

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	V7
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.

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.