetry. (He gets up, ready to leave) — And, remember, tomorrow. (He makes his way to the door).  
 O.W. I can't. My husband would not let me. Remember that the house is his also and my family's.  
 S. (with a smile) — Where is thy family?  
 O.W. John is in Canada, and Angus in Australia.  
 S. (relieved) — Well that's all right.  
 O.W. Tall sturdy lads . . . I shan't see them again.  
 S. You never know. Remember, tomorrow.  
 O.W. I am sorry you couldn't have a cup of tea. I don't like anyone calling without having a cup of tea.  
 S. I haven't time. But remember the new house. There are marvellous gadgets about today.  
 O.W. (as if to herself) — Sheep.  
 S. What didst thou say?  
 O.W. Sheep. Do you know I would prefer a cow anytime. You

get milk from the cow, and butter, and . . . But tell the Duke I can't leave the house. Anyway, I get sciatica around this time of the year.

- S. (incensed) — O . . . ! (He rushes out but he is stopped at the door, where two guards in black clothes have appeared. He glances at them and then he walks back limply to the chair and sits down like a confused man. The old woman half-sits also.)

## IRREGULAR VERBS

Gaelic is kind to the learner with its comparatively simple verb system. It is even kinder with its comparatively few irregular verbs and even these cause little trouble.

The aim of this series of grammar drills has been to give the learner of Gaelic a stock of phrases which will spring to mind easily and form the basis of fluency in the language. If the drills have been practised regularly phrases like the following should be starting to roll off the tongue:

**Cuiridh mi:** I'll put.

**An cuir mi?:** shall I put?

**Ma chuireas mi . . .** if I put.

**Chuir mi . . . an dè.** I put . . . yesterday.

**An do chuir mi . . . an dè?** Did I put . . . yesterday?

The only difference with irregular verbs is that most of them have two forms. For example, the verb 'to get' has **gheibh** and **faigh**.

The following scheme will show when each form is used.

To say: **abair, their.**

16. Repeat.

**Their mi:** I'll say.

**Ma their mi . . .** If I say . . .

**Ged a their mi . . .** Although I'll say . . .

**An duine a their sin . . .** The man who'll say that . . .

**Am bheil fhios agad na their mi?** Do you know what I'll say?

**An abair mi?** Shall I say?

**Chan abair mi.** I won't say.

**Nach abair mi?** Won't I say?

**Mur abair mi . . .** If I don't say . . .

**Ged nach abair mi . . .** Although I won't say . . .

**Mus abair mi . . .** Before I'll say . . .

The use of the two forms of the verbs can be summarised as follows:

	(say)	(do)	(see)	(get)	(go)	(come)	(give)
<b>ma</b>							
After <b>a</b>	<b>their</b>	<b>ni</b>	<b>chi</b>	<b>gheibh</b>	<b>thèid</b>	<b>thig</b>	<b>bheir</b>
<b>na</b>							
<b>an(m)</b>							
<b>cha(n)</b>							
After <b>nach</b>	<b>abair</b>	<b>dèan</b>	<b>faic</b>	<b>faigh</b>	<b>tèid</b>	<b>tig</b>	<b>toir</b>
<b>mur</b>							
<b>mus</b>							
Don't forget:	<b>am faic?</b> <b>faigh?</b>	<b>chan fhaic</b> <b>fhaigh</b>	<b>nach fhaic</b> <b>fhaigh</b>				

You can now easily make up your own drills by reading off these verbs as follows:

Nì mi.	An dèan mi?
Ma nì mi . . .	Cha dèan mi.
Ged a nì mi . . .	Nach dèan mi?
An duine a nì sin.	Mur dèan mi . . .
Am bheil fhios agad na nì mi?	Ged nach dèan mi . . .
	Mus dèan mi . . .

Here are some past tenses to practise with:

	(said)	(did)	(saw)	(got)	(went)
ma					
After a	thuir	rinn	chunnaic	fhuaire	chaidh
na					
	(came)	(gave)			
	thàinig	thug			
an(m)					
cha(n)					
After nach	tuirt	d'rinn	faca	d'fhuaire	deachaidh
mur					
mus					
	(came)	(gave)			
	tàinig	tug			

Don't forget: **am faca? chan fhaca nach fhaca**

Here is an example of how to read off the past tenses.

