

# Gille an Fheadain Duibh

## The Lad with the Black Chanter

Traditional tale  
as retold by  
Peter Morrison



Prepared for bilingual performance  
on a community stage by Mary  
Morrison and Archie Campbell

Carrageen production first staged  
in Berneray and Carinish Halls,  
February 2012



## Scene 1     How it all began

Tune (a) *A rousing, yet wistful tune, composed for whistle/chanter - to be the key refrain, refined and modulated throughout.*

Sound Voice of Peter from original Gaelic version (opening of story?)

### The Lad

I remember that story, my grandfather used to tell it, and some men from the mainland with recorders took it down from him and wrote it out- I have all these pages here- when I was your age, (looking to feis choir) my parents wrote it out in big letters to help me learn to read in both languages, but would you just look at this - they're all over the place, so I'll need your help to remember the tale and sort it out.

Feis choir Song 1 (The Mermaid's song)

### Morag

I'll help you since I was there in the old time when there was plenty magic about us, all the time; it helped us with whatever we were doing - milking, binding the corn, waulking the tweed, and I know the Gaelic and learnt the English at school.

Song 2 *Coille an Fhàsaich*

### Storyteller

Oh here we are, that's the beginning of the tale, seo.

There was once a young lad, a widow's son. By the time he'd grown up to be a sturdy boy they had very little to live on.

*(Lad, walking sorrowfully and slowly towards his mother, who is sitting sewing/darning)*

Lad: The white cow is all we have left. She's not giving much milk today. Even the chickens have stopped laying. All we have left is a few oats for porridge. I've made up my mind, mother. I am going to leave home to try to get work as a herd-boy on a farm, tomorrow, as soon as I can. Is my jacket nearly ready?

## Scene 1     How it all began

Tune (a) *A rousing, yet wistful tune, composed for whistle/chanter - to be the key refrain, refined and modulated throughout.*

Sound Voice of Peter from original Gaelic version (opening of story?)

### An gille

Tha cuimhn' agam air an sgeulachd sin, bhiodh mo sheanair ga innse, 's rinn feadhainn à tìr-mòr le reacòirdearan clàr dheth 's chuir iad air pàipear e. Tha na duilleagan sin agam ann an sheo air fad - nuair a bha mi an aon aois leibhse (a' coimhead a-null air còisir na fèis) sgrìobh mo phàrantan ann an litrichean mòra e dham chuideachadh le mo leughadh san dà chànan, ach an sealladh sibh air seo - tha iad air feadh an àite, mar sin feumaidh sibh mo chuideachadh feuch an tig an sgeulachd air ais thugam.

Feis choir Song 1

### Mòrag

Cuidichidh mi sibh o chionn 's gun robh mi ann bho chionn fhada nuair a bha sinn dlùth ris an t-saoghal eile, fad na h-ùine, ge brith dè bha sinn a' dèanamh, a' bleoghainn, obair an arbhair, a' luath, 's bha a' Ghàidhlig riamh agam 's thog mi a' Bheurla san sgoil.

Song 2 *Coille an Fhàsaich*

### An Sgeulaiche

Oh seo e ma-thà, toiseach na sgeòil

Bha gill' òg ann uaireigin, mac banntaich. Nuair a dh' fhàs e na ghille tapaidh, cha robh mòran de bheò-shlaint aca

*(Lad, walking sorrowfully and slowly towards his mother, who is sitting sewing/darning)*

An Gille: Chan eil againn air fhàgail ach am mart geal. Cha robh ach glè bheag de bhainne aiste an-diugh. Chan eil fiù 's na cearcan a' breith. Chan eil againn ach rud beag coirce 'son a' bhrochain. A mhàthair, tha mi air a chur romham an dachaigh fhàgail feuch am faigh mi obair nam bhuachaille air fearann a' chiad char a-màireach. A bheil mo sheacaid gu bhith deiseil?

Mother: I'm doing the best I can son, but it's fairly near ripped to shreds. I'll be sorry to part with you, indeed I will, but I'll have to be quite willing for you to go. There's little living for you here, I know.

Lad: Old Morag, in the next house always told me to come and see her on my last evening, if ever I decided to leave. So I'd better go and say my goodbyes? She said she had something that would be useful to me and that she would give me her blessing along with it.

Mother: Indeed you must. Morag's very fond of you. All those messages you've run for her and all the help you've given her! And a blessing from a wise cailleach is worth its weight in gold, especially one who can work the old magic!

(Boy walks to neighbour's house -- *some continuo/video backdrop*)

Morag: Thig a staigh, thig a staigh! I suppose since you have come tonight, you must be going away tomorrow?

Lad: Yes, I am, but I'm sad to be leaving you and my mother. You will make sure she's well looked after, won't you?

Morag: You can be sure of that, ..... My blessings will always protect her. Come over here and I'll give you something

*(Looking in a basket)*

I'll give you something - a keepsake - and it will be useful to you and I'll tell you what it is. It's a black chanter. I had one son and he died when he was about the age you are today. And this chanter, when he used to play it when he was herding, there was never anyone who heard the music of it but was convinced that it must belong to the fairies, that it was a fairy chanter as they used to call them. You shall have it and I hope you'll do well with it.

*(Hands it to him- soft, ethereal, fairy chanter/whistle music in the background, while she fumbles in the basket again)*

Màthair:

Tha mi a' dèanamh mo dhìcheall 'ille, ach chan eil an còrr ann nach eil e na shiobhagan.. Bidh mi gad ionndrainn, 's mise bhitheas, ach feumaidh mi leigeil leat falbh. Chan eil cosnadh ann dhut ann an sheo

An Gille: Dh'iarr ar nàbaidh, Mòrag, orm tadhal oirre an oidhche mus fhàginn, nam b' e sin mo roghainn. Mar sin b' fheàrr dhomh soraidh-slàan fhàgail aice. Thuirt i gun robh rudeigin aice a bhiodh feumail dhomh, 's gun toireadh i beannachd dhomh na chois.

Màthair : Gu dearbh feumaidh tu sin. Tha Mòrag gu math measail ort, nach iomadh turas a rinn thu obair dhi! Agus, 's math a b' fhiach dhut beannachadh fhaighinn bho sheann tè, gu h-àraid tè a tha eòlach air na seann dòighean.

(Boy walks to neighbour's house -- *some continuo/video backdrop*)

Mòrag : Thig a-staigh, thig a-staigh! Tha mi dèanamh dheth gu bheil agad ri falbh a-màireach, gur e sin a tha gad fhàgail ann an sheo a-nochd.

An Gille : Tha mi sin, ach tha mi duilich a bhith gur fàgail, sibh pèin 's mo mhàthair. Gabhaidh sibh cùram air a son, nach gabh?

Mòrag : Gabhaidh gu dearbh.....Bidh mo bheannachdan timcheall oirre daonnan. Thig a seo, s bheir mi rudeigin dhut

(*Looking in a basket*)

Bheir mi dhut rudeigin - mar chuimhneachan - 's bidh e feumail dhut 's innsidh mi dhut dè th' ann. 'S e feadan dubh a th' ann. Bha aon mhac agam, 's dh'eug e nuair a bha e car an aois agad fhèin. Agus uair sam bith a bhiodh e a' cluich na feadain, cha robh duine sam bith nach robh deimhinnte gur ann le na sìthichean a bha e, gur e feadan sìthiche a bh' ann mar a bh' ac' orra. Biodh e agadsa, 's tha mi 'n dòchas gun tèid gu math leat leis.

