

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## King of the Faeries

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Up the airy mountain, through the rushy glen  
We daren't go a-hunting for fear of little men.  
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together  
Green jacket, red cap and white owl's feather.

By the craggy hillside, through the mosses bare  
They've planted thorn trees for pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring as to dig them up in spite  
He'll find the sharpest thorns in his bed at night.

High up on the hill top the old king sits  
He's now so old and grey he's nearly lost his wits  
He's rising with the music on the cold starry night  
To sup with the queen of the gay north light.

Trad. Irish

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