Prince Charlie

Prince Charlie

When Charlie first cam' tae the North
With the manly look o' a Highland laddie,
He turned every true Scot tae himsel'
Tae view the lad an' his tartan plaidie

cho: Love fareweel, friends fareweel
Tae guard my King I bid a' fareweel

When King Geordie heard o' this,
That he had gaen North tae win for his daddy,
He sent John Cope up tae the North
Tae catch the lad an' his tartan plaidie.

When Cope cam' tae Inverness,
They told him he was South already.
Like a lion bold he conquered all
Wi' every shake o' his tartan plaidie.

When they cam' tae Aberdeen,
The English fleet was lying ready
Tae carry them ower tae Edinburgh toon,
Tae catch the lad and his tartan plaidie.

On Prestonpans he formed his clans,
He neither regarded son nor daddy;
Like the wind o' the sky he made them tae fly,
Wi' every shake o' his tartan plaidie.

The Duke of Perth was on his right,
The bold Munroe and the brave Glengarry,
From the Isle of Skye the brave Lochiel,
McLarens bold and the brave MacReady.

A painted room and a silken bed
Would scarecely please a wee German Laddie
But a far better Prince than ever he was
Laid amang the heather on his Highland plaidie.

From Scottish Folksinger, Buchan and Hall
APR99