Chunnaic mi. I saw.  
 Ma chunnaic mi . . . If I saw . . .  
 Ged a chunnaic mi . . . Although I saw . . .  
 An duine a chunnaic mi. The man who saw me.  
 Am bheil fhios agad na chunnaic mi? Do you know what I saw?  
 Am faca mi? Did I see?  
 Chan fhaca mi. I didn't see.  
 Nach fhaca mi? Didn't I see?  
 Mur faca mi . . . If I didn't see . . .  
 Ged nach fhaca mi . . . Although I didn't see . . .  
 Mus faca mi . . . Before I saw . . .

## 'IS' AND 'BU'

And now finally let us meet two newcomers **is** and **bu**. Some of us may recognise them but if not they are simply parts of the verb **Bith** (to be).

They have a special use when emphasising but for the moment they are used in certain very basic practical phrases.

Take **Is urrainn dhomh seinn**; or **B'urrainn dhomh seinn**.

The first phrase means 'There is ability to me singing;' and the second 'There was ability to me singing.' In other words, these phrases mean 'I can sing' and 'I could sing'. If you think they are a roundabout way of talking compare the English 'I am able to sing.'

**Is** and **bu** are used also in the following phrases:

**Is eudar dhomh:** I must.  
**B' eudar dhomh:** I had to.  
**Bu chòir dhomh:** I ought to.  
**Is feàrr leam:** I prefer.  
**B' fheàrr leam:** I would prefer.  
**Is toigh leam:** I like.  
**Bu toigh leam:** I would like.

Here is a translation drill to get used to these new expressions. For short phrases you just use the verb on its own — e.g. **seinn**. If you go on to say what you are singing, selling, eating etc. you need the infinitive — e.g. **a sheinn**. The **a** of the infinitive is elided before a vowel.

### 17. TRANSLATE

He likes eating.  
 He likes eating fish.  
 We like drinking.  
 We like drinking beer.  
 She would like to read.  
 She would like to read this book.

They would like to write.  
 They would like to write letters.

You prefer to buy the red one.

I would prefer to see the green one.

He prefers to play football.  
 She would prefer to walk.

**Is toigh leis ithe.**  
**Is toigh leis iasg ithe.**  
**Is toigh leinn òl.**  
**Is toigh leinn leann òl.**  
**Bu toigh leatha leughadh.**  
**Bu toigh leatha an leabhar seo a leughadh.**  
**Bu toigh leatha sgrìobhadh.**  
**Bu toigh leatha litrichean a sgrìobhadh.**  
**Is feàrr leibh am fear dearg a cheannach.**  
**B' fheàrr leam am fear uaine fhaicinn.**  
**Is feàrr leis ball-coise a chluich.**  
**B' fheàrr leatha coiseachd.**

# 18. TRANSLATE.

I must sell my house.  
 You must sell your house.  
 He had to sell his house.  
 She had to sell her house.  
 We can do this.  
 You can do that.  
 They could bring in the little  
 chair.  
 I could bring in the little table.  
  
 He ought to get up earlier.  
 You ought to work harder.  
 She can't swim.  
 Can you play golf? Yes.  
  
 Can't they open the window? No.

Is eudar dhomh mo thaigh a reic.  
 Is eudar dhuit do thaigh a reic.  
 B' eudar dha a thaigh a reic.  
 B' eudar dhi a taigh a reic.  
 Is urrainn dhuinn seo a dhèanamh.  
 Is urrainn dhuibh sin a dhèanamh.  
 B' urrainn dhaibh a' chathair bheag  
 a thoirt a-steach.  
 B' urrainn dhomh am bòrd beag a  
 thoirt a-steach.  
 Bu chòir dha èirigh nas tràithe.  
 Bu chòir dhuit obair nas cruaidhe.  
 Chan urrainn dhi snàmh.  
 An urrainn dhuit golf a chluich?  
 'S urrainn.  
 Nach urrainn dhaibh an uinneag  
 fhosgladh? Chan urrainn.

# SRATH NABHAIR

LE RUARaidh MACTHOMAIS

Ann's an adhar dhubh-ghorm ud,  
 àirde na sìorraidheachd os ar cionn,  
 bha rionnag a' priobadh ruinn  
 's i freagairt mireadh an teine  
 ann an cabair taigh m'athar  
 a' bhliadhna thugh sinn an taigh le bleideagan sneachda.

