MacPherson's Lament

D G b A D G b
“Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, the wretch’s destiny!
D G b A D G A
MacPherson’s rant will no’ be long on yonder gallows tree.”

D G b A D G b
Sae rantingly—sae wantonly—sae dauntingly gaed he!
D G b A D G A
He played a tune, and he danced aroon below the gallows tree.

D A D b
“My father was a gentleman of fame and honor high.
D A D G A
O mother, would you ne’er had borne a son so doomed to die!
D G b A D G b
O, little did my mother think, when first she cradled me,
D G b A D G A
That I would turn to a roving boy and die on the gallows tree!”

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 break her through the middle!”
He took his fiddle in both his hands, and he broke it o'er a stone,
Saying, “There's no other hands shall play on thee, when I am dead and gone!”

Chorus

“Take off these bands from off my hands, and give to me my sword;
And there's no’ a man in all Scotland but I'll brave him at a word!
“For what is death but parting breath? On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and, in this place, I'll scorn him yet again!”

Chorus

“But vengeance did I never wreak, when power was in my hand;
And you, dear friends, no vengeance seek—it is my last command.”
A reprieve was coming o’er the Brig o’ Banff to set MacPherson free,
But they set the clock a quarter before and hanged him from a tree.

Chorus