

**M'Pherson's Farewell**

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
The wretch's destinie!  
M'Pherson's time will not be long  
On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus.-Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed he;  
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,  
Below the gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath?  
On many a bloody plain  
I've dared his face, and in this place  
I scorn him yet again!  
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
And bring me to my sword;  
And there's no a man in all Scotland  
But I'll brave him at a word.  
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;  
I die by treacherie:  
It burns my heart I must depart,  
And not avenged be.  
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky!  
May coward shame distain his name,  
The wretch that dares not die!  
Sae rantingly, &c.