

MacPherson's Rant

The Real McKenzies

Farewell ye dungeons, dark & strong
This wretches destiny
MacPherson's day will nae be long
Allow the gallows tree

Say rauntingly, say wantonly
And undauntedly ga'ed he
And he played a spring and danced it 'round
Allow the gallows tree

Well I've lived me a life of stearf and strife
On mony a bloody battle plain
But it breaks my heart I must depart
And nae avenged I be

So take these bands frae aff me hands
And bring to me my sword
For there nae be a man in all the land
I'll brave him at one word

So farewell light and me sun shine bright
And all benath the Highland skies
MacPherson's name will nae distaine
The wretch who will nae die