The Parish Of Dunkeld

Silly Wizard

O, what a parish, a terrible parish,
O, what a parish is that o' Dunkel',
They hangit their minister, droon'd their precentor
Dang doun the steeple, and fuddled the bell.
The steeple was doun, but the Kirk was still staunin',
They biggit a lum whaur the bell used to hang,
A stellpat they gat and they brewed Hieland whisky,
On Sundays they drank it, and ranted and sang.
O, had you but seen how graceful it lookit
To see the cramm'd pews sae socially join
Macdonald the piper stuck up in the poopit
He made the pipes skirl out music divine.
Wi' whisky and beer, they'd curse and they'd swear
They'd argy and fecht what ye daurna weel tell
'Bout Geordie and Cherlie they bothered fu' rarely
Wi' whisky they're worse than the devil himsel'.
When the heart-cheerin' spirit had mounted their garret
To a ball on the green they a' did adjourn
Maids wi' coats kilted, they steppit and liltit
When tired they shook hands, and then hame did return.
If the kirks a'owre Scotland held like social meetin's
Nae warning' ye'd need from a far-tinklin' bell
For a true love and friendship wad draw ye thegither
Far better than roarin' the horrors o' hell.

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