

SIR PATRICK SPENCE

(UNDER THE LEAVES 2006)

The King sits in Dunfermline tow
A-drinking of blood-red wine
Saying where shall I find me a master mariner
For to sail this ship of mine, of mine
For to sail this ship of mine

Then up and spoke a serving lad
Never heard to speak so free
O Sir Patrick Spence is the finest mariner
That ever sail'd the sea, the sea
That ever sail'd the sea

The King he wrote a broad letter
Sealed with his own right hand
And he's sent it to Sir Patrick Spence
For to sail at his command, command
For to sail at his command

Sir Patrick read the letter o'er
And he sighed a sorrowful sigh
Saying, E'er I return from cold Norroway
I fear that I must die, must die
I fear that I must die

Last night I saw the new moon clear
With the old moon on her arm
And this is a sign since ever I was born
There will be a deadly storm, a storm
There will be a deadly storm

Eight leagues, eight leagues from Norroway
I'm sure it was not nine
There arose a gale with the hoar frost in its teeth
And it blew on them behind, behind
And it blew on them behind

Oh long may my lady stand
With the glass all in her hand
Before she sees Sir Patrick Spence
Come a-walking on dry land, dry land
Come a walking on dry land

There were silken gowns and feather beds
Come a-floating on the foam
Now silent sleeps the little princess
Who shall ne'er again go home, go home
Who shall ne'er again go home

East nor East from Aberdeen
The water fifty fathoms deep
It's there lies good Sir Patrick Spence
And all the Royal Fleet, Royal Fleet
And all the Royal Fleet