

## 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 354 (which corresponds to Litir 658). Ruairidh can be contacted at [rodny.macleane@bbc.co.uk](mailto:rodny.macleane@bbc.co.uk).

*In 1768, Dugald Buchanan got bad news. He was still in Edinburgh. But his family in Kinloch Rannoch were suffering from fever. He went home. But he contracted the fever himself. He died. He was just 52 years old.*

*The people of Rannoch were wanting to bury him in their parish. They loved him. But the folk of Balquhidder came. They wanted to take his remains back to their own parish. Dugald was buried in a cemetery near Callander.*

*In 1995 a memorial was erected to him in that cemetery. A memorial was erected to him in Strathyre as well. That's close to where he was born. And a memorial was erected to him in Kinloch Rannoch.*

*I want to end these Litrichean about Dugald Buchanan by taking a brief look at two of his spiritual songs. His songs dealt with the omnipotence of God. To begin with, here are the first and third verses from his song The Majesty of God, followed by the final verse.*

*O! What is God, or what is his name?*

Ann an seachd ceud deug, seasgad 's a h-oichd (1768), fhuair Dùghall Bochanan droch naidheachd. Bha e fhathast ann an Dùn Èideann. Ach bha fiabhras air an teaghlach aige ann an Ceann Loch Raineach. Chaidh Dùghall dhachaigh. Ach ghabh e fhèin am fiabhras. Chaochail e. Bha e dìreach caogad 's a dhà bliadhna a dh'aois.

Bha muinntir Raineach ag iarraidh a thiodhlacadh anns an sgìre acasan. Bha gràdh aca air. Ach thàinig muinntir Bhoth Chuidir. Bha iadsan ag iarraidh a dhust a thoirt don sgìre aca fhèin. Chaidh Dùghall a thiodhlacadh ann an cladh faisg air Calasraid.

Ann an naoi ceud deug, naochad 's a còig (1995) chaidh cuimhneachan a chur an àirde dha aig a' chladh sin. Chaidh carragh-cuimhne a chur suas dha air an Iomaire Riabhach cuideachd. Tha sin faisg air far an do rugadh e. Agus chaidh carragh-cuimhne a chur an àirde dha ann an Ceann Loch Raineach.

Tha mi ag iarraidh na Litrichean seo air Dùghall Bochanan a chrìochnachadh le bhith a' toirt sùil bheag air dà laoidh spioradail aige. Bha na laoidhean aige a-mach air uile-chumhachd Dhè. An toiseach, seo a' chiad agus an treas rann bhon laoidh aige *Mòrachd Dhè*, air an leantainn leis an rann mu dheireadh:

*O! Ciod e Dia, no ciod e ainm?*

*The angels high in their  
glory don't understand;*

*He is in a bright light  
hidden from them,*

*Where no sight or sound  
goes near.*

*He wasn't young, he'll  
never be old;*

*Forever unchanging;*

*The sun or moon won't  
measure him*

*Because they are all  
changeable things.*

*Because there is nothing  
like you*

*Among all your creation,  
And among the people there  
is no speech*

*That speaks your name  
except your own word.*

*And, to bring matters to a  
conclusion, here is the first verse  
from his song, The Suffering of  
Christ:*

*It's the suffering of my  
Saviour*

*That my song tells of,  
The great humility of that  
high king*

*In his birth and his terrible  
death,*

*The most amazing thing  
That was ever told to  
people;*

*The eternal God  
Becoming a child at the  
breast.*

*Cha tuig na h-aingle' 's àrd 'an glòir;*

*Tha e 'n solas deàlrach falaicht' uath,  
Far nach ruig sùil no smuain 'na  
chòir.*

*Cha robh e òg, is sean cha bhi;*

*O shìor' gu sìor' gun chaochladh  
staid;*

*Cha tomhais grian no gealach aois*

*Oir 's nithe' caochlach iad air fad.*

*Oir ni bheil dadam cosmhail riut*

*Am measg na chruthaich thu gu lèir,  
'S am measg nan daoine ni bheil  
cainnt*

*A labhras d' ainm ach d' fhacal fhèin.*

*Agus, airson crìoch a chur air cùisean, seo a'  
chiad rann bhon laoidh aige Fulangas  
Chrìosd:*

*'S e fulangas mo Shlànaigheir*

*A bhios mo dhàn a' luaidh,  
Mòr-irioslachd an àrd-Rìgh sin*

*Na bhreith 's na bhàs ro chruaidh,*

*'S e 'n t-iongantas bu mhìorbhailich  
Chaidh innse riamh do shluagh;*

*An Dia bha ann o shìorraidheachd  
Bhith fàs 'na chìochran truagh.*