

Macphersons Rant
The Corries

MacPherson s Rant

Verse

(F) (C)

Fareweel ye dungeons dark and strang

(F) (Bb)

Fareweel, Fareweel tae thee,

(F) (C7)

MacPherson s life will no be lang.

(Dmin) (Bb) (C7)

On yonder gallows tree.

Chorus

(F) (C) (F)

Sae rantingly and sae wantonly and sae dauntingly gaed

(Bb)

he,

(F) (C) (Dmin)

He Played a tune and he danced aroun below the

(Bb) (C7)

gallows tree.

It was by a woman s treacherous hand

That I was condemned to dee

Beneath a ledge at a window she stood

And a blanket she threw o er me.

Chorus

Well the laird o Grant, that highlan sa nt

That first laid hands on me

He played the cause on Peter Broon

To let Macpherson dee.

Chorus

Untie these bands from off my hands

And gie to me my sword

There s nae a man in a Scotland

But I ll brave him at a word.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

He took the fiddle into both his hands
And he broke it o er a stone
Says there s nae other hand shall play on thee
When I am dead and gone.

Chorus

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

Chorus

The reprive was comin o er the brig o Banff
To let Macpherson free
But they pit the clock a quarter afore
And hanged him to a tree.