

## Silly Wizard "The Parish Of Dunkeld"

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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 Cherie 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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