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fhoighneachd e dha co esan agus thuirte e gura h-esan duin' og a bha 'coimhead air? son cosnadh. O, bha an rìgh fuathasach toilichte gu'n d' thainig a leithid a dh' ionnsaidh an taighe' "An da,\* ors' esan, "??s e do leithid a bha 'dhith orm, ma ni thu buachailleachd," ors' esan, "Tha feum agam air buachaille. Agus," ors' esan, "tha do thuarasdal a' dol a bhi," ors' esan, "agus do bhiadh a reir mar a bhleogh'neas an crodh." O, thuirte Iain gu'robh sin ceart gu leor a- gus chaidh e gu tamh an oidhche sin. Dh'fhalbh e anns a' mhadainn leis a' chrodh, ach bha an t-aite cho'lom agus cho truagh cha robh ann ach air eiginn a chumadh beo an crodh agus 'nuair a thill e am feasgar 's a thainig a' bhanarach ?s a' bhleoghain i an crodh cha robh aca ach fìor-bheagan de bhainne. Cha d'fhuair esan ach rud beag de bhrochan air an fheasgar a bha 'sin--biadh gle ghann • agus thuirte e ris fhein, "Cha fhreagair seo dhomhsa. Ma tha mis' a'dol a dheanamh cosnadh neo buannachd air an obair 'tha 'seo feumaidh mi 'n crodh a thoirt gu aite 'sa faigh iad criomadh na's fhearr na th'aca, neo cha bhi iad beo." Agus thog e tithe air la'r-na-mhaireach leis a' chrodh. Dh' fhalbh e leo'' agus chum air 'astar gus na rainig e garradh mor. Bha callaid mhor air a togail suas ann a\* sin. Ach dh'fhos-gail e cachailleith agus leig e astaigh an crodh dha'n lios a bha 'sin. Neo-ar-thainig nach d'fhuair an crodh gu leor de chriomadh ann a' sinS Cha mhor nach robh iad fodha gu'n suilean anns a' chuid a b'fhearr de dh'fheur. A nisd bha claidheamh mor aig Iain mac an Iasgair Mhoir • thug e leis sin bho'n dachaidh-' agus tha e coltach gu robh an claidheamh ?bha 'sin sbn-raichte. Ach cha robh e ach gle bheag de dh' uine 'na shineadh a null 'an iomall na h\*.in? nis a' leigeil 'analach 'nuair a dh'fhairich e crithe air an talamh agus thug e suil agus bha fuamhaire mor, oillteil a\* tighinn ann a sin agus ghabh e a null agus thoisich e air togail a' chruidh agus a' breith orra air earball agus 'gam caitheamh air a ghualainn. Cha robh e ach 'gan caitheamh cho aotrom \*s a chaitheadh tu rodan. Dh'eirich esan ??na sheasamh agus dh'eubh e dha, "Fag, fag," ors' esan, "an aona-mhart aig mo mhathair." ""S e," ors' esan, "droch-chomhairle a chuir an seo leo' thu ma bha cureim agad dhaibh. Thig a nail an seo, "ors' esan, "a- gus bheir leat io" Ach co-dhiubh ghabh esan a null air a sho- cair agus fhuair e 'chothram agus thug e srac air an'fhuamhaire leis a' chlaidheamh agus bha tri chinn air an fhuamhaire 's chuir e dhe fear dhe na cinn neo ma dh' fhaidte a dha. "Am bas os do chionn, "ors' esan, "gu de t'eirig?" "Cha mhor 's cha bheag," ors' esan, am fu- Cape Breton\*s Magazine/28 you should need the swiftness of my wings or the strength of my talons, think of me and I will come." "I'm of the same mind," said the Dun Ot? ter. "If you should need my speed or my strength, on land or under water, it will suffice to think of me and I will come." So Iain continued on his journey, and af? ter covering a long distance or a short one, he came to a king's residence. As he approached the royal residence he greeted the king, and the king greeted him like? wise. The king asked him who he was and he replied that he was a young man seek? ing employment. Well, the king was ex? tremely pleased that this sort had come to the house. "Indeed," he said, "you're just



the sort of person I wanted, as long as you herd cows. I need a cowherd, and your wages and your food will depend on how the cows milk." Iain said that that was fair enough and he went off to retire for the night. In the morning he started out with the cattle, but the place was so sadly bare that vdiat little there was would hardly keep the cattle alive. When he returned that evening and the milkmaid came to milk the cows they only gave a very small amount of milk, so that evening all he got was a small bit of porridge • very >' little food indeed • and he said to him? self, "This won't suit me. If I\*m going to make any gain or profit from this work I must take the cattle to a place where they'll find better grazing than they have now, or they won't survive." The next day he took off with the cattle. He set out with them and continued on his way until he reached a big garden. A big fence had been built there, but he opened a gate and let the cattle into that gsir- den, and didn't the cattle find plenty of good grazing there! They were nearly up to their eyes in the best of grass. Now Iain son of the Big Fisherman had a great sword which he had brought with him from his home, and it seems that that sword was particularly good. But he had not been stretched out over on the edge of the pasture catching his breath for long before he felt the earth tremble. He looked up and there was a big, terrible giant coming. The giant went over and he started lifting the cattle; catching them by the tail and throwing them over his shoulder. He threw them around as lightly as you would throw a rat. Iain rose to his feet and he called to him, "Spare, spare my mother's only milch-cow." "You were ill-advised to bring your cat? tle here at all if you were concerned for them. Come over here and take her away." Iain walked over in a leisurely manner.