

# McPherson's Lament

Farewell ye dungeons dark and strang  
Farewell, farewell said he  
McPhersons' time will not be lang  
On yonder gallows tree

*So rantily and so wantonly  
And so dauntily ga'ed he  
He played a tune and he danced aroon  
Belaw da gallows tree*

Some came here tae see me die  
And some tae hear my fiddle  
But afore that I will pairt frae her  
I'll brake heer doon da middle

He took his fiddle and baith his haunds  
An cracked it oer a stane  
Sayed nae other haunds shall play on thee  
When I am did an gane

His release was coming at the brig o' Banff  
Tae set McPherson free  
But they pit his haunds a quarter tae fawr  
An hang'd him fram da tree

O little did mi mither think  
When first she cradled me  
That I would turn a rovin' boy  
An die on da gallows tree