**Sir Patrick Spens**Scottish anonymous  
  
**The King sits in Dunfermline town,   
Drinking the blood-red wine;   
"O where shall I get a good sailor   
To sail this ship of mine?"   
  
Then up and spake an elder knight,   
Sat at the King's right knee:   
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor   
That ever sailed the sea."   
  
The King has written a braid (long) letter,   
And sealed it with his hand,   
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,   
Was walking on the strand.   
  
"To Noroway, to Noroway,   
To Noroway o'er the foam;   
The King's own daughter of Noroway,   
'Tis thou must bring her home."   
  
The first line that Sir Patrick read,   
A loud, loud laugh laughed he;   
The next line that Sir Patrick read,   
The tear blinded his ee (eye).   
  
"O who is this has done this deed,   
This ill deed unto me,   
To send us out at this time o’ the year,   
To sail upon the sea?   
  
"Make haste, make haste, my merry men all,   
Our good ship sails the morn."   
“O say not so, my master dear   
For I fear a deadly storm.   
  
"I saw the new moon late yestere’en   
With the old moon in her arm;   
And if we go to sea, master,   
I fear we'll come to harm."   
  
They had not sailed a league, a league,   
A league, but barely three,   
When the sky grew dark, and the wind blew loud,   
And angry grew the sea.**

**The anchor broke, the top-mast split,  
‘Twas such a deadly storm.   
The waves came over the broken ship   
Till all her sides were torn.   
  
O long, long may the maidens sit   
With their fans in their hand   
Or ere they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the Strand.   
  
O long, long may the maidens stand   
With their gold combs in their hair,   
Before they’ll see their own dear loves,   
Come home to greet them there.   
  
O forty miles off Aberdeen,   
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;   
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,   
With the Scots lords at his feet.**

