

## MacPherson's Rant

Fareweel ye dungeons dark and strong  
 Fareweel, fareweel to thee  
 MacPherson's song will not be long  
 Upon the gallows tree.

I -	V -
I -	IV -
I -	V -
I ii	V7 -

*Sae rantly, sae wantonly,  
 Sae dauntingly played he.  
 He played a tune and he danced a-roon,  
 Below the gallows tree.*

It's little did me mother know  
 When first she cradled me,  
 That I would become a rovin' boy  
 And die on the gallows tree

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
 An' gae to me my bow,  
 I've naught to leave my brave Scotland,  
 But a tune before I go.

There's some come here to see me hang,  
 And some to steal my fiddle,  
 But before that I do part with her,  
 I'll break her through the middle.

*Solo*

He's ta'en his fiddle into both his hands  
 And breaked her on his knee,  
 Said when I am gane no ither hands  
 Shall ever play on thee.