

## Sir Patrick Spens (Child 58A)

- 1 THE king sits in Dumferling toune,  
Drinking the blude-reid wine:  
'O whar will I get guid sailor,  
To sail this schip of mine?'  
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- 2 Up and spak an eldern knicht,  
Sat at the kings richt kne:  
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor  
That sails upon the se.'
- 3 The king has written a braid letter,  
And signd it wi his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.  
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- 4 The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
A loud lauch lauched he;  
The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
The teir blinded his ee.  
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- 5 'O wha is this has don this deid,  
This ill deid don to me,  
To send me out this time o' the yeir,  
To sail upon the se!  
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- 6 Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
Our guid schip sails the morne:'  
'O say na sae, my master deir,  
For I feir a deadlie storme.
- 7 Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,  
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,  
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,  
That we will cum to harme.'  
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- 8 O our Scots nables wer richt laith  
To weet their cork-heild schoone;  
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Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,  
Their hats they swam aboone.

- 9 O lang, lang may their ladies sit,  
Wi thair fans into their hand,  
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence  
Cum sailing to the land.

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- 10 O lang, lang may the ladies stand,  
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,  
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,  
For they'll se thame na mair.

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- 11 Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,  
It's fiftie fadom deip,  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.