

Sir Patrick Spens

Fairport Convention

The King sits in Dunfirmline town,
Drinking of the blood-red wine
"Where can I get a steely skipper
To sail this might boat of mine?"

Then up there spoke a bonny boy,
Sitting at the King's right knee
"Sir Patrick Spens is the very best seaman
That ever sailed upon the sea"

The King has written a broad letter
And sealed it up with his own right hand
Sending word unto Sir Patrick
To come to him at his command

"An enemy then this must be
Who told the lie concerning me
For I was never a very good seaman,
Nor ever do intend to be"

"Last night I saw the new moon clear
With the new moon in her hair
And that is a sign since we were born
That means there'll be a deadly storm"

They had not sailed upon the deep a day,
A day but barely free
When loud and boisterous blew the winds
And loud and noisy blew the sea

Then up there came a mermaiden,
A comb and glass all in her hand
"Here's to you my merry young men for
You'll not see dry land again"

"Long may my lady stand
Qith a lantern in her hand
Before she sees my bonny ship
Come sailing homeward to dry land"

Forty miles off Aberdeen,
The waters fifty fathoms deep
There lies good Sir Patrick Spens
With the Scots lords at his feet