

The Parish Of Dunkeld

Andy M. Stewart

Oh, what a parish, a terrible parish;
Oh, what a parish is that o' Dunkeld.
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 stell-pat they gat and they brewed Hielan' whisky;
On Sundays they drank it and ranted and sang.

O, had you but seen how graceful it lookit,
To see the crammed pews sae socially joined.
MacDonald the piper stood up in the poopit,
He made the pipes skirl out the music divine.

Wi' whiskey and beer they'd curse and they'd swear;
They'd argue and fecht what ye daurna weel tell.
Bout Geordie and Charlie they bothered fu' rarely
Wi' whisky they're worse than the devil himsel'.

When the hairt-cheerin' spirit had mounted their garret,
Tae a ball on the green they a' did adjourn.
The maids wi' coats kilted, they skipplit and liltit,
When tired they shook hands and then hame did return.

If the kirks a' owre Scotland held like social meetin's
Nae warnin' ye'd need from a far-tinklin' bell,
For true love and friends wad draw ye thegither
Far better than roarin' the horrors o' hell.