(*Hands it to him- soft, ethereal, fairy chanter/whistle music in the background, while she fumbles in the basket again*)

I'll also give you something else the boy had - an arrow. And he believed himself that no arrow could be more unerring and all you have to do, since you're going off to be a farmer's cowherd, is not, ever, to part with the arrow and the chanter.

*(she fumbles in the basket again)*

I'll give you a flint too and if you have a bird that you get with the arrow, you'll be able to make a fire in a wood, or wherever you are in the hill, and cook the bird for yourself- you have learnt to cook I hope?

The lad : Well.....

Morag: All boys need to know how to cook-for very often the likes of you don't get very **well**-fed by farmers, nor are they much respected. And now I give you my blessing, with all my heart. And take these three things with you in this magic bag. And may they be useful to you.

*(Some music - mother brings his jacket to him, he shows the gifts to her, and both women wave him off.)*

*Feis choir: 'Illean bithibh sunndach*

## Scene 2

### Storyteller

After he left his mother and Morag, he went to work for a small farmer, Seamus, who lived a few miles away

Mòrag : (calling across to his mother) Have you heard from the boy?

Mother: Aye. He was working for that Seumas, you know, just over the mountain, a few miles away. He's just a small farmer, but even smaller was the wage he was giving the boy to go out herding the cattle, so he kept going with them for a short while, but then he thought to himself that he had learned a lot that was of great benefit to the farmer - and all the help he was giving him and that he ought to give him more pay than he was getting

Bheir mi dhut rudeigin eile a bh' aig a' ghille - saighead. Bha e a' creidsinn nach b' urrainn saighead a bhith na b' fheàrr cuimis 's chan eil agad ach a dhèanamh cinnteach, o chionn 's gu bheil thu dol a dh' obair mar bhuachaille aig tuathanach, gun cùm thu grèim air an t-saighead 's an fheadan.

Bheir mi dhut spor-gunna cuideachd, 's ma gheibh thu eun leis an t-saighead, faodaidh tu teine a thogail sa choille, no ge brith cà' bi thu air a' bheinn, 's an t-eun a bhruch dhut fhèin - dh' ionnsaich thu còcaireachd tha mi 'n dòchas?

An Gille : Uill.....

Mòrag :

Bu chòir do ghillean a bhith suas ri còcaireachd, oir glè thric chan fhaigh do leithid cus bìdh no spèis bho thuathanaich. A-nis mo bheannachd bhuan leat. 'S bheir leat na trì rudan sin leat sa phoca àraid seo. 'S gum biodh iad feumail dhut.

*(Some music - mother brings his jacket to him, he shows the gifts to her, and both women wave him off.) Feis choir: 'Ilean bithibh sunndach*

## Scene 2

An Sgeulaiche (stepping forward)

An dèidh dha a mhàthair 's Mòrag fhàgail, chaidh e a dh'obair aig tuathanach beag, Seumas, a bha a' fuireach beagan mhilleatan air falbh

Mòrag: (ag èigheach dha mhàthair) An cuala tu guth bhon ghille?

Màthair : chuala. Bha e ag obair aig an fhear sin, Seumas, à bheil fhios agad, dìreach thar na beinne, beagan mhilleatan air falbh. Chan eil ann ach tuathanach beag, ach 's ann na bu lugha buileach a bha an duais a bha e a' toirt dhan ghille 'son a bhith buachailleachd a' chruith, mar sin dh'fhan e aige treis, ach an uair sin, smaoinich e gun robh e air tòrr ionnsachadh a bhiodh feumail dhan tuathanach - agus leis a h-uile cuideachadh a bha e a' toirt dha gun robh e airidh air duais na b'fheàrr na bha e a' faighinn.

Mòrag :So what did he do?

Mother: He asked for more pay, but that was something Seumas had no intention of giving him, so he sent word to me, before he left that he would go to another farmer, where he hoped he would get a better wage than he was getting from Seamus

*Song: Fraoch à Rònaigh*

Storyteller

After he left, he went to work for a bigger farmer, Donald Angus and he was being treated a little better there, but still it wasn't much of an improvement on the first one. He stayed with that one for about a year, and then he asked for more pay or else he would leave him.

Donald Angus: Oh laddie, I can't give you more pay! I'm paying wages to a lot more than you and the work you're doing isn't too heavy on you and you're being well looked after. You ought to have been happy with me for a while yet?

Lad: I'd rather go

Donald Angus: Oh, if you'd rather go, I won't try and stop you. But I'll tell you this. If you can't find better than me in the next place, come back and maybe I'll be able to do a bit better for you.

(A video sequence of the boy journeying, the magic bag on his shoulder to Feis choir - Hemann dubh)

Storyteller So what happened next? Who can find me the page?

*Someone produces it- scans it*

Oh right- thank you that's it!

And so the boy left again and he went many miles further away this time and somewhere where he was spending the night, he heard this :

**Mòrag:** Seadh, 's dè rinn e ma-thà?

**Màthair:** Dh'iarr e sin air, ach cha robh sìan a dhùil aig Seumas a thoirt dha , mar sin, chuir e brath thugam, mus do dh' fhàg e, gun rachadh e gu tuathanach eile, far am biodh e an dòchas gum faigheadh e duais na b' fheàrr na bh' aige bho Sheumais.

*Song: Fraoch à Rònaigh*

**An Sgeulaiche:**

An dèidh dha fàgail, chaidh e gu tuathanach na bu mhotha, Dòmhnall-Aonghas, 's bha cùisean beagan na b' fheàrr, ach cha robh mòran. Dh'fhan e aig an fhear sin suas gu bliadhna, 's dh' iarr e duais na b' fheàrr no dh' fhalbhadh e.

**Dòmhnall-Aonghas:** O 'ille, chan urrainn dhòmhsa duais nas motha a thoirt dhut! Tha gu leòr eil' agam ri phàigheadh a bharrachd ort-sa, 's chan eil an obair cho trom sin ort, 's tha thu ann an deagh shuidheachadh ann an sheo. Bu chòir dhut a bhith toilichte go leòr a bhith còmhla rioms' treis fhathast.

**An Gille:** B' fheàrr leam falbh

**Dòmhnall-Aonghas:** Oh, ma tha thu air sin a chur romhad, chan fheuch mi do chumail. Ach canaidh mi seo riut. Mura faigh thu cosnadh nas fheàrr san ath àite, till air ais agus 's dòcha gum bi rudeigin nas fheàrr agam dhut.

(A video sequence of the boy journeying, the magic bag on his shoulder to Feis choir - Hemann dubh)

**An Sgeulaiche:**

Seadh, dè thachair an uair sin? Cò gheibh an duilleag dhomh?

*Someone produces it- scans it*

Glè mhath, tapadh leat, sin e!

