

# M'Pherson's Farewell

By Robert Burns

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed he,  
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round  
Below the gallows tree.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
The wretch's destinie!  
M'Pherson's time will not be long  
On yonder gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath?  
On many a bloody plain  
I've dar'd his face, and in this place  
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
And bring to me my sword,  
And there's no a man in all Scotland  
But I'll brave him at a word.

I 'ye lived a life of stunt and strife;  
I die by treacherie:  
It burns my heart I must depart,  
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky!  
May coward shame distain his name,  
The wretch that dare not die!