

Mac Pherson's Farewell

Traditional/Burns



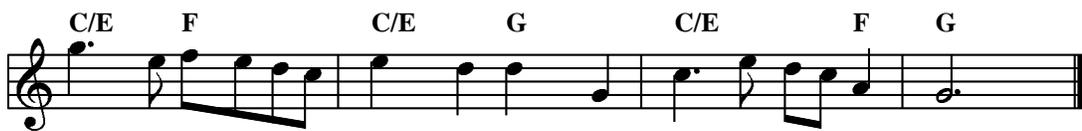
Fare - well ye dun - geons dark and strong, th - e wretch' - s des - ti - n -
 O what is death but par - ting breath? O - n man - y a blood - y
 Un - tie these bands from off my hands, a - nd bring to me m - y
 I've lived a life of sturt and strife; I - die by tr - ech - e -
 Now fare - well, light, thou sun - shine bright, a - nd all be - neath th - e



- ie! Mac - Pherson's time will not be long on yon - der ga - ll - ow - s tree.
 plain I've dar'd his face and in this place I - scorn him y - et a -
 sword; And there's no a man in all Scot - land but I'll brave him at a -
 - rie: It burns my heart I must de - part a - nd not a - veng - e - d
 sky! May cow - ard shame dis - tain his name, th - e wretch that da - res not



[chorus]
 - gain! Sa - e ran - ting - l - y, sa - e wan - ton - ly, sa - e daun - ting - l - y gae - d he. He
 word.
 be.
 die!



play'd a sprig a - nd danc'd it round, be - low the ga - ll - ows tree.