

An Litir Bheag le Ruairidh MacIlleathain

An Litir Bheag is a shortened and simplified version of Ruairidh's Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh (also available on the BBC website), designed for those who are at an earlier stage of learning Gaelic. The topic each week is the same as Litir do Luchd-ionnsachaidh so that, once the Litir Bheag is mastered, a student of the language might wish to try the full Litir. This is Litir Bheag 239 (which corresponds to Litir 543). Ruairidh can be contacted at roddy.maclean@bbc.co.uk.

On the Isle of Canna there is the Corra-dhùn. It is next to the shore. In English its name is Coroghon Castle. It's a small stone building, at the top of a hill.

According to oral tradition it was a prison. A clan chief of Clan-ranald kept his wife there. She was a prisoner. The clan chief was called Dòmhnall Dubh na Cuthaig. Black Donald of the Cuckoo. Dòmhnall Dubh na Cuthaig. Donald had a big gun. The gun made a noise like a cuckoo. Donald was alive in the Seventeenth Century.

Donald wasn't a nice man. There was a priest on Canna. Donald and the priest fell out with each other. The priest was wanting to leave. He was wanting to go to Uist. But Donald wasn't letting him leave.

Donald was living on the mainland. He went to Canna in his boat. He took a plank out of every boat on the island. So the priest couldn't leave. But, one day, the priest saw a boat going past. He asked the crew to come to shore. He got away. But he said that he hoped that Donald's body would remain unburied for a

Ann an Eilean Chanaigh tha an Corra-dhùn. Tha e ri taobh a' chladaich. Ann am Beurla 's e Coroghon Castle an t-ainm a tha air. 'S e togalach beag cloiche a tha ann, air mullach cnuic.

A rèir beul-aithris 's e prìosan a bha ann. Chùm ceann-cinnidh aig Clann Raghnaill a bhean ann. 'S e prìosanach a bha innte. 'S e an t-ainm a bha air a' cheann-chinnidh Dòmhnall Dubh na Cuthaig. Black-haired Donald of the Cuckoo. Dòmhnall Dubh na Cuthaig. Bha gunna mòr aig Dòmhnall. Rinn an gunna fuaim mar chuthag. Bha Dòmhnall beò anns an t-seachdamh linn deug.

Chan e duine laghach a bha ann an Dòmhnall. Bha sagart ann an Cannaigh. Chaidh Dòmhnall agus an sagart a-mach air a chèile. Bha an sagart ag iarraidh falbh. Bha e ag iarraidh dhol a dh'Uibhist. Ach cha robh Dòmhnall a' leigeil leis falbh.

Bha Dòmhnall a' fuireach air tìr-mòr. Chaidh e a Chanaigh anns a' bhàta aige. Thug e clàr a-mach às gach bàta anns an eilean. Mar sin, cha b' urrainn don t-sagart falbh. Ach, latha a bha seo, chunnaic an sagart bàta a' dol seachad. Dh'iarr e air a' chriutha thighinn gu tìr. Fhuair e air falbh. Ach thuir e gun robh e an dòchas nach robh corp Dhòmhnail

long time after his death.

When Donald was dying, he heard a whistle. He went out. There was a giant there. The giant was standing on a hill. He was so tall that Donald was seeing the Isle of Rum between his legs. The giant left. He walked on the surface of the sea to Rum. Since then the strait between Canna and Rum has been particularly rough.

When Donald died, bad weather came. His body was stuck in Canna for seven weeks. That was the thing the priest wanted.

a' dol a bhith air a thiodhlacadh airson ùine mhòr às dèidh a bhàis.

Nuair a bha Dòmhnall a' bàsachadh, chuala e fead. Chaidh e a-mach. Bha famhair ann. Bha am famhair na sheasamh air cnoc. Bha e cho àrd 's gun robh Dòmhnall a' faicinn Eilein Rùm eadar a chasan. Dh'fhalbh am famhair. Choisich e air uachdar na mara gu ruige Rùm. Bhon uair sin tha an linne eadar Canaigh is Rùm air a bhith air leth garbh.

Nuair a chaochail Dòmhnall thàinig droch shìde. Bha a chorp glaiste ann an Canaigh airson seachd seachd-aigean. 'S e sin an rud a dh'iarr an sagart.