Agus siud a' bhliadhna cuideachd  
 a shlaod iad a' chailleach do'n t-sitig,  
 a shealltainn cho eòlach 's a bha iad air an Fhìrinn,  
 oir bha nid aig eunlaith an adhair  
 (agus cròthan aig na caoraich)  
 ged nach robh àit aice-se anns an cuireadh i a ceann fòidhpe.

A Shrath Nabhair 's a Shrath Chill Donnain,  
 is beag an t-iongnadh ged a chinneadh am fraoch àlainn oirbh,  
 a' falach nan lotan a dh'fhàg Pàdraig Sellar 's sheòrsa,  
 mar a chunnaic mi uair is uair boireannach cràbhaidh  
 a dh'fhiosraich dòrainn an t-saoghail-sa  
 is sìth Dhè 'na sùilean.

# STRATHNAVER

In that blue-black sky,  
 as high above us as eternity,  
 a star was winking at us,  
 answering the leaping flames of fire  
 in the rafters of my father's house,  
 that year we thatched the house with snowflakes.

And that too was the year  
 they hauled the old woman out on to the dung-heap,  
 to demonstrate how knowledgeable they were in Scripture,  
 for the birds of the air had nests  
 (and the sheep had folds)  
 though she had no place in which to lay down her head.

O Strathnaver and Strath of Kildonan,  
 it is little wonder that the heather should bloom on your slopes,  
 hiding the wounds that Patrick Sellar, and such as he, made,  
 just as time and time again I have seen a pious woman  
 who has suffered the sorrow of this world,  
 with the peace of God shining from her eyes.



## SUAS LEIS A' GHÀIDHLIG

Sèist: Togaibh i, togaibh i, cànan ar dùthcha,  
Togaibh a suas i gu h-inbhe ro chliùitich,  
Togaibh gu daingeann i 's bithibh rith' bàidheil.  
Hi horo, togaibh i; Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig!

'Si cànan na h-òige, 'si cànan na h-aois,  
B'i cànan ar sinnsre, b'i cànan an gaol;  
Ged a tha i nis aosd, tha i reachdmhor is treun;  
Cha do chaill i a cli, 's cha do strìochd i fo bheum.

A dh'aindeoin gach ionnsaigh a thugadh le nàmh  
A chòirichean prìseil a spùinneadh o'n Ghàidheal,  
Cha lasaich e 'chaoidh gus am faigh e a' bhuaidh  
Thar gach mì-ruin is eucoir a dh'fhaodas a ruaig.

A Chlanna nan Gàidheal, bithibh seasmhach is dlùth  
Ri guaillibh a chèile a' cosnadh gach cliù;  
O seasaibh gu gaisgil ri cànan ur gràidh  
'S na trèigibh a' Ghàidhlig a-nis no gu bràth.

## UP WITH THE GAELIC

Chorus: Raise it, raise it, the language of our country,  
Raise it up to a rank most renowned,  
Raise it strongly and be favourable to it.  
Hi horo, raise it; Up with the Gaelic!

It is the language of youth, it is the language of age,  
It was the language of our forefathers, it was the language they  
loved;  
Though it is now old, it is productive and vigorous;  
It has not lost its energy, and it has not yielded under scorn.

In spite of each attack that was brought by the enemy  
To plunder his precious rights from the Gael,  
He will never give up until he gets victory  
Over all malice and injustice that may harass him.

Children of the Gaels, be firm and stand close  
Shoulder to shoulder winning all fame;  
O stand up heroically for the language of your love  
And do not forsake the Gaelic now or for ever.

## ... AND THE NEXT STEP?

Even if you feel very isolated from the Gaelic world as you may do if you live outside Scotland or even outside Britain you can nevertheless learn the language to the fluency stage in the not too distant future. The secret is to read with the help of a dictionary anything you can get in Gaelic.

Short stories and articles are ideal for acquiring a complete knowledge of the language and plays are indispensable for a sound knowledge of Gaelic conversational idiom. You can always get catalogues from the Highland Association at Inverness or from Gairm Publications at Glasgow. There is a quarterly magazine called *Gairm* which is almost perfect for variety of material and it ranges from easy Gaelic for children to the advanced stage.

Two other things will bring you very close to Gaelic life and culture. There are fine Gaelic songs and other music readily available on record or cassette. Also it is very worthwhile enquiring among local Scots or Scottish Associations whether there are any Gaelic speakers around. You may get a great deal of help from one. Learning Gaelic is not just learning another language; it is a passport to adoption into a warm-hearted family. SUAS LEIS A' GHÀIDHLIG!