

The Go Set, Macpherson's Rant

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
Farewell, farewell to thee
MacPherson's rant will no be long
Upon the gallows-tree
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
and he sang a tune
and danced around
below the gallows-tree
Twas by a womans treacherous hand
I was condemned to die
Beneath a ledge at a window she stood
and a blanket she threw oer me
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
and he sang a tune
and danced around
below the gallows-tree
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
Theres no a man in all Scotland,
but Ill brave him at a word
Theres some come here tae see me hanged
and some to buy my fiddle
But before I do part wi her
Ill brak her thro the middle
He took the fiddle in both hands
and he broke it oer a stone.
Says, Theres nae ither hand shall play on thee
when I am dead and gone.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
and he sang a tune
and danced around
below the gallows-tree
O little did my mother think
when first she cradled me,
That I would turn a rovin boy
and die on the gallows tree
The reprieve was comin oer the brig o Banf
tae let MacPherson free,
But they set the clock a quarter past four
and hanged him tae the tree
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
and he sang a tune
and danced around
below the gallows-tree