

Macpherson's Rant

The Go Set

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
Farewell, farewell to thee
MacPherson's rant will no be long
Upon the gallows-tree

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
And he sang a tune
And danced around
Below the gallows-tree

'Twas by a woman's treacherous hand
I was condemned to die
Beneath a ledge at a window she stood
And a blanket she threw o'er me

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
And he sang a tune
And danced around
Below the gallows-tree

The Laird o' Grant, that hieland sant
That first laid hands on me
He played the cause on Peter Broon
Tae let MacPherson free

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

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

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

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
And he sang a tune
And danced around
Below the gallows-tree

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' Banf
Tae let MacPherson free,
But they set the clock a quarter past four
And hanged him tae the tree

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
And he sang a tune
And danced around
Below the gallows-tree