

The Town Pants "Macpherson's Lament"

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Farewell, ye dungeons dark and drear,
Farewell, farewell to ye,
MacPherson's live will no be long
Round yonder gallows-tree.

Say rantingly and say wantonly,
Say dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a tune, and danc'd it round
Below yon gallows-tree.

Take off these bands from on my hands
And give to me my sword
For there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at his word

Now there's some come here for to see me hung
And some to buy my fiddle
But before that I will part with her
I'll break her through the middle.
And he took his fiddle in both his hands
And he broke it o'er a stone,
Saying there's no other hand shall play on thee
When I am dead and gone.

The reprieve was coming o the Brig o' Dans
To set MacPherson free,
But they put the clock a quarter before
And they hanged him from a tree.

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