Stioca Cù Dubh Mhic a’ Phi - The Command Given to McPhee's Black Dog

Stioca Cù Dubh Mhic a’ Phi

Tha e air innse gu robh fear, Eoghainn Mac a’ Phì, shuas anns a’ Phàirc Leodhasach, agus is e sealgair a bh’ ann, agus bha dà no trì de choin aige. Ach bha aon chì aige, an cu dhubh, agus cha robh càil a dh’fhéheim ann. Cha deanadh e càil. Cha deanadh e sealg. Cha deanadh e muir no tìr, no caoraich no dadh, agus bha na cùrdean uile ag iarraidh air Mac a’ Phi cur as don chù.’O’, chanadh e. ’Cha tirich. Tha latha fhèin a feitheamh air a’ chù’, chanadh e a h-urile uair.

Ach an latha bha seo a bha iad a muigh a’ sealg. ’S e an cù dubh a bha’ aige na chois, agus thàinig an oidhche air ’s chaidh e a streach do uamha aig Loch Claidh, shuas aig cladach na Pàirc, agus bha e a’ ròstadh pios dhe’n fhéidh a bha e air a mharbhadh air an teine ann an sin. Chuala e cud eigin no rud eigin a bh’ aige na h-uamha. Dh’ eirich a’ chalg air a’ chò a’ chò dubh an àird gu leir, cha deachadh e càil. Cha deachadh e sealg. Cha deachadh e mhòran no tìr, no caoraich no dadh, agus bha na càirdean uile ag iarraidh dh air Mac a’ Phì cur as don chù. ’O’, chanadh e. ’Na teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Cha tirich, cha deachadh e càil agus sealg a dh’. Chanadh e a h-uair. ’Bheil an t-acras ort?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàirt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàirt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàirt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàirt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàirt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàirt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàirt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàirt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàirt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàrt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e. ’An gabh thu pàirt dha’ teinich thu?’ Chanadh e. ’Tha,’ chanadh e.

Bha bior aige, pìos fhiodh troimhe, agus bha e ga thionndadh ris an teine ann an sin. A bha e air a mharbhadh air an teine, bha e na huile a’ chò a’ chò dubh an àird gu leir ceann a bh’ a chò i cheann. Tha mise ag iarraidh, thag e a chò a’ chò dubh a bh’ a chò i cheann, bha e na huile a’ chò a’ chò dubh. Tha an cù dubh a bh’ a chò i cheann, agus thàinig an oidhche air. ’S e an cù dubh a bh’ a chò i cheann, agus thàinig an oidhche air a mhradhadh air an teine ann an sin. Chuala e cud eigin no rud eigin a bh’ aige na h-uamha. Dh’ eirich a’ chalg air a’ chò a’ chò dubh an àird gu leir, cha deachadh e càil. Cha deachadh e sealg. Cha deachadh e muir no tìr, no caoraich no dadh, agus bha na càirdean uile ag iarraidh dh air Mac a’ Phì cur as don chù. ’O’, chanadh e. ’Cha tirich. Tha latha fhèin a feitheamh air a’ chù’, chanadh e a h-urile uair.

The Command Given to McPhee’s Black Dog

It is said that there once was a man, Ewen McPhee, who lived in Park on the Island of Lewis, and he was a hunter who had two or three dogs. But one of his dogs, the black dog, was useless. It would not do a thing. It would not hunt. It would not work on sea or land, or with sheep, in fact it did nothing, and all Mr. McPhee’s relatives wanted to put the dog down. ’Oh’, he would say. ’I won’t do that. The dog will have its day,’ he would say every time.

Well, this day they were out hunting. He had the black dog with him, and when nightfall came upon him he went into a cave at ‘Loch Claidh’, up at the Park shore. He was roasting a piece of deer he had killed earlier on the fire. He had a stick, a bit of wood and while he was turning the fire, he heard someone or something at the entrance of the cave. The black dog’s hair stood on end but he managed to calm it down.

A small, beautiful lady appeared, as beautiful as he had ever seen, and he asked her, ’From where did you come?’ ’I came from Eilean Shail,’ she replied. That is a small island at the mouth of Loch Seaforth. She told him that she was going somewhere down the other end of Park. He was astonished that she came from the ‘Sail’ area at that time of night, such a beautiful lady, but he refrained from asking any more.
'Are you hungry?' ‘Yes’ she replied. ‘Will you partake of this?’ and he passed a bit of the meat he was roasting to her, which she devoured just as a lion or bear would. ‘Would you like some more?’ he asked. ‘Yes, I would like some more’, so he gave her some more, and more, and more until there was only a little left. ‘Oh’, he exclaimed, ‘You cannot have any more, as there is only enough left to do myself and the black dog’.

‘I want more,’ she maintained ‘or your life will not be worth living!’ But he denied her it and in the blinking of an eye, her whole image changed. He was confronted with a monster, like a sea horse, a terrible beast. He commanded the black dog to go for the beast, and there they were, the black dog and the sea horse tearing into each other.

Away they tumbled down the glen, away far down the glen. He could hear the howling of the dog and the screech of the beast. This went on all night until almost daybreak when everything went quiet. At sunrise he ventured down until he came across what appeared to be the site of battle.

He reached the edge of the shore, where he found the remains of the dog. He recognized the remains, but there was no sight of the beast, but the black dog had saved him. That was the black dog’s purpose, and you have all heard the saying:

   The command given to McPhee’s black dog. It obeyed, but it never returned.

[ends]