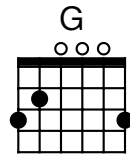
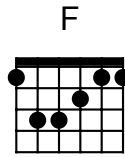
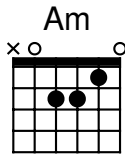
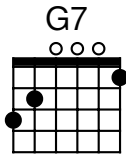


# McPherson's Farewell

Robert Burns 1788/ Traditional



Verse 1:

[C] Fareweel, ye dungeons [G7] dark and strang,  
Fare-[C]-weel, fareweel to [Am] thee.  
Mc-[C]-Pherson's time will [G7] no be long  
on [C] yonder [F] gallows [G] tree

Verse 2:

Un-[C]-tie these bands from [G7] off my hands  
And [C] gie to me my [Am] sword,  
An' there's [C] no' a man in [G7] all Scotland  
But I'll [C] brave him [F] at a [G] word.

Chorus:

Sae [C] rantin'ly, sae [G] wantonly  
Sae [C] dauntin'ly, gaed [F] he;  
He [C] played a tune and he [G] danced it aroon'  
A-[Am]-lo w the [F] gallows [G] tree.

Verse 3:

There's [C] some come here to [G7] see me hanged,  
And [C] some to buy my [Am] fiddle,  
But be-[C]-fore that I do [G7] part wi' her  
I'll [C] brak her [F] thro' the [G] middle.

Verse 4:

He [C] took the fiddle into [G7] both o' his hands  
And he [C] broke it o'er a [Am] stone.  
Says, There's [C] nae ither hand shall [G7] play on thee  
When [C] I am [F] dead and [G] gone.

Chorus:

Sae [C] rantin'ly, sae [G] wantonly  
Sae [C] dauntin'ly, gaed [F] he;  
He [C] played a tune and he [G] danced it aroon'  
A-[Am]-lo w the [F] gallows [G] tree.

Verse 5:

O, [C] what is death, but [G7] parting breath?  
On [C] many a bloody [Am] plain  
I've [C] dared his face, and [G7] in this place  
I [C] scorn him [F] yet a-[G]-gain!

Instrumental Chorus:

Sae [C] rantin'ly, sae [G] wantonly  
Sae [C] dauntin'ly, gaed [F] he;  
He [C] played a tune and he [G] danced it aroon'  
A-[Am]-lo w the [F] gallows [G] tree.

Verse 6:

I've [C] liv'd a life of [G7] sturt and strife;  
I [C] die by treache-[Am]-rie:  
It [C] burns my heart I [G7] must depart,  
And [C] not a-[F]-venged [G] be.

Chorus:

Sae [C] rantin'ly, sae [G] wantonly  
Sae [C] dauntin'ly, gaed [F] he;  
He [C] played a tune and he [G] danced it aroon'  
A-[Am]-lo w the [F] gallows [G] tree.

Verse 7:

Now [C] farewell light, thou [G7] sunshine bright,  
And [C] all beneath the [Am] sky!  
May [C] coward shame dis-[G7]-tain his name,  
The [C] wretch that [F] dares not [G] die!

Verse 8:

The re-[C]-prieve was comin' o'er the [G7] Brig o' Banff  
To [C] set MacPherson [Am] free;  
But they [C] pit the clock a [G7] quarter afore  
And [C] hanged him [F] frae the [G] tree.

Chorus:

Sae [C] rantin'ly, sae [G] wantonly

Sae [C] dauntin'ly, gaed [F] he;

He [C] played a tune and he [G] danced it aroon'

A-[Am]-lo w the [F] gallows [G] tree [C].