

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

Jamie MacPherson (1675-1700)

1. Fare - well, ye dun - geons dark and strong, The wretch - 's des - ti - nie!
 2. Oh, what is death but part - ing breath? On mo - nie a blu - die plain
 3. Un - tie these bands from off my hands, And bring to me my sword;
 4. I've lived a life of sturt and strife; I die by trea - cher - ie:
 5. Now fare - well, light, thou sun - shine bright, And all be - neath the sky!

Mac - Pher - son's time will not be long On yon - der gal - lows tree.
 I've dared his face, and in this place I scorn him yet a - gain!
 And there's not a man in all Scot - land, But I'll brave him at a word.
 It burns my heart I must de - part, And not a - ven - ged be.
 May cow - ard shame dis - tain his name, The wretch that dares not die!

Sae ran - ting - ly, sae wan - ton - ly, Sae daun - ting - ly gaed he;

He play'd a spring, an' danc'd it round, Be - low the gal - lows tree.