Kris Drever "Patrick Spence"

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The king sits in Dunfermline toun Drinking his bluid-red wine 'Whaur can i get a mariner Tae sail seven ships of mine?'

Then up spoke a fine young man
A fine young man was he
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best mariner
That ever sailed on the sea'

The king, he's written a broad letter And signed it wi his own hand And sent it off to Sir Patrick Spence Waiting there on the strand

The very first line Sir Patrick read A little loud laugh gave he The very last line Sir Patrick read The salt tear blinded his ee

'O wha is it that has done this thing And told that tale on me I never was a mariner And i don't intend to be'

'Late yestreen i saw the new moon The auld moon in her arms I fear, i fear a deadly storm Oor ship, she will come to harm'

Rise up, rise up, my fine men aw Oor ship, she sails in the morn, Whether it's windy, whether it's wet Or whether there's a deadly storm

They hadn't been sailing a league or more
A league or barely nine
When the wind and the wet, the cauld and the snow
Came blowing up behind

'O where, o where's the cabin boy

Tae take the helm in hand While I go up to the topmast side To see if I can spy some land'

'Come doun, come doun Sir Patrick Spence We fear that we all must die For in and oot o' the good ship's hull The wind and the ocean fly'

The very first step Sir Patrick took
The water it came to his knee
And the very last step Sir Patrick took
He drount there in the sea

Many was the fine feather bed Floating on the foam Many was the little lord's son That never more came home

O long may the ladies sit Wi their fans aw in their hands Afore they see Sir Patrick Spence Come sailing along the strand

It's fifty miles to Aberdeen shore It's fifty fathoms deep And there does lie Sir Patrick Spence Wi the little lords at his feet

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