MacPherson's Farewell

Fare - well ye dun-geons dark and strong, Fare - well, fare-well to thee; Mac - Pher - son's time will no be long on yon - der gal - low tree. Sae ran - tin-ly sae wan - ton-ly sae daun - ti - ly gaed he; He played a tune, and he danced it roon', Be - low the gal - low tree

Fareweel ye dungeons dark and strong
Fareweel, fareweel to thee
MacPherson's time will no be long
On yonder gallows tree.

Chorus:
Sae rantin'ly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he.
He played a tune, and he danced it roon'
Below the gallows tree.

MacPherson's Farewell

Untie these bands from 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

    (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 baith o' his hands
And he broke it ower a stone
Says: 'There's nae ither hand shall play on thee
When I am dead and gone

    (Chorus)

The reprieve was comin' ower the brig o' Banff
To let MacPherson free;
But they pit the clock a quarter afore
And hinged him to the tree.

    (Chorus)

Tradition has it that the tune was composed by noted fiddler James MacPherson on the eve of his execution for robbery at Banff in 1700. Words were added later to create a popular ballad.