Mar sin dh'fhalbh an gille rithist, 's chaidh e astar mòr an turas seo, 's nuair a bha e a' cur seachad na h-oidhche an-àiteigin chuala e

(Another lad) Psst! Have you heard of that big farmer, not far from here who keeps losing cattle in a forest and none of the herd-lads get will go out with the cattle for more than one day! Something strange must be there- *they will never go out with them again.*

### Story teller

So the boy said to himself that that was the place for him- that he would try now what power was in the black chanter and the arrow.

### Third farmer's wife (stepping forward)

Well, would you believe it, I heard this knock on the kitchen door, and when I opened it, there was this young fellow standing there. 'What do you want, young fellow', says I, 'Well, I'm looking for work', says he, 'herding cattle if I can get it'

I had to laugh, so I told him straight out that he was far too young and that we had a big herd here, but there was something about the lad and the way he persisted telling me to try him out, and, well, maybe I'd like him well enough, so I asked him to come in and wait for the man of the house. He looked so tired and worn, that I asked him if he needed a meal and he said he did, that he had come a long way and had no food with him, so I gave him a meal, and we waited for my husband to come in.

### Farmer 3 (stepping forward)

So when I came in and found this lad sitting at the table, eating so hungrily, the wifey told me his business, and I had to chuckle to myself. I told him he was far too young for the great many cattle I needed to put in charge of a herdsman, and I also told him of my troubles, that *every time they go far out onto the hill, I lose one of the cattle.* Not only that, but the lads that I hire won't go out more than one day for me and then they won't come near the place again. *They never go out there again!*

*(Lights darken, video of dark forest, some ominous, 'giant' music)*

Gille Eile: Psst! An cuala tu mun tuathanach mòr, dlùth dhuinn, ach a tha sìor chall a chuid sprèidh sa choille, 's nach tèid na buachaillean a-mach 'son còrr 's latha! Feumaidh gu bheil rudeigin neònach a' dol - cha tèid iad a-mach leotha tuilleadh.

An Sgeulaiche : Thuirt an gille leis fhèin gun gabhadh esan ann - 's cuireadh e cumhachd na feadain dhuibh 's an t-saighead dhan deuchainn

Bean an Treas Tuathanaich : Uill, cò chreideadh e, chuala mi gnoc air doras a' chidsin, 's nuair a dh' fhosgail mi e, bha gill' òg na sheasamh ann an shin. Dè tha dhìth ort 'ill' òig?' thuirt mi 'Uill tha mi 'g iarraidh cosnadh, a' buachailleachd chruidh, nam biodh a-leithid ri fhaighinn'

Cha b'urrainn dhomh ach gàire a dhèanamh, b' fheudar dhomh ràdh gun robh e fada ro òg, 's gun robh sprèidh mhòr againn ann an sheo, ach cha robh cion a mhisneachd air, 's chum e air ag iarraidh orm cothrom a thoirt dha, 's gur dòcha gun còrdadh e rium ceart gu leòr, mar sin, dh' iarr mi air tighinn a-staigh 's feitheamh air fear an taighe. Bha coltas cho sgìth 's truagh air 's dh'fhaighnich mi dha an robh e feumach air biadh, 's thuirt e gun robh, 's gun tàinig e astar mòr 's nach robh grèim aige, mar sin thug mi biadh dha, 's dh' fhan sinn gun do thill an duin' agam.

An Tuathanach 3 : Mar sin nuair a thàinig mi a-staigh 's an gill' òg seo aig a' bhòrd, ag ithe 's ag ithe, dh' innis mo bhean dhomh an gnothach, 's cha b' urrainn dhomh ach gàire bheag a dhèanamh cuideachd. Dh'innis mi dha gun robh e ro òg airson na sprèidh mhòir a bh' agam ri chur fo buachaille, 's cuideachd dh' innis mi dha mu na trioblaidean a bh' air a bhith agam, gach triop a' rachadh iad a-mach air a' bheinn, bhithinn a' call aon bheathach. Chan e sin a-mhàin ach nach rachadh na gillean a bha mi a' fasdadh a-mach còrr 's aon latha, 's nach rachadh iad ann tuilleadh.

*(Lights darken, video of dark forest, some ominous, 'giant' music)*

But, he just stood there, quietly and looked me in the eye and said, 'I'll go out. You give me the cows and I'll go out with them'. And there was something about the spirit of the boy, that began to change my opinion and I found myself saying, 'I'll give you a trial, then, and if you bring all the beasts home without losing any, I'll double your wages!' To this the boy replied quite modestly, 'I hope I'll bring them all right' and we gave him a place to sleep anyway.

Sound. *Strains of a milking song by feis choir. Video of cattle at dusk.*

Song: Cò leis...

### **Scene 3 - The magic begins**

*(Carinish schoolchildren take over)*

Storyteller A. *(on being handed a page of the story)*

It says here, that the wifey gave the boy a place to sleep anyway, and he was given food in the morning - a bottle of milk and a bannock of bread. So Peter, will you act the part of the boy for us? You won't? Well how about Craig? Oh, excellent, here's your jacket, now you set off with the cattle and go far out onto the hill.

*Mime/ dance/ song with schoolchildren as cattle*

Video close-up of a cow/s chewing the cud

Sound soft, threatening music, very gradually getting louder.

Storyteller B. *(One of the cows) (Lifting mask)*

As you can see, we cows had nearly eaten our fill, and our herdsman was getting hungry too. He was just about to sit down to his milk and bannock when;

*Lights dim and blaze - huge clatter from instruments.*

**SOUND THUNDEROUS AND THREATENING FOOTSTEPS**

**GIANT APPEARS !!! GENERAL SHOCK/HORROR EFFECTS**

Ach sheas e ann an shin, gu sàmhach, 's sheall e orm an clàr m' aodainn, 's thuirt e 'Thèid mise a-mach. Bheiribh dhomh na beathaichean 's thèid mi a-mach leotha.' Co dhiù, thug seo dhomh sealladh eile air a' chùis, bha spiorad 's misneachd aige, 's thuirt mi ris 'Bheir mi dhut cothrom ma-thà, 's ma thilleas tu leis a h-uile beathach, gun ghin a chall, bheir mi dhut an dà uiread de thurastail. Fhreagar an gille gun phròis 'Tha mi 'n dòchas gun till mi leotha gu dearbh' 's thug sinn dha àite far an caidleadh e co-dhiù.

Sound. *Strains of a milking song by feis choir. Video of cattle at dusk.*

### Scene 3 - tha an geasachd a' tòiseachadh

(Carinish Schoolchildren take over)

An Sgeulaiche A *(on being handed a page of the story)*

Tha e ag innse ann an sheo gun tug bean an tàighe àite cadail dhan ghille co-dhiù, 's gun d'fhuair e biadh sa mhadainn - botal bainne 's bonnach arain. Mar sin Phàdrùig, an dèan thusa pàirt a ghille dhuinn? Cha dèan? Uill, dè mu dheidhinn Craig? Oh, sgoineil, seo do sheacaid, a-nis, feuch a-mach leis a' chrodh, 's thèid fada a-mach dhan bheinn

*Mime/ dance/ song with schoolchildren as cattle*

Video *close-up of a cow/s chewing the cud*

Sound *soft, threatening music, very gradually getting louder.*

Sgeulaiche B (bò) *(One of the cows) (Lifting mask)*

Mar a chì sibh, bha sinne, an crodh gu bhith buidheach, 's bhual an t-acras air a' bhuachaile cuideachd, 's bha e dìreach gu suidhe a ghabhail a bhainne 's a' bhonnach, nuair :

*Lights dim and blaze - huge clatter from instruments.*

*SOUND THUNDEROUS AND THREATENING FOOTSTEPS*

*GIANT APPEARS !!! GENERAL SHOCK/HORROR EFFECTS*

Giant: *(shouting)* What, you little wretch, has brought you here? Haven't I given a warning to everyone who came before you, that it is on my land that you are grazing your cattle?

