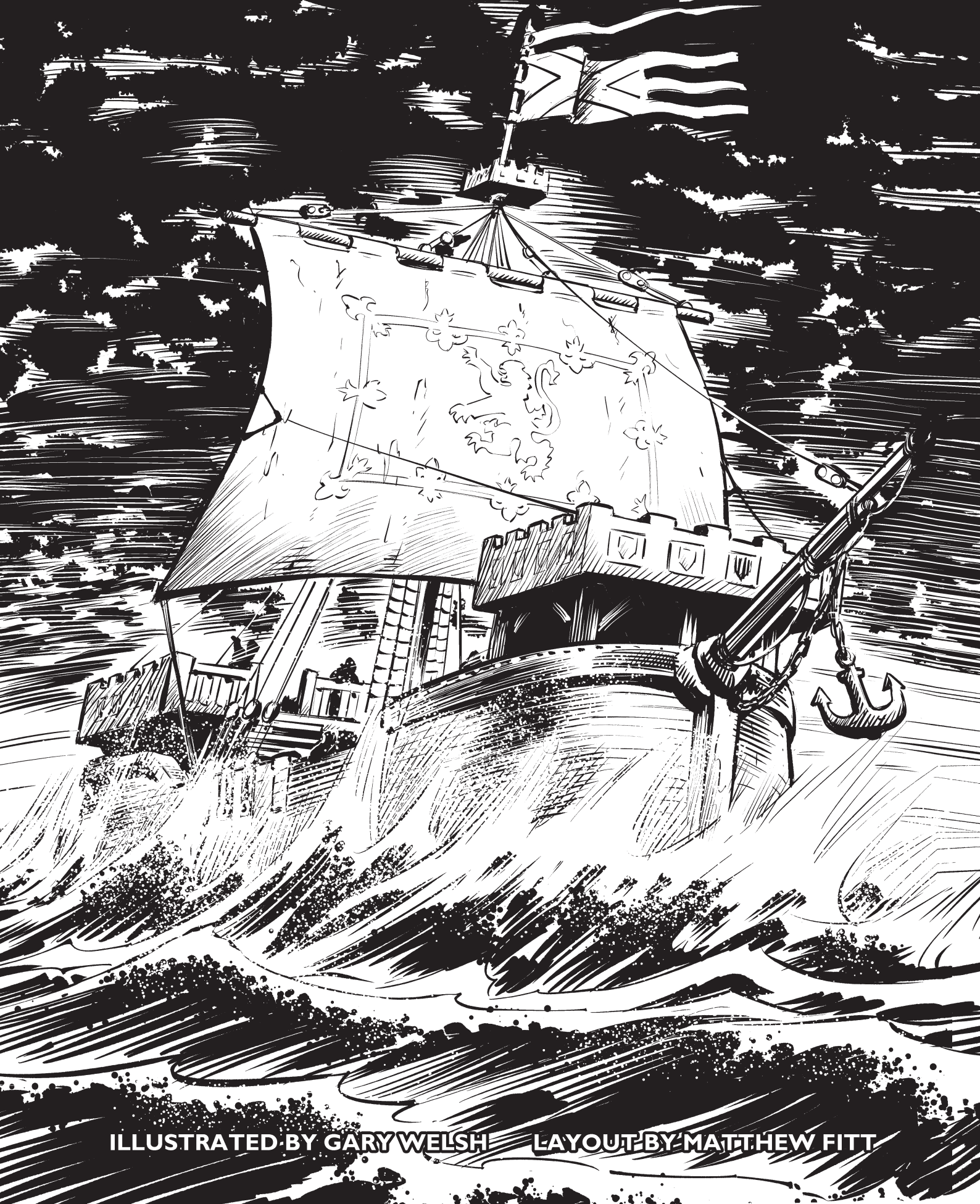


SIR PATRICK SPENS

A Scots ballad



ILLUSTRATED BY GARY WELSH

LAYOUT BY MATTHEW FITT



THE KING SITS IN DUNFERMLINE TOUN
DRINKIN THE BLUDE-REID WINE

O WHAIR WILL I GET
A SKEELY SKIPPER
TAE SAIL THIS NEW
SHIP O MINE?



