

MACPHEARSON'S FAREWELL

Scottish

Whistle

G A A D D G D

Fare - well, ye dun - geons dark and strong; Fare - well, fare-well to__ thee. Mac -

A D D D A

5 Pher - son's time will nae be__ long On yon - der gal - lows tree. Say - rant - in'-ly__ so__

G D A G D G A D

10 wan-ton - ly so__ daunt - in'-ly__ gead he. He played a tune and he danced a - roon' Be -

A D

15 low the gal - lows tree.

'Twas 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 o'er me.

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 brake her through the middle.

He took the fiddle in both of his hands
And he broke it o'er a stone.
Says, "There's nae a hand in all Scotland
shall play thee when I'm gone."

The reprieve was comin' o'er the brig o' Banf
Tae let MacPherson free,
But they pit the clock a quarter before
And hanged him tae the tree.