Lad I didn't know. This is the first day I've been out with these cattle.

Giant Promise me that you won't come tomorrow, then, with the cattle or I'll have your life now *(grabbing one of the cows, turning round)*

Lad No, no I won't come. Wait, wait a little while and we'll make our peace with a little music. I've got a chanter here that I play and before you go off with that cow, we'll have a little bit of a dance?

Giant Let's hear your music then, *(turning round, gradually letting the cow loose)*

Sound Innes, on chanter, Land of my Youth.

*(Giant and cows join in and begin to dance, slowly at first, but speeding up and speeding up until the giant collapses and begins to snore.)*

Lights fade

Storyteller C.

And, while the herd was dozing, the boy took the arrow, (the one my own dear dead son thought there never was an arrow with an aim more unerring than this special one). He went through the wood and there were plenty birds there and proved that the arrow's aim was true.

Storyteller D. He took out the flint and made a little fire and cooked the bird he had caught in the trees and with that and the milk and the bread he had enough.

*(Forest and hunting video effects)*

The third farmer:

Well, when the boy returned, with all the cows safe, I couldn't believe my eyes and we gave him a grand welcome!

Lad: And then I told him I'd bring them all back the next day too!

**Am Fuamhaire: (ag èigheach) :** Dè chuir a seo thu a bheadagain. Nach tug mi rabhadh dhan a h-uile duine a thàinig romhad, gur ann air an fhearainn agamsa a tha sibh a' feurach a' chruidh

**An Gille:** Cha robh for agam. 'S e seo a' chiad latha dhomhsa a bhith a-mach leis a' chrodh seo

**Am Fuamhaire:** Geall dhomh nach till thu a-màireach, leis a' chrodh, no cuiridh mi às dhut sa mhionaid

*(grabbing one of the cows, turning round)*

**An Gille:** Cha tig mi, cha tig mi. Ach fuirich tacan beag, 's nì sinn rèite le beagan ciùil, tha feadan agam ann an sheo, a bhios mi a' cluich, 's mus fhalbh thu leis a' bheathach a tha sin, nì sinn dannsa beag.

**Am Fuamhaire:** Cluinneam do cheòl ma-thà

*(turning round, gradually letting the cow loose)*

**Sound Innes,** on chanter, Land of my Youth.

*(Giant and cows join in and begin to dance, slowly at first, but speeding up and speeding up until the giant collapses and begins to snore.)*

**Sgeulaiche C:** 'S fhad 's a bha an sprèidh nan cadail, thug an gille an t-saighead (am fear a chanadh mo mhac gaolach nach maireann, nach robh saighead cho cuimseach riann leis). Chaidh e tron choille, far an robh eòin gu leòr 's sheall e cho dìreach sa bha an t-saighead.

**Sgeulaiche D:** Thug e mach an spor-gunna, 's bhruidh e an t-eun a fhuair e am measg nan craobhan, 's le sin 's leis a' bhainne 's a' bhonnach cha robh an còrr a dhìth air.

*(Forest and hunting video effects)*

**An Treas Tuathanach:** Uill, nuair a thill an gille, leis gach beathach sàbhailte, 's gann gum b'urrainn dhomh chreidsinn, 's rinn sinn toileachadh mòr leis.

**An Gille:** 'S an uair sin, dh'innis mi dha, gun tillinn air ais leotha uile, an ath latha cuideachd.

The third farmer:

Go on then my good lad and I'll increase your pay. You keep on bringing the cattle home and keep on grazing them, and you'll find out that I'll be a good master to you!

The third farmer:

And bring them back the second day he did too, although he did tell us he had been seeing a wild beast in the wood.

*Giant leers behind him*

We were amazed, we thought the world of him, we had never had the like of him before and the cattle were coming home safe.

Song: Crodh Laoigh nam Bodach

Storyteller A.

But, the boy said nothing to him about the special magic chanter music he had used to get the giant dancing again the second day, with a poor cow on his back this time,

Storyteller B. ...imagine the giant dancing, dancing until he dropped down like a stone and the cow escaped with her life! And just see now what happened on the third day!

Cows, led by the boy, come slowly on, and settle to grazing.

*Lights dim and blaze -huge clatter from instruments.*

*THREATENING FOOTSTEPS, GIANT APPEARS !!! GENERAL SHOCK/HORROR*

Giant: (*Shouting*) Oho boy, you've tricked me twice; you'll not get away with it this time! I'll have your life NOW!

*(Asks the audience)* Shall I kill him now? Oh yes I will!

*(Maybe, some audience response?)*

Lad: Wait a little while - there's nothing for me but death anyway. Even if you don't kill me, my master will kill me if I don't bring home the cattle. Here, let's have a bite of food together and after that we'll dance a reel together and you'll never see me here again.

An Treas Tuathanach : Siuthad ma-thà, 'ille ghrinn 's gheibh thu àrdachadh pàighidh bhuamsa. Cùm ort a bhith a' toirt a' chruidh dhachaigh 's gam feurach, 's chì thu gum bi mi nam dheagh mhaighstir dhut.

An Treas Tuathanach: 's thill e air ais leotha air an dàrna latha cuideachd, ged a dh'innis e dhuinn gum fac' e beathach-fiadhaich sa choille.

*Giant leers behind him*

Cha b'urrainn dhuinn a chreidsinn, bha sinn a' saoilinn an t-saoghail dheth, chan fhaca sinn a-leithid riamh roimhe, 's bha an crodh a' tilleadh dhachaigh sàbhailte.

Song: Crodh Laoigh nam Bodach

Sgeulaiche A : Ach cha tug an gille guth air an fheadan shònraichte, gheasach a bh'aige, a thug air am fuamhaire dannsa a-rithist air an dàrna latha, le beathach bhochd air a dhruim an turas seo,

Sgeulaiche B: smaoinich, am fuamhaire a' dannsa gus an do thuit e mar chlach, 's fhuair am beathach às le a beatha! 'S fanaibh gum faic sibh dè thachair air an treas latha!

*Cows, led by the boy, come slowly on, and settle to grazing.*

*Lights dim and blaze -huge clatter from instruments.*

*THREATENING FOOTSTEPS, GIANT APPEARS !!! GENERAL SHOCK!*

Am Fuamhaire: (ag èigheach) Oho 'ille, rinn thu amadan dhiom dà thriop; ach cha tèid leat an triop seo! Tha mi dol a chur às dhut SA MHIONAID!