O UP AND SPAK AN ELDERN KNIGHT,
SAT AT THE KING'S RICH KNEE,

SIR PATRICK SPENS
IS THE BEST SAILOR
THAT EVER SAILED
THE SEA.



OUR KING HAS WRITTEN A BRAID LETTER,
AND SEALED IT WI HIS HAND,

AND SENT IT TAE SIR PATRICK SPENS,
WIS WALKIN ON THE STRAND.



TAE NORROWAY, TAE NORROWAY,
TAE NORROWAY OWER THE FAEM;
THE KING'S DOCHTER O NORROWAY,
'TIS THOU MUST BRING HER HAME.

THE FIRST WORD THAT SIR PATRICK READ
SAE LOUD, SAE LOUD LAUGHED HE . . .

... THE NEIST WORD THAT SIR PATRICK READ
THE TEAR IT BLINT HIS EE.

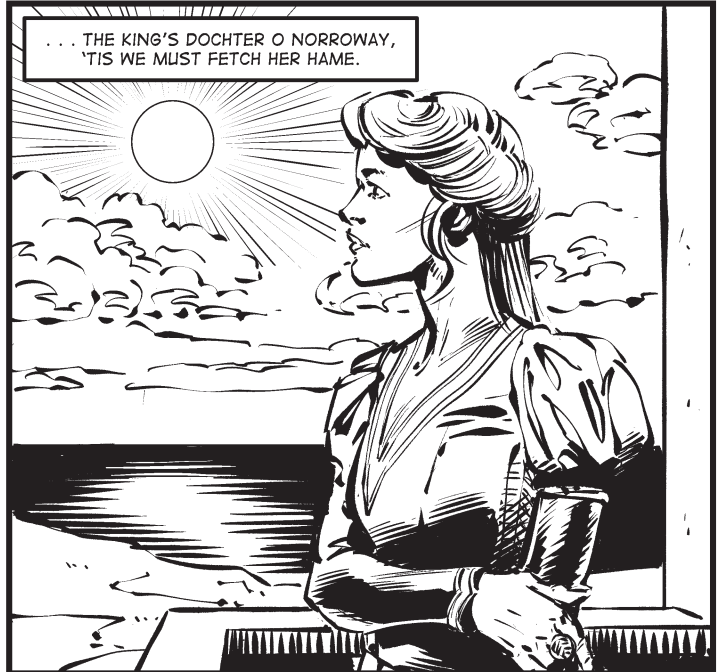
O WHA IS THIS HAS DONE THIS DEED
AND TAULD THE KING O ME,
TAE SEND US OOT AT THIS TIME O YEAR,
TAE SAIL UPON THE SEA?



BE IT WIND, BE IT WEET,
BE IT HAIL, BE IT SLEET,
OOR SHIP MUST SAIL
THE FAEM ...



... THE KING'S DOCHTER O NORROWAY,
'TIS WE MUST FETCH HER HAME.



THEY HOYSED THEIR SAILS ON MONENDAY MORN
WI AW THE SPEED THEY MAY;



THEY HAE LANDED IN NORROWAY
UPON A WODENSDAY.

THEY HADNA BEEN A WEEK, A WEEK,
IN NORROWAY BUT TWAE,
WHEN THAT THE LORDS O NORROWAY
BEGAN ALOUD TAE SAY,

YE SCOTTISHMEN SPEND
AW OOR KING'S GOWD,
AND AW OOR QUEENIS FEE!

YE LEE, YE LEE,
YE LEEARS LOUD!
FU LOUD I HEAR
YE LEE!



FOR I HAE BROCHT AS MUCKLE WHITE MONIE
AS GANE MY MEN AND ME,
AND I BROCHT A HALF-FOLI O GLUID REID GOWD
OOT OWER THE SEA WI ME.



MAK READY, MAK READY,
MY MERRY MEN AW!
OOR GLUID SHIP SAILS
THE MORN.





NOO EVER ALACK,
MY MAISTER DEAR,
I FEAR A DEIDL
STORM . . .

. . . I SAW THE NEW
MOON LATE YESTREEN
WI THE AULD MOON
IN HER AIRM . . .

. . . AND IF WE GANG
TAE SEA, MAISTER,
I FEAR WE'LL COME
TAE HAIRM.

