

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.