*(Asks the audience)*

An cuir mi às dha sa mhionaid? Oh, cuiridh!

*(Maybe, some audience response?)*

An Gille: Ach fan mionaid, chan eil romhamsa ach am bàs co dhiù . Ged nach marbhadh tusa mi, marbhaidh mo mhaighstir mi mura till mi dhachaigh leis a' chrodh. Seo, nach gabh sinn grèim còmhladh, an uair sin dannsaidh sinn ruidhle còmhladh 's chan fhaic thu sgeul orm tuilleadh.

Giant: *(grumblingly and reluctantly)* Let's hear your music then and let's see your food.

Sound Theme *(played as a reel?) Fast and furious dancing again, and when the giant collapses this time, and the boy stands over him with the arrow.*

Giant: *(Moaning and groaning terribly.)* You've done for me. I've taken many a life - this wood's full of bodies buried by me, but there's nothing in the cave where I lived that is of any use to me now. You can have it all for yourself, but don't kill me, don't kill me.

Lad: I won't kill you if you tell me what's in the cave.

Giant: There's a great deal there of silver and gold and of valuable things. And there's a bridle there, the finest you've ever seen and there's a pony in the wood, the like of which is not to be found in the whole place, and there's a whistle beside the bridle. When you blow it the horse will come out of the wood and there's not another in the land as fast as it. You'll be able to go wherever you like.

Lad: Stop - you've told me enough! That's all mine now and so is your life!

*(To the audience)* Shall I kill him with my arrow now? Oh yes or oh no?

Fate to be decided by audience.

Lee's song: Crodh Chailein

Eeis choir, Cave song.

***Interval, raffle and refreshments.***

Am Fuamhaire: (gu math diombach)\_Cluinneamaid do cheòl 's faiceamaid do bhiadh.

Sound Theme (played as a reel?) *Fast and furious dancing again, and when the giant collapses this time, and the boy stands over him with the arrow.*

Am Fuamhaire: (ann an droch stait) Tha thu air cur às dhomh. Dh'fhalbh mi le iomadach beatha - tha a' choille làn chuirp a thiodhlaic mi, ach chan eil dad san uamh far a bheil mi a' fuireach a tha gu feum sam bith dhomh nis. Gabh fhèin e, ach leig leam, leig leam.

An Gille: leigidh mi leat ma dh'innseas tu dhomh dè th' anns an uamh

Am Fuamhaire: Tha e luma làn òir 's airgid 's rudan prìseil eile . Agus tha srian ann, chan fhaca tu riamh a-leithid, 's pònaidh sa choille, chan eil a leithid ri fhaicinn san àite 's tha fìdeag ri taobh na srèine. Nuair a shèideas tu e, thig an t-each a-mach às a' choille, 's chan eil fear eile san dùthaich cho luath leis.Foadaidh tu a dhol a dh' àite sam bith a thogras tu.

An Gille: Stad - tha thu air gu leòr innse dhomh! 'S ann leamsa a tha sin uile a-nis, 's do bheatha cuideachd

*(To the audience)* Am marbh mi e le mo shaighead a-nis? Marbhaidh no cha mharbh?

Fate to be decided by audience.

Lee's song: Crodh Chailein

Fèis choir, Cave song.

*Interval, raffle and refreshments.*

*Short introductory snatch of theme music- played ominously)*

#### **Scene 4 Difficulties with a dragon.**

Pàdruig's accordion music for strip the willow dance: Lochmaddy School.

#### Storytellers:

(a) Let us remind you of the story so far. Let's see now. Well, it says here that when the boy got home that night, after conquering the giant, they didn't make any great fuss over him.

(b) Something else, far more worrying, was on the farmer and his wifey's mind. You see there was a loch in the place and it happened that once every seven years, a hideous monster came out of it which they called a dragon.

Sound *(threatening rumble on instruments -shivers all round!)*

(c) This horrible dragon would cause great destruction all over the place unless it found something to satisfy its ENORMOUS appetite. The people of the place would cast lots

(d) and the person on whom the lot fell, old or young, man or woman, boy or girl, that would be the person thrown to it at the edge of the loch. It wouldn't be seen then for another seven years.

Sound *(Clarsach music silk effects of loch's dark surfaces.)*

Laird: Since I am the laird of this place, I have counted all the votes made by my folk and, woe is me, o bho, o bho, the lot has fallen on my own dear, dear, daughter. How am I going to tell her? *(to audience)* Do you think I should I tell her?

*(Perhaps some audience response?)*

Well then, I have an idea. Listen up all of you. I proclaim that any man who kills the monster will have the hand of my daughter in marriage and half my estate to live on for the rest of his life!

*( varied stage audience response -whispering, shaking of heads)*

*Short introductory snatch of theme music- played ominously)*

#### **Scene 4 Difficulties with a dragon.**

Pàdruig's accordion music for strip the willow dance: Lochmaddy School.

#### Storytellers:

- (a) Cuireamaid nur cuimhne an stoiridh gu ruige seo. Seadh a-nis. Tha e air innse ann an sheo nach do chuir iad diù sam bith sa ghille nuair a thill e dhachaidh an oidhche ud an dèidh cur às dhan fhuamhaire.
- (b) Ach, bha rudeigin eile, fada nas eagalache air aire an tuathanaich 's a bhean. Tha e coltach gun robh loch san àite agus gum biodh brùid sgreabhail a' tighinn às gach seachdamh bliadhna leis an canadh iad dragon.

Sound *(threatening rumble on instruments -shivers all round!)*

- (c) Dhèanadh an dràgon sgrathail seo sgrios air feadh an àite mura faigheadh e rudeigin a shàsachadh a shannt uabhasach. Dhèanadh muinntir an àite crannchur
- (d) Agus ge brith cò rachadh a thaghadh, sean no òg, fear no bean, gille no nighean rachadh a thilgeil dha air oir na locha. Agus cha bhiodh an corr sgeual air gu ceann seachd bliadhna.

Sound *(Clarsach music silk effects of loch's dark surfaces.)*

An t-uachdaran: O chionn 's gur e mise an t-uachdaran, tha mi air gach bhòt a chunntais agus obh obh 's e mo nighean fhèin a chaidh a thaghadh. Ciamar a tha mi a' dol a dh'innse dhi. Dè ur beachd, am bu choir dhomh innse dhi?

*(Perhaps some audience response?)*

Uill, 's dòcha gu bheil fuasgladh ann. Èistibh uile. Canaidh mi seo - duine sam bith a mharbhas a' bhrùid seo gheibh e làmh mo nighinn is leth m' oighreachd cho fad 's is beò e.

*( varied stage audience response -whispering, shaking of heads)*

Old Soldier: I'm your man, laird- just look at what a fine figure of a man I am!

*(The rest look horrified at his posturing)*

I've been in many a battle, so I promise you I will kill that stupid dragon and win the prize of half your land and your lovely daughter's hand in marriage. Do we have an agreement, then?

Laird: My word can be trusted. If you kill the dragon, you will get the prize. I will keep to my promise in every way.

Storyteller A:

And do you want to know what happened next? Come down to the loch with me, and I'll tell you all about it.