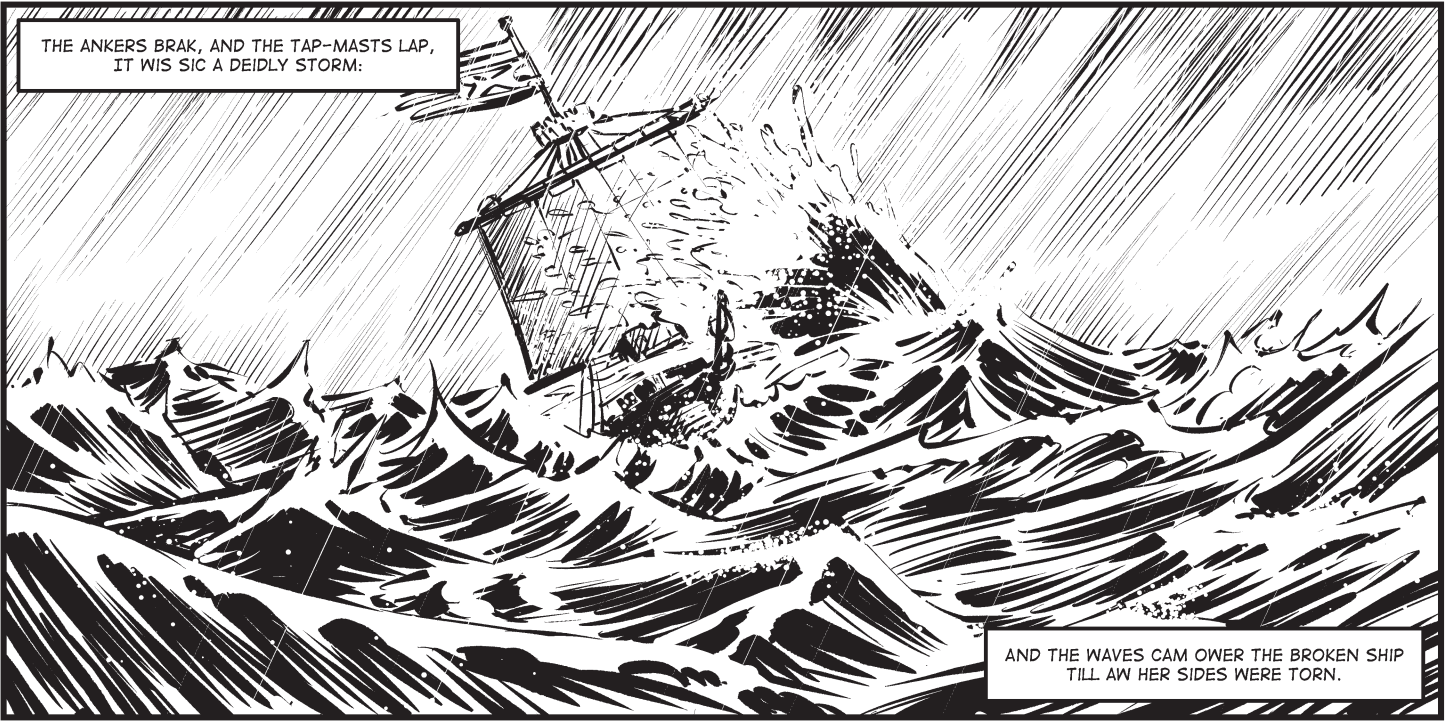


THEY HADNAE SAILED A LEAGUE, A LEAGUE,
A LEAGUE BUT BARELY THREE



WHEN THE LIFT GREW DARK, AND THE WIND BLEW LOUD,
AND GURLY GREW THE SEA.

THE ANKERS BRAK, AND THE TAP-MASTS LAP,
IT WIS SIC A DEIDLY STORM:



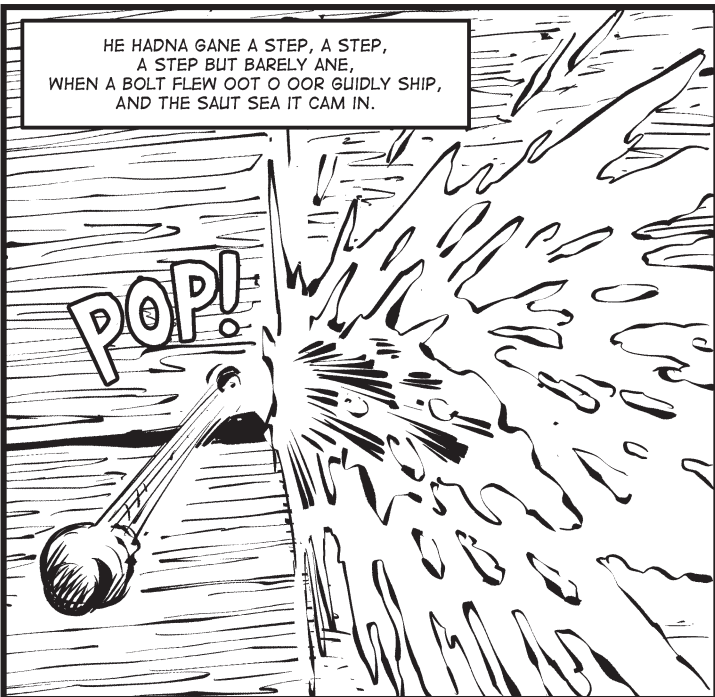
AND THE WAVES CAM OWER THE BROKEN SHIP
TILL AW HER SIDES WERE TORN.



O WHAUR WILL I GET A GUID SAILOR
TAE TAK MY HELM IN HAND,
TILL I GET UP TAE THE TALL TAP-MAST
TAE SEE IF I CAN SPY LAND?

O HERE AM I, A SAILOR GUID,
TAE TAK THE HELM IN HAND,
TILL YOU GO UP TAE THE TALL TAP-MAST,
BUT I FEAR YOU'LL NE'ER SPY LAND.

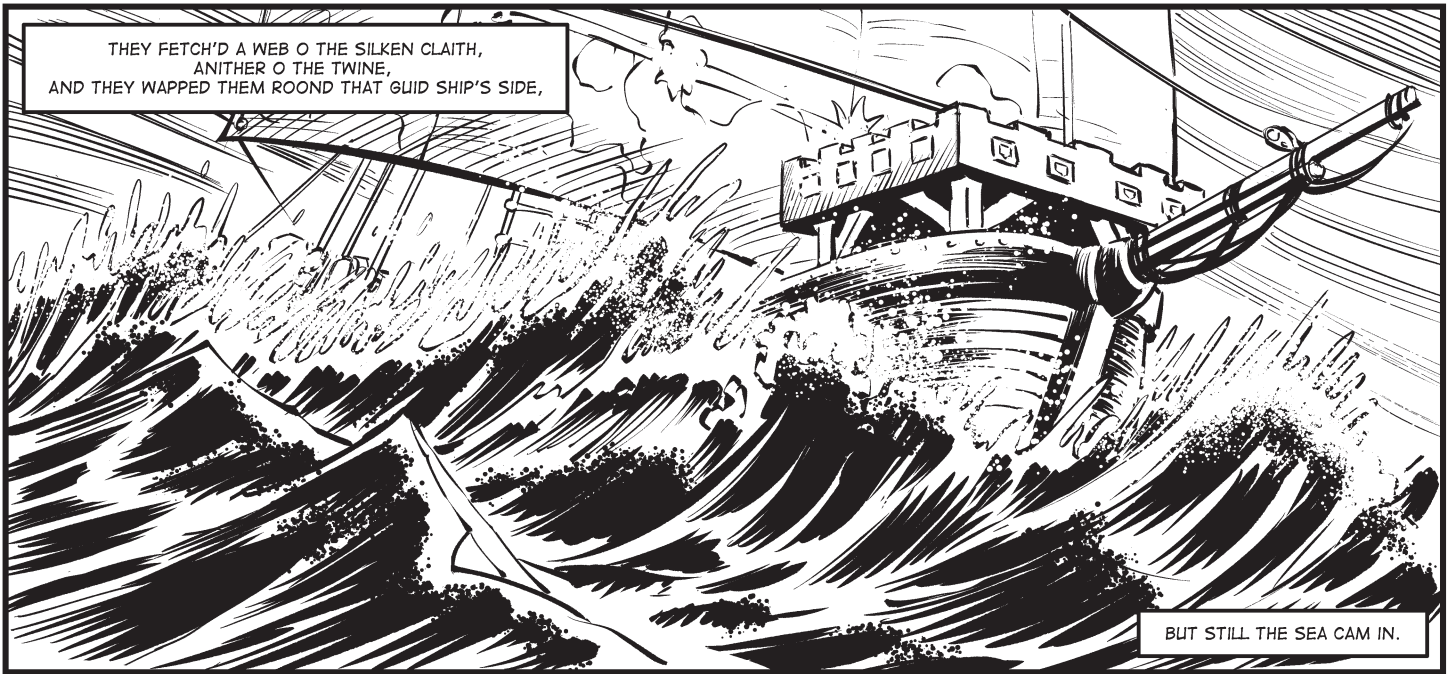
HE HADNA GANE A STEP, A STEP,
A STEP BUT BARELY ANE,
WHEN A BOLT FLEW OOT O OOR GUIDLY SHIP,
AND THE SAUT SEA IT CAM IN.



