

# Sir Patrick Spens

## Fairport Convention

The king sat in Dunfermline town  
Drinking of the blood red wine  
"Where can I get a good sea captain  
To sail this mighty ship 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 a lie concerning me  
For I was never a very good seaman  
Nor ever do intend to be"  
"Last night I saw the new, new moon  
With the old moon in her arm  
And that is the sign since we were born  
That means there'll be a deadly storm" They had not sailed upon the sea  
A day, a day, but barely three  
When loud and boisterous grew the wind  
And loud and stormy grew the sea Then up there came a mermaiden  
A comb and glass, all in her hand  
"Here's a health to you, my merry young men  
For you'll not see dry land again" "Oh, long may my lady look  
With a lantern in her hand  
Before she sees my bonny ship  
Come sailing home wards to dry land"  
Forty miles off Aberdeen  
The water's fifty fathoms deep  
There lies good Sir Patrick Spens  
With the Scots lords at his feet

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