Storyteller B: A great crowd went down to see the fight between the soldier and the monster that was to come out of the loch

*Song: Uibhist a ghràidh*

Sound. (Drum rolls, starting faintly, gradually joined by cymbals and other instruments)

DRAGON APPEARS -MOVES SLOWLY ROUND THE STAGE!

*Crowd retreats and swirls as it moves - as a dance?*

*Red haired soldier comes along to fight - swaggering and encouraging the crowd - bigging it up - but takes one look and runs away*

*General hissing and booing*

Maiden: Well thank goodness for that! Imagine spending the rest of your life with that scarecrow. But look - that horrible dragon's coming towards me.  
*Screams*

Lad: *(Suddenly galloping on - on a horse and carrying a large sword)* Don't worry, I'll soon deal with him.

**An t-Seann Saighdear:** Is mis' an duin' agaibh a dhuin' uasail, seall cho eireachdail 's a tha mi

*(The rest look horrified at his posturing)*

Bha mis' ann an iomadach blàr, 's geallaidh mi leibh gun cuir mi às dhan dràgon luideach sin, 's gum faigh mi mar dhuais leth dhur cuid fearainn 's làmh ur nighinn àlainn ann am pòsadh. A bheil sinn ag aontachadh air sin?

**An t-Uachdaran :** Na biodh eagal sam bith ort. Ma mharbhas tu an dràgon, gheibh thu an duais. Cumaidh mi le mo ghealltanais sa h-uile dòigh.

**Sgeulaiche A:** 'S an innis mi dhuibh dè a thachair an uair sin? Thugainnibh sìos chun na locha còmhla rium, 's innsidh mi dhuibh mu dheidhinn.

**Sgeulaiche B:** Chaidh sluagh mòr sìos a choimhead air a' chòmhraig eadar an saighdear 's a' bhrùid a bha dol a thighinn a-mach às an locha

*Song: Uibhist a ghràidh*

Sound. (Drum rolls, starting faintly, gradually joined by cymbals and other instruments)

DRAGON APPEARS - MOVES SLOWLY ROUND THE STAGE!

*Crowd retreats and swirls as it moves - as a dance?*

*Red haired soldier comes along to fight - swaggering and encouraging the crowd - bigging it up - but takes one look and runs away*

*General hissing and booing*

**A' Mhaighdeann:** Uill, taing do shealbh! Smaoinich! A' cur seachad an còrr dhed bheatha le bodach-ròcais mar sin. Ach seall - tha an dràgon sgreamhail sin a' thighinn far a bheil mi

*Screams*

**An Gille:** *(Suddenly galloping on - on a horse and carrying a large sword)* Na gabh dragh, cha bhi mis' fad' a' cur às dha

Sound (dragon-slaying music, clashing swords, whistles blowing. Crowd cowering)

*(Boy sweeps the dragon's head off, then whirls round, leans down and picks the dragon's head up on the point of the sword, raises it to his shoulder and gallops off. Everyone stares after him.)*

Sound (March: The Duke of Perth)

## **Scene 5 Girl Power!**

Storyteller:

Well you should have seen the place that night - there was absolute turmoil over what had happened: who could it be? And all the rest of it. Where had the man come from and what had made the soldier run away instead of going for the prize that was to be his? So we join the laird and his daughter

Laird and daughter *sitting on high chairs, soldier comes clattering in defiantly*

Soldier: So now I claim my lawful right to your daughter's hand and half of your estate

Laird: How on earth do you make that out, when you didn't kill the monster - in fact you ran away didn't you?

Soldier: But it was because of me that the gathering took place and it was because of me, my saying that I would fight the monster, that was how it came about that the monster is dead tonight and that it will never again cause any more trouble in this place. And if I hadn't done that, the monster would have come in the usual way and your daughter would not be sitting here beside you.

Laird: Well, let's put it to the girl herself. This business is her concern, more than mine. Though I made you the offer, it was her life at stake!

Sound (dragon-slaying music, clashing swords, whistles blowing. Crowd cowering)

*(Boy sweeps the dragon's head off, then whirls round, leans down and picks the dragon's head up on the point of the sword, raises it to his shoulder and gallops off. Everyone stares after him.)*

Sound (Possible triumphant march? Cheering?)

## Scene 5 Girl Power!

An Sgeulaiche: Uill, nam faiceadh sibh an t-àit' an oidhch' ud, bha a h-uile rud troimh-a-chèile an deidh mar a thachair: saoil cò bh'ann? 's an còrr dheth. Cò às a thàinig an duine, 's dè thug air an t-saighdear teicheadh an àite feuchainn air an duais a bha dol a bhith aige? Mar sin, thèid sinn far a bheil an t-uachdaran 's a nighean

*Laird and daughter, sitting on high chairs, soldier comes clattering in defiantly*

An Saighdear: A-nis, am faigh mi lamh ur nighinn 's leth dhur n-oighreachd mar a dh'aontaich sinn?

An t-Uachdaran: Chan eil mi a' tuigsinn, o chionn 's nach do mharbh thusa a' bhrùid - gu dearbh theich thu, nach do theich?

An Saighdear: Ach cha bhiodh an cruinneachadh ann as m' aonais-se, agus 's ann o chionn 's gun tuirte mise gun cuirinn às dhan bhèist a tha e marbh a-nochd, 's nach dèan e an còrr sgrios ann a sheo. 'S mura bithinn air sin a dhèananamh, bhiodh e air tighinn mar 's àbhaist 's cha bhiodh do nighean ri ur taobh a-nochd.

An t-Uachdaran : Uill, chì sinn dè chanas an nighean fhèin. 'S e a gnothach-se a th' ann, barrachd na mise. Ged a rinn mi tabhann dhut, 's e a beatha-se a bh'ann an cunnart

Girl: We'll wait a little while, soldier. I would like everyone who lives on the estate to walk past in front of my father's gate tomorrow from early morning to evening; only then will I be able to give you a decision on your claim.

Soldier: Oh very well then, it will be very easy to do as you ask.

Storyteller:

And that was what happened. A proclamation was made and a great number of people walked past and she and her father were at the gate, but she never saw anyone at all like the man who had gone to fight the dragon.

*Soldier, very obstreperous, always pushing others away, presents himself triumphantly*

Girl: *(coldly and disdainfully)* I don't really think that all the people from your estate have gathered here today. I know there are others who are not here.

Laird: I proclaim that if there is anyone on my estate who thought they were not called for, they should step forward. We urgently need to find the man who killed the dragon and performed this useful deed for the community.

Storyteller: *some visual/musical background*

And so they came forward the next day and walked past the girl and her father and the soldier at the gate. But the hero never appeared on this day either. And so, a further proclamation was made

Laird: I proclaim yet again that if there is anyone at all on my estate, or near the estate, who could have been there but has not heard my order, please to step forward tomorrow, for the last time.

Morag: *( to faint chanter music)*

Aha - I have not seen the boy go past - I must go to the big farmer and tell him to send his herd-boy. I will send his wife to fetch the boy's mother in her carriage. In my bones I think the boy has used the magic gifts I gave him, and I will seek him out myself.

