

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.