Sir Patrick Spens

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The King sits in Dumferlane toon
A-drinkin' at the wine
And he has called for the best skipper
In Fife and all the land

Then out there spoke an old carle
Sat by the King's own knee
Says, "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea"

The King has written a long letter
And signed it with his own hand
And sent it to young Patrick Spens
Was walking on Leith strand

"To Norowa, to Norowa
To Norowa over the foam
The King's daughter of Norowa
Tis you must bring her home"

The first line that Sir Patrick read
A loud, loud laugh laughed he
The next line that Sir Patrick read
A tear blinded his e'e

"Oh who is this has done this deed
And told the King of me
To send me out this time of year
To sail upon the sea?"

They hadn't been in Norowa
A week but barely three
When all the lords of Norowa
Got up and spak' so free

"The outland Scots waste our King's gold
And swallow our Queen's fee"
"Oh weary for the tongue that speaks
Such a mortal lie"

"Take tent, take tent, my good men all

Make sure you are well forn
For come it wind or come it rain
Our good ship sails the morn"

Then out there spoke the weatherman
"I fear we'll all be drownded
For I saw the new moon late yestere'en
With the old moon in her arms"

They had not sailed a league, a league
A league but barely three
When the lift grew dark and the wind blew loud
And surly grew the sea

Oh loath, loath were the good Scots lords
To wear their cork-heeled shoon
But long e'er all the ploy was played
They wore their hats aboon

Half over, half over by Aberdeen
Where the sea's so wide and deep
It's there that lies young Patrick Spens
With the Scots lord at his feet

Child #58
SOF

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