



Cairngorms  
NATIONAL PARK  
Pàirc Nàiseanta a' Mhonaigh Ruaidh

## Gaelic Poetry & Song | Emigration

### Guma Slàn Do Na Fearaibh - Dòmhnall Phàil, Bàrd Chinn a' Ghiùthsaidh (Here's Good Health to the People - Donald Campbell, The Kingussie Bard)

Gu 'm a slàn do na fearaibh  
Thèid thairis a' chuan  
Gu talamh a' gheallaidh,  
Far nach fairich iad fuachd.  
\*Gu 'm a slàn do na fearaibh  
Thèid thairis a' chuan.

A health to the fellows,  
Who'll cross o'er the sea!  
To the country of promise,  
Where no cold will they feel. –  
\*A health to the fellows,  
Who'll cross o'er the sea!

Gu 'm a slàn do na mnathan  
Nach cluinnear an gearan,  
'S ann thèid iad gu smearail,  
'Gar leantuinn that 'chuan;

A health to the goodwives!  
We'll hear no complaining;  
They'll follow us heartily  
Over the sea.

'Us na nìghneagan bòidheach,  
A dh' fhalbhas leinn còmhla,  
Gheibh daoine ri 'm pòsadh,  
A chuireas òr 'nan dà chluais.

And the beautiful maidens  
Going with us together, –  
They'll get husbands to marry,  
Who'll give ear-rings of gold.

Gheibh sinn aran 'us ìm ann,  
Gheibh sinn siucar 'us tea ann;  
'S cha bhi gainne oirnmn-fhìn,  
'S an tìr 's am bheil buaidh.

We'll get bread and butter,  
And sugar and tea there:  
We'll experience no want,  
In that bountiful land.

'N uair dh' fhàgas sinn 'n t-àit' seo,  
Cha chuir iad mòr-mhàl oirnn  
'S cha bhi an Fheill Màrtainn  
'Cur nàire 'n ar gruaidh.

When we're gone from this country,  
Our rents will be trifling;  
And Martinmas will now  
Bring blush to our cheek.

Gu 'm fàg sinn an tìr so  
Cha chinnich aon nì ann  
Tha 'm buntàt' air dol 'dhith ann  
'S cha chin iad le fuachd.

We'll depart from this region,  
Where nothing will flourish, –  
The potatoes are ruined,  
And won't grow for the cold.

Gheibh sinn crodh agus caoriach;  
Gheibh sinn cruithneachd air raointean,  
'S cha bhi e cho daor dhuinn,  
Ri fraoch an Taoibh-Tuath.

We'll get cattle and sheep;  
We'll get wheat on the fields, –  
And it won't be so dear  
As the heath of the north.

'N uair a Thèid mi do 'n mhunadh,  
A mach le mo ghunna,  
Cha bhi geamair no duine  
'G am chur air an ruaig.

When I go to the mountains,  
And roam with my musket,  
No keeper, or living,  
Will drive me away.

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Gheibh sinn sìod' agus sròl ann  
Gheibh sinn pailteas de 'n chlàimh ann  
'S ni na mnathan dhuinn clò dheth  
Air seòl an Taoibh-Tuath.

There we'll get silk and ribbons  
We'll get wool in abundance;  
And the wives will make cloth  
In the style of the North.

Cha bhi iad 'g ar dùsgadh  
Le clag Chinne-Ghiùbhsaich  
Cha bhi e gu diùbhras  
Ged nach dùisg sinn cho luath.

They will not arouse us,  
With the bell of Kingussie;  
Nor will it much matter,  
Though we wake not so soon.

\*This phrase is repeated at the end of each verse.

'In the year 1838, a large number of people emigrated to Australia from the neighbourhood of Kingussie. The St. George, by which they had taken passage to Sydney, lay at Oban, so it was necessary for them to make the long journey to Fort-William in carts, and thence proceed to the place of embarkment by steamboat. Their departure from Kingussie took place at mid-summer, and the day of St Columba's Fair - *Latha Féill Chaluim Chille*. This fair was the occasion of a general gathering of the inhabitants of Badenoch; and to it many resorted from a distance for purposes of trade and amusement...

A band of strolling musicians in connection with some entertainment, readily entered into the situation and temper of their assembled patrons at the fair. Playing airs suited to the occasion, and followed by crowds of people, they made their way to the top of the Little Rock, which commands a view of the whole of Badenoch downwards from Glen Truim. From the height, where a few years before, "the young men of Kingussie" had erected a cairn in memory of the Duke of Alexander, many eyes were turned wistfully to take a last farewell of much-loved haunts and homes...

After descending from the Creag Bheag, the emigrants set out on their westward journey, accompanied as far as the old stage-house of Pitmain by relatives and friends... It may be remarked that the good ship, St George, took no less than five months to make the voyage to Sydney, which must have been a tiresome one, indeed, for the unfortunate passengers.'

- Rev. Thomas Sinton, *The Poetry of Badenoch*, p.34-37.