

# MacPherson's Rant

Scotland

earliest date: 1803 (Ballad Index "MacPherson's Lament")

adaptation, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de

1. "Fare— well, ye dark and lone— ly— hills, far a - way be - neath— the— sky, Mac—  
Pher - son's time will not be long— on— yon - der gal— lows— tree." Sae—  
rant - ing - ly, sae— want - on - ly, sae— daunt - ing - ly— gaed— he, he  
played a tune— and he danced it roon be— low the gal— lows tree.

2. "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 over me."  
*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly...*

3. "The Laird o' Grant, that hieland sant, that first laid hands on me,  
he pleads the cause on Peter Broon tae let MacPherson free."  
*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly...*

4. "Untie these bands frae 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."  
*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly...*

5. "There's some come here tae see me hanged, and some to buy my fiddle,  
but before that I do part wi' her I'll break her thro' the middle."  
*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly...*

6. He took the fiddle intae both of his hands and he broke it over a stane,  
says, "No anither hand shall play on thee when I am dead and gane."  
*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly...*

7. "Farewell, my ain dear highland hame, farewell, my wife an' bairns,  
there was nae repentance in my heart when my fiddle was in my airms."  
*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly...*

8. "Oh, little did my mother think when first she cradled me,  
that I would turn a rovin' boy and die on the gallows tree."  
*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly...*

9. The reprieve was comin' o'er the brig o' Banff tae set MacPherson free,  
but they put the clock a quarter before and hanged him tae the tree.  
*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly...*