

MacPherson's Rant

Jamie MacPherson



1. Fare - weel, ye dungeons dark and strang, fare - weel, fareweel tae ye,
2. It was by a wo-man's treacherous hand that I was con-demned tae dee
3. There's some come here tae see me hang, and some come tae buy my fiddle,



Mac - Pher - son's time will no be lang on yon - der gal - lows tree.
A - bove a ledge at a win - dow she sat and a blanket she threw ower me.
But be - fore that I would part wi her I'd brak her through the middle.

Chorus

Sae ran - tin-ly and sae wan - ton - ly, sae daun - tin-ly gaed he,

For he played a tune and he danced a-roon, be - low the gal - lows tree.

4. And he took the fiddle intae baith o his hands,
 And he brak it ower a stane,
 Sayin, Nay other hand shall play on thee
 When I am dead and gane.

5. The reprieve was comin ower the Brig o Banff
 Tae set MacPherson free,
 But they pit the clock a quarter afore,
 And they hanged him frae the tree.