

William E. Aytoun (1813-65)

5 *The Massacre of the MacPherson*

I.

Fhairshon swore a feud
 Against the clan M'Tavish;
Marched into their land
 To murder and to rafish;
For he did resolve 5
 To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men
 And five-and-thirty pipers.

II.

But when he had gone 10
 Half-way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
 Just three were remainin'.
They were all he had,
 To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone 15
 Off, to drive ta cattle.

III.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon,
 "So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight 20
 Pefore we touch the peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
 Coming wi' his fassals,
Gillies seventy-three,
 And sixty Dhuinéwassails!"

IV.

“Coot tay to you, sir; 25
Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To fisit any person?
You are a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred 30
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plunder’d.”

V.

“Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir, 35
Fat is coot pehaviour!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or stap you with my claymore!” 40

VI.

“I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention.”
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh 45
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
An’ stuck it in his powels.

VII.

In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fhairshon, 50
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah’s daughter,
And nearly spoil’d ta Flood, 55

By trinking up ta water:

VIII.

Which he would have done,

I at least believe it,

Had ta mixture peen

Only half Glenlivet.

60

This is all my tale:

Sirs, I hope 'tis new t' ye!

Here's your fery good healths,

And tamn ta whusky duty!

1844

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