

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## King Fareweel

King Fareweel

A big Prince landed in the North,  
A' they lads o' the hills were at the ready;  
An' the folk they cam frae far and near,  
Tae view the lad in his tartan plaidie.

Refrain: King fareweel, hame fareweel,  
A'tae bid oor King fareweel.

When wee King Geordie heard o' this,  
That the Prince laid claim tae (?)  
Sir Johnnie Cope he sent tae the North  
Tae catch the lad in the tartan plaidie.

When Cope he came tae Inverness  
They tellt him the Prince was South already,  
That Perth and Falkirk and Stirlin too,  
Had viewed the lad in the tartan plaidie.

Noo a big Prince cam tae Edinburgh toon,  
And he wisnae a wee wee German lairdie  
For a far better prince nor ever he was  
Layed out in the heather in his tartan plaidie.

At Prestonpans they laid their plans,  
And the Heilan lads they were lyin ready,  
Like the wind frae Skye they bid them fly,  
And monie's the braw laddie lost his daddy.

Noo London Toon wis on her knees,  
But the Heilan Lads they were far from cheerie,  
And they left for hame through the want o men,  
And they waved fareweell tae yon London ladies.

At Glesca Toon they found their shoon,  
But the merchant folk they grat richt sairly,  
The Prince turned roon - said he'd burn their toon  
Locheil said. "Nae", and the Prince he daurna.

On Culloden Moor they made their stand;  
The brave Locheil and the braw Glengarry,  
Cumberland cursed and he swore an oath,  
He wad gar their bluid fill the sheughs in the valleys.

Wi' your feather beds and your carpet ha's,  
Could ye no pit doon a wee German laidie?  
For a better Prince nor ever he was,  
Laid oot in the heather in his tartan plaidie.

shoon - shoes. grat - complained. daurnae - dare not. gar - make. sheughs -  
ditches.

As sung by Andy Hunter on his LP 'King Fareweel' (1984) Lismor LIFL  
7002.

The sleeve notes say - A broadside ballad probably  
composed just after the Battle of Prestonpans - at which Prince Charlie's  
men routed Johnny Cope's army in 1745 - is the far-out ancestor of this  
powerful and very moving Jacobite song, which is Andy's own  
composition.

BJ  
oct99