GAE FETCH A WEB O THE SILKEN CLAITH,
ANITHER O THE TWINE,
AND WAP THEM INTAE OOR SHIP'S SIDE,
AND LET NAE THE SEA COME IN.

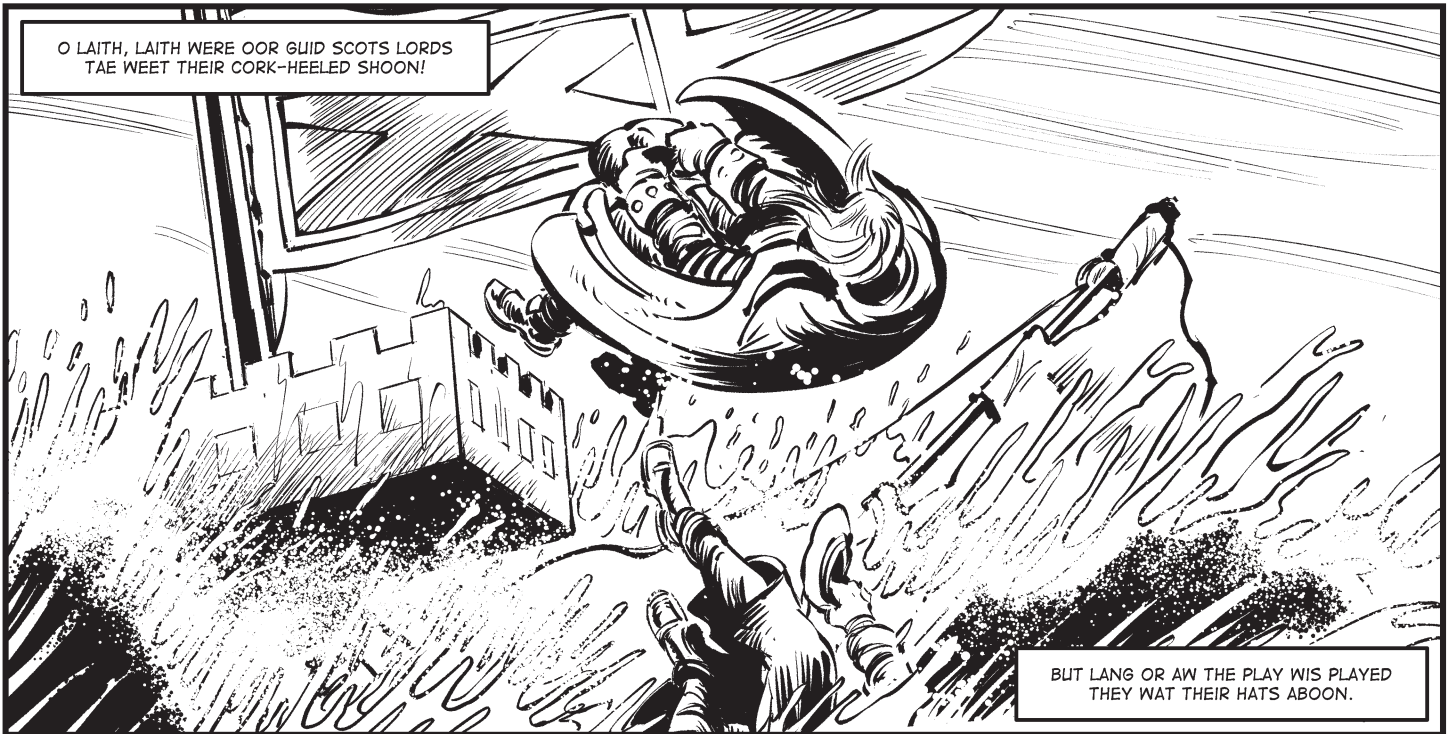


THEY FETCH'D A WEB O THE SILKEN CLAITH,
ANITHER O THE TWINE,
AND THEY WAPPED THEM ROUND THAT GUID SHIP'S SIDE,



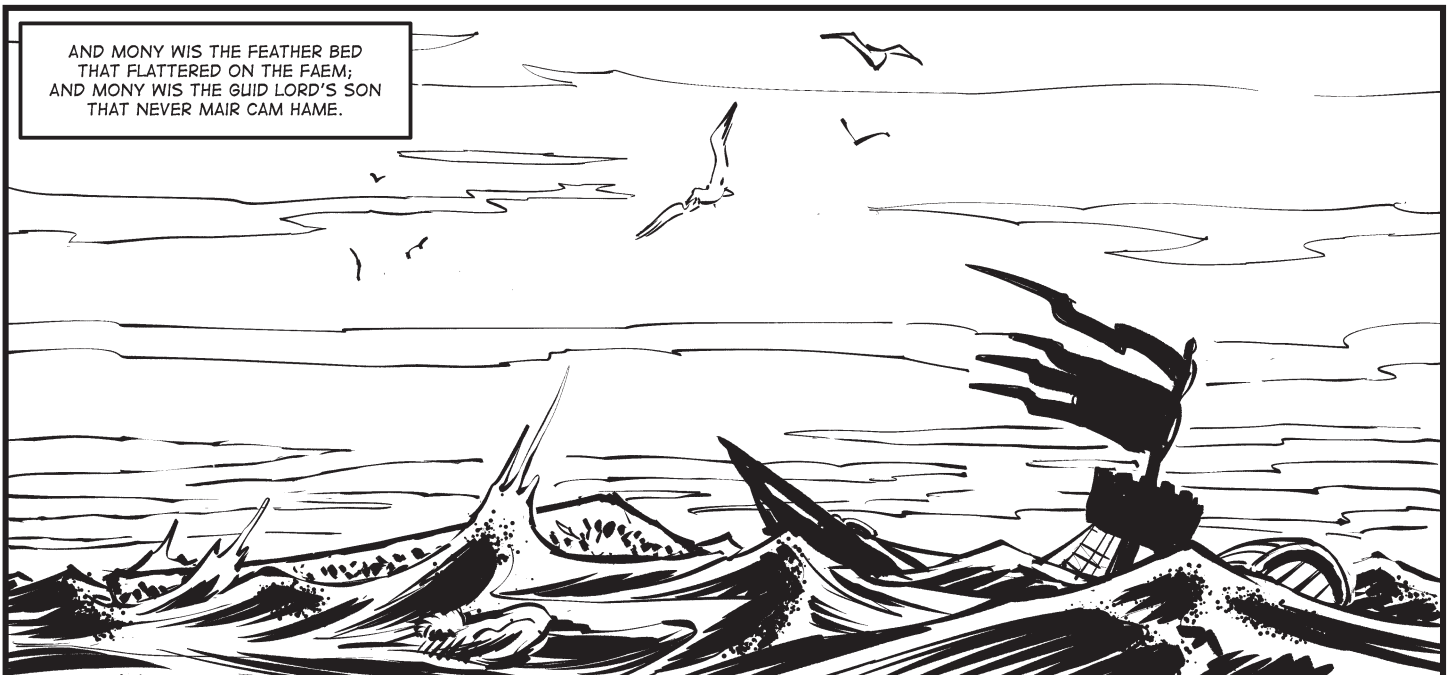
BUT STILL THE SEA CAM IN.

O LAITH, LAITH WERE OOR GUID SCOTS LORDS
TAE WEET THEIR CORK-HEELLED SHOON!



BUT LANG OR AW THE PLAY WIS PLAYED
THEY WAT THEIR HATS ABOON.

AND MONY WIS THE FEATHER BED
THAT FLATTERED ON THE FAEM;
AND MONY WIS THE GUID LORD'S SON
THAT NEVER MAIR CAM HAME.

