

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Wae's Me for Prince Cherlie

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A wee bird came tae our ha' door,
he warbled sweet and early,
and aye the outcome o' his lilt
was "Wae's me for Prince Cherlie."
Oh when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird,
the tears came drappin' rarely.
I took my bonnet off my heid,
for weel I loved Prince Cherlie.

Said I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
"Is that a tale ye borrow,
"Or is't some word ye've learned by rote,
"Or a lilt, or d'you lend sorrow?"
"Oh, no no no" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
"but sic a day o' wind and rain,
"Oh Wae's me for Prince Cherlie."

On hills that are by right his ain,
he roams a lonely stranger.
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
on ilka side by danger.
Yestere'en I met him in a glen,
my heart near bursted fairly,
for sadly changed indeed was he,
Oh, Wae's me for Prince Cherlie.

Dark night came on, the tempest howled
Out o'er the hills and valleys,
and where was't that your Prince lay down,
was him should be 'n a palace?
He rolled him in a hieland plaid,
which covered him but sparely,
and slept beneath a bush o' broom,
Oh, Wae's me for Prince Cherlie.

From an album of songs of the Jacobite rebellions

By Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger

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