

McPherson's Rant

Fare__ weel ye dun - geons dark__ an' __ strang, And __
all be - neath__ the__ skies. Mc - -
Pher - - - son's time__ will__
no be long Be-low thon gal-lows tree__ I'll hing.
So _ ran-tin' ly _sae _ wan-ton-ly, and sae dan-tin' ly _went _ he;
He played a tune__ then he
danced a - roon' be - - low the gal - - lows tree.

Fareweel ye dungeons dark an' strang,
[And all beneath the skies].
McPherson's time will no' be long,
Below thon gallows tree I'll hing.

Chorus:

So rantingly, sae wantonly, and sae dantin'ly went he;
He played a tune then danced a-roon' below the gallows tree.

"There's some cam' here to see me hang't,
An' some to buy my fiddle;
But before 'at I do part wi' her,
I'll break her though the middle."

He took the fiddle into both of his hands
An' he broke it over a stone;
Says he: "There's no anither han'll play on thee
When I am dead and gone.

It wis by a woman's treacherous hand
'At I wis condemned to dee:
Below a ledge a windae she stood,
Then a blanket she threw ower me.

The laird o' Grant, the Highland sa'nt,
'At first laid hands on me;
He played the cause on Peter Broon
Tae let McPherson dee.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
An' gae bring to me my sword,
For there's no a man in all Scotland
But'll brave him at his word.

The reprieve was comin' o'er the brig o' Banff
For tae let McPherson free,
When they put the clock a quarter before,
Then hanged him to the tree.

I've lived a life o' sturt an' strife;
I die by treachery.
O it breaks my heart, I must depart,
An' live in slavery.

Fareweel you life, you sunshine bright,
And all beneath the skies;
For in the place I'm ready to:
McPherson's time tae die."