*(visual and musical journey effects. ) (Cattle video)*

**An Nighean:** Fuirich treis a shaighdeir. Bu toil leam gun coisicheadh a h-uile duine air air an oighreachd seachad air geata m' athar a-màireach, bho mhoch sa mhadainn gu feasgar: chan fhaigh thu freagairt bhuam ron a sin.

**An Saighdear:** Seadh, ma-thà, do thoil fhèin, bidh sin furasta gu leòr dhomh.

**An Sgeulaiche:** Agus sin mar a thachair. Chaidh innse dhan a h-uile duine dè bh' aca ri dhèanamh, 's choisich mòran seachad air a' gheata far an robh i fhèin 's a h-athair, ach cha robh sgeul air duine a bha coltach ris an fhear a chaidh a dh'ionnsaigh an dràgoin.

*Soldier, very obstreperous, always pushing others away, presents himself triumphantly*

**An Nighean :** Cha chreid mi gu bheil a h-uile duine bhon oighreachd ann an sheo an-diugh. Tha fhios 'am gu bheil cuid a dh'ith oirnn

**An t-Uachdaran:** Canaidh mi seo, ma tha duine sam bith air m' oighreachd a tha smaointinn nach deach a ghairm, thigeadh iad far a bheil mi. Tha e cho riatanach gum faigh sinn a-mach cò a chuir às dhan dragon, 's a chuidich ar coimhearsnachd cho mòr.

**Storyteller** *some visual/musical background*

**An Sgeulaiche:** 'S mar sin thàinig iad an ath latha 's choisich iad seachad air an nighean, a h-athair 's an saighdear aig a' gheata. Ach cha robh sgeul air a' ghaisgeach an latha seo nas mò. Mar sin chaidh gairm eile a-mach.

**An t-Uachdaran:** Canaidh mi a-rithist e, ma tha duine sam bith air m' oighreachd, no faisg air, a dh'fhaodadh a bhith ann ach nach cuala bhuam, an tigeadh iad thugam a-màireach, cha bhi cothrom eil' ann

**Mòrag:** Aha - Chan fhaca mi an gille a' dol seachad, Feumaidh mi a dhol dhan tuathanach mòr 's iarraidh air a bhuachaille a chur ann a sheo. Cuiridh mi a bhean a dh'iarraidh màthair a' ghille na gige. Tha rudeigin ag innse dhomh gun do chuir e feum air na gibhtean àraid a thug mi dha - 's thèid mi fhèin dha iarraidh.

*(visual and musical journey effects.) (Cattle video)*

Lad: A Mhorag! What are you doing here? Have you bad news about my mother?

Morag: Oh no. Your mother's just fine, despite missing you!

Lad: Oh so it's good news then. So much has happened since I last saw you. And I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for the magic black chanter you gave me- I managed to kill an ogre of a giant, you know- and.....

Morag: No time for any boasting now, but I'm supposing it was you who killed the dragon too? The laird of the estate has sent a proclamation to your master to send you to walk past his gate tomorrow, to see if it is you who did it. And there's a reward, but I'm not telling you what. You'll soon find out for yourself!

Lad: But it was me! I killed the giant who had been stealing my master's cows, but not before he had told me about what was in his cave!

Morag: Go on then- I suppose you'll not be happy till you've told me all about it.

Lad: The giant told me about the gold and silver there, special clothes and swords and all sorts of valuable things. But when he mentioned the bridle there, (the finest I've ever seen), with a whistle lying beside it, I knew it was no ordinary bridle, no ordinary whistle. For he told me that when I blew it, a white horse would come out of the wood and that there was not another in the land as fast as it. And it all happened just as he had told me, so I took the special clothes and the giant's sword, blew the whistle; the white horse stepped out of the forest and you know the rest!

Morag: I knew as much, but hurry now. There's no time to lose. Do it all again. And bring the dragon's head if you can.

And there's one more surprise I've got for you! But that will need to wait.

Mother: And it was me who got the surprise of my life! I was still missing my son so much, when, all of a sudden, this trap pulls up at the door and the farmer's wife, whom he worked for, steps out and says

An Gille: A Mhòrag! Dè tha sibh a' dèanamh ann an sheo? A bheil dad ceàrr air mo mhàthair?

Mòrag: Oh chan eil, tha do mhàthair gu math, ged a tha i gad ionndrainn

An Gille: Oh, mar sin 's e deagh naidheachd a th' ann ma-thà. Tha tòrr air tachairt bhon a chunnaic mi mu dheireadh sibh. Agus 's e am feadan dubh, àraid a thug sibh dhomh a tha gam fhàgail ann an sheo an-diugh - rinn mi an gnothach air brùid de dh' fhuamhaire a mharbhadh, a bheil fhios agaibh - 's .....

Mòrag: Cha leig thu leas a bhith a' spaidsearachd an-dràsta, ach tha mi a' dèanamh a-mach gur tusa a mharbh an dràgon cuideachd. Tha an t-uachdaran air iarraidh air do mhaighstir iarraidh ort coiseachd seachad air a gheata a-màireach, feuch an tusa a rinn e. Agus tha duais ann, ach chan eil mi dol a dh'innsè dhut dè th' ann. Gheibh thu sin a-mach dhut fhèin!

An Gille: Ach bu mhi a bh'ann! Mharbh mi am fuamhaire a bha goid sprèidh mo mhaighstir, nuair a bha e air innse dhomh dè bh' as an uamh.

Mòrag: Siuthad ma-thà - tha mi creidsinn gum bi thu nad bhoil gus an inns' thu dhomh mu dheidhinn.

An Gille: Dh'innis am fuamhaire dhomh mun òir 's an airgid ann, aodach àraid 's claidheamhan 's iomadach rud prìseil eile. Ach nuair e dh'innis e dhomh mun t-srèine (an tè a b' fheàrr a chunnaic mi riamh) le fìdeag ri taobh, thuig mi nach b' e srian sam bith a bh'ann, no fìdeag sam bith. Oir dh'innis e dhomh, nuair a shèidinn e gun tigeadh each geal a-mach às a' choille agus nach robh fear eile san dùthaich cho luath leis. Agus thachair e uile, dìreach mar a dh' innis e dhomh, 's thug mi leam an t-aodach àraid 's claidheamh an fhuamhaire, shèid mi an fhìdeag; thàinig an t-each geal a-mach às a' choille 's tha fhios agaibh pèin air a' chòrr dheth.

Mòrag: Bha fhios 'am air seo, ach greas ort a-nis. Chan eil mòran ùine againn. Dèan a-rithist uile. Agus bheir leat ceann an dràgoin mas urrainn dhut. Tha aon rud eil' agam dhut, ach feumaidh tu feitheamh air a shon

Màthair: 'S gann gum b'urrainn dhomh creidsinn an rud a thachair! Bha mi ag ionndrainn a' ghille cho mòr, 's gun fhiosta dhomh, thàinig gige chun an dorais, 's thàinig bean an tuathanaich, aig an robh e 'g obair, thugam 's thuirt i

Third farmer's wife:

Quick, quick - come to a special celebration at a laird's castle, far, far away! A terrible dragon has been killed. Here's a fine cloak to wear on the journey and to keep you warm! Don't you worry about a thing!

*(video of journey-dark/ music/song - feis choir.)*

*(At the gate again.)* Laird, daughter and soldier. *Procession to marching music -gap*

*Change to magic chanter music.*

*Boy gallops on with dragon's head on giant's sword and lays it at the maiden's feet*

Lad: Any man who claims that it was he who did this task and not I, all he has to do, *(fronting up to soldier)* is to try his sword against my sword and if he is the better, he can have what was offered, the great prize, that the laird was to give.

*(Soldier takes to his heels and runs away to hisses and boos)*

Mother: *(stepping forward)* Oh son, oh son!

Lad: Well, well, would you believe it- Morag told me there would be a special prize but this is the best prize in all the world. Oh Mother, I didn't recognise you in that fine cloak - whatever's happening?

Girl: *(rushing forward)* **You're** the one who saved my life, my hero! Will you marry me?

Lad: Just like that? Surely we need time to get to know each other a bit better? And I can see one major problem.

Girl: What's that? I'm a woman- we have all the answers!

Lad: I'll need to work for years to be able to keep you in the manner to which you are accustomed? Nothing but the best for you!

*(aside)* How will I be able to afford all that pampering, girly stuff?

**Bean an Treas Tuathanaich:** Thugainnibh, thugainnibh, thigibh gu cuirm mhòr aig caisteal duin' uasail fada fada air falbh. Chaidh dràgon uabhasach a mharbhadh. Seo cleòca spaideil dhuibh a chuireas sibh oirbh air an t-slighe airson ur cumail blàth. Na biodh dragh sam bith oirbh.

*(video of journey-dark/ music/song - feis choir.)*

*(At the gate again.) Laird, daughter and soldier. Procession to marching music -gap*

*Change to magic chanter music.*

*Boy gallops on with dragon's head on giant's sword and lays it at the maiden's feet*

**An Gille:** Ma tha fear sam bith ann a sheo a' cumail a-mach gun do rinn esan an obair seo 's nach e mise, chan eil aige ach a chleidheamh a thoirt a-mach 's chì sinn cò nì an gnothach, gabhadh esan na chaidh a thabhann, an duais mhòr, bhon uachdaran fhèin.

*(Soldier takes to his heels and runs away to hisses and boos)*

**Màthair:** *(stepping forward)* O 'ille, 'ille!

**An Gille:** Seadh, seadh an creideadh tu e? Dh'inis Mòrag gum biodh duais air leth ann, ach seo an duais as fheàrr a th'ann. A Mhàthair, cha do dh' aithnich mi sibh sa chleòca spaideil a tha sin - dè idir idir a tha tachairt?

**An Nighean:** *(rushing forward):* Is tusa a shàbhail mi, mo ghaisgeach! Am pòs thu mi?

**An Gille:** Dìreach mar sin. Nach bu chòir dhuinn fàs rud beag eòlach air a chèile an-toiseach ? 's chì mi aon chnap-starra mòr.

**An Nighean:** 'S dè tha sin? 'S e boireannach a th'annam, 's chan eil sian nach eil fhios againn!

**An Gille:** Dh'fheumainn obair iomadach bliadhna feuch an cumainn thu san dòigh 's fheàrr 's aithne dhut. Cha dèanadh 'math gu leòr' an gnothach.

Girl: Yuk, I'm not that kind of girl. I want to ride on your white horse, explore the world... (Improvises.)

Laird Let's put an end to all this at once. When you freed us from the dragon you earned the right to half my estate. I've already put your mother and Morag in neighbouring, warm, croft houses and there's a fine big house waiting for you two!

Highland Dance Sequence: Paula and Siobhan

Sound: Ending of story from original tape

Storyteller

Well there you have it. This last page says they married and were happy and wealthy. The boy's mother, who was getting old, never wanted for anything ever again, (mind you, this all happened well before the time of Cameron and Clegg). And Morag, who had given him the chanter, the bow and arrow, the flint, never wanted for anything either. Let's leave them all happy and under our blessings.

Curtain call in the form of a wedding procession. *Whole cast, semi-dancing*

*Mairi's wedding.*

An Nighean: Huh! Chan e sin an seòrsa nighinn a th'annam. Bu toil leam air muin an eich geal agad, a' dol air feadh an t-saoghail... (Improvises)

An t-Uachdaran: Nach sgair sinn dhe seo sa mhionaid. Nuair a shaoraich thu sinn bhon dràgoin, choisinn thu leth dhen oighreachd. Tha mi air do mhàthair 's Mòrag a chur ann an taighean croite blàth, comhfhurtail faisg air a cheile, 's tha taigh mòr, eireachdail gur feitheamh, an dithis agaibh.

Highland Dance Sequence: Paula and Siobhan

Sound: Ending of story from original tape

An Sgeulaiche: Uill, sin agaibh e. Tha an duilleag mu dheireadh seo ag innse dhuinn gun robh iad toilichte còmhladh, 's gun do shoirbich iad, 's cha robh dad a dh'ith orra tuilleadh (gun teagamh bha seo fada mus do nochd an Camshronach 's Clegg). Agus cha robh dad a dh'ith air Mòrag, a thug dha am feadan, am bogha san t-saighead 's an spor-gunna, nas mò. Fàgamaid iad a-nis, toilichte 's le ar beannachdan

Curtain call in the form of a wedding procession. *Whole cast, semi-dancing*

*Mairi's wedding.*

## **Carrageen**

### **Who are we?**

We are an informal group of amateur musicians and actors of all ages living in Uist, affiliated to the Berneray Drama Group, who enjoy getting together to perform music, song and drama within local ceilidh and community settings.

### **Why 'Gille an Fheadain Duibh'?**

We were looking for a local tale to rehearse and perform over the winter months. Magically, the family of one of our musicians offered us this oral tale, told by a grandfather, Pàdruig Moireasdan, and originally recorded by the School of Scottish Studies. The group have adapted the tale in the form of a dramatic, bilingual story retelling event, surrounded by a team of very able, young musicians, together with some who are not so young! It seems very appropriate that the 'gille' should now be played by his grandson and namesake!

*'I think the bards keep the language going, and the day they go, goes our language, goes our heritage, goes our identity' Calum Ruadh, Skye.*

### **Why bilingual?**

This is an experimental feature of the performance, intended to offer a bridge into learning Gaelic to the whole audience. The Gaelic Language is so central to the society, culture, identity, heritage, beliefs and history of the islands, that all we, who live here, need to treasure its importance. Performers include those for whom the language has been natural since birth, highly accomplished learners, as well as those at earlier stages of learning the language. Using brief sub-titles is possibly intrusive, but has been designed as a wooing process, to include, rather than exclude those who are monolingual within our communities.

### **Mòran Taing.**

To Comhairle nan Eilean Siar, for the Arts Revenue grant we have received to support the venture, and the Lews Castle College, Benbecula, music students for their impressive, fund-raising ceilidh, at which the schools raised £100 with their raffle.

To the Lochmaddy and Carinish Primary Schools, staff and pupils, together with the North Uist Feis Choir and leaders, for their wonderful enthusiasm and participation.