

King Fareweel

The Corries

For ye've feather beds an carpet rooms -
Could ye no pit doon a wee German lairdie?
For a better Prince sure than ever he was
Lay amangst the heather wi the kilt and plaidie.

Refrain: King fareweel, noo fareweel,
It's a' to gaird our king, fareweel.

It was on Prestonpans where we drew our plans
Where the Heilan' lads were lyin ready,
An wi the wind o the sky we sure made them fly,
Wi every shake that we gien our plaidie.

Aye, it was on Prestonpans where we drew our plans,
Where many's a braw lad lost his daddy,
Where wi the wind o the sky we made them fly
Wi every shake that we gien our plaidie.