

# Sir Patrick Spens



The king sits in Dunfermline toun  
Drinkin the blude-reid wine  
“O whare will I get a skeely skipper  
Tae sail this new ship o mine?”

O up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king’s richt knee,  
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sailed the sea.”

Oor king has written a braid letter,  
And sealed it wi his hand,  
And sent it tae Sir Patrick Spens,  
Wis walkin on the strand.

“Tae Norroway, tae Norroway,  
Tae Norroway ower the faem;  
The king’s dochter o Norroway,  
“Tis thou must bring her hame.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read  
Sae loud, sae loud laughed he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read  
The tear blint his ee.

“O wha is this has done this deed  
And tauld the king o me,  
Tae send us oot at this time o year,  
Tae sail upon the sea?”

“Be it wind, be it weat, be it hail, be it sleet,  
Oor ship must sail the faem;  
The king’s dochter o Norroway,  
‘Tis we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn  
Wi aw the speed they may;  
They hae landed in Norroway  
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,  
In Norroway but twae,  
When that the lords o Norroway  
Began aloud tae say,

“Ye Scottishmen spend aw oor king’s gowd,  
And aw oor Queenis fee!”  
“Ye lee, ye lee, ye leears loud!  
Fu loud I hear ye lee!”

“For I hae brocht as muckle white monie  
As gane my men and me,  
And I brocht a half-fou o guid reid gowd  
Oot ower the sea wi me.”

“Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men aw!  
Oor guid ship sails the morn.”  
“Noo ever alack, my maister dear,  
I fear a deidly storm!”

“I saw the new moon late yestreen  
Wi the auld moon in her airm  
And if we gang tae sea, maister,  
I fear we’ll come tae hairm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the tap-masts lap,  
It wis sic a deidly storm:  
And the waves cam ower the broken ship  
Till aw her sides were torn.

“O whare will I get a guid sailor  
Tae tak my helm in hand,  
Till I get up tae the tall tap-mast  
Tae see if I can spy land?”

“O here am I, a sailor guid,  
Tae tak the helm in hand,  
Till you go up tae the tall tap-mast,  
But I fear you’ll ne’er spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step but barely ane,  
When a bolt flew oot o oor guidly ship,  
And the saut sea it cam in.

“Gae fetch a web o the silken claith,  
Anither o the twine,  
And wap them intae oor ship’s side,  
And let nae the sea come in.”

They fetch’d a web o the silken claith,  
Anither o the twine,  
And they wapped them roond that guid ship’s side,  
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith were oor guid Scots lords  
Tae weet their cork-heeled shoon!  
But lang or aw the play wis played  
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony wis the feather bed  
That flattered on the faem;  
And mony wis the guid lord's son  
That never mair cam hame.

Their ladies wrang their fingirs white,  
Their maidens tore their hair,  
Aw for the sake o their true loves,  
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,  
Wi their fans into their hand,  
Afore they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailin tae the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens wait  
Wi their gowd kames in their hair,  
A-waitin for their ain dear loves!  
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-ower, half-ower tae Aberdour,  
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;  
And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,  
Wi the Scots lords at his feet.

**Anonymous**

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