

# MacPherson's Rant

(The Corries)

skotská lidová  
text Robert Burns

$\text{♩} = 105$   
*rubato*

1. Fare - weel ye dun - geons - dark and strang, the wretch - 's des - ti - - ny. Mac

Pher - son's time \_\_\_ will no' be lang on yond - er gal - lows tree. 2. It was

*a tempo*

by a wo - man's - treach - er - ous hand that I was con - demned - tae - dee, she

stood u - ben \_\_\_ a \_\_\_ win - dae ledge and a blan - ket threw ow - er me. R. Sae

rant - ing - ly, sae wan - ton - ly and sae daunt - ing - ly \_\_\_ gaed - he, he

played a tune \_\_\_ and he danced a - roon a - - low the gal - lows tree. 3. O \_\_\_

-low the gal - lows \_\_\_ tree.

3. Oh what is death but parting breath -  
On many a bloody plain  
I've daur'd his face, and in his place  
I scorn him yet again.

R. Sae rantingly, sae wantonly ...

4. I have lived a life o' straught and strife,  
I die by treachery.  
It burns my heart that I must depart  
An' no avengèd be.

R. Sae rantingly, sae wantonly ...

5. So tak' aff these bands frae roond my hands,  
Gie to me my sword,  
There's no' a man in a' Scotland  
But I'll brave him at a word.

R. Sae rantingly, sae wantonly ...

6. So farewell night, thou parting light  
And all beneath the sky.  
May coward shame disdain his ain,  
The wretch wha dare not die.

R. Sae rantingly, sae wantonly ...