MacPherson's Farewell

```
     C       Em       Am       D7
Fare weel ye dungeons dark and strong,
     G          G7      C
Fare weel, Fare weel to thee. :i
D7  G         Em        Am    D7
Mac Pherson's time will no be long : i>
   G        C      D7
On yonder g allows tree.
```

Chorus:

```
    G              D7
Sae rantin'ly, sae wantonly
                    C
Sae dauntin'ly, gaed he;
   G                    D7
He played a tune and he danced it roon'
    Em     C       D
Abo ut the gallows tree.
```

It was by a woman's treacherous hand
That I was condemned to dee.
Below a ledge at a window she stood,
And a blanket she threw o'er me.

The Laird o' Grant, that Highland sanfr,
That first laid hands on me.
He played the cause on Peter Broon
To let MacPherson dee.

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

There's some come here to see me hanged,
And some to buy my fiddle,
But before that I do part wi' her
I'll brak her thro' the middle.

He took the fiddle into both o' his hands
And he broke it o'er a stone.
Says, There's nae ither hand sail play on thee
When I am dead and gone.

O little did my mother think
When first she cradled me,
That I would turn a rovin boy
And die on the gallows tree.

The reprieve was comin' o'er the brig o' Ban
To let MacPherson free;
But they pit the clock a quarter afore
And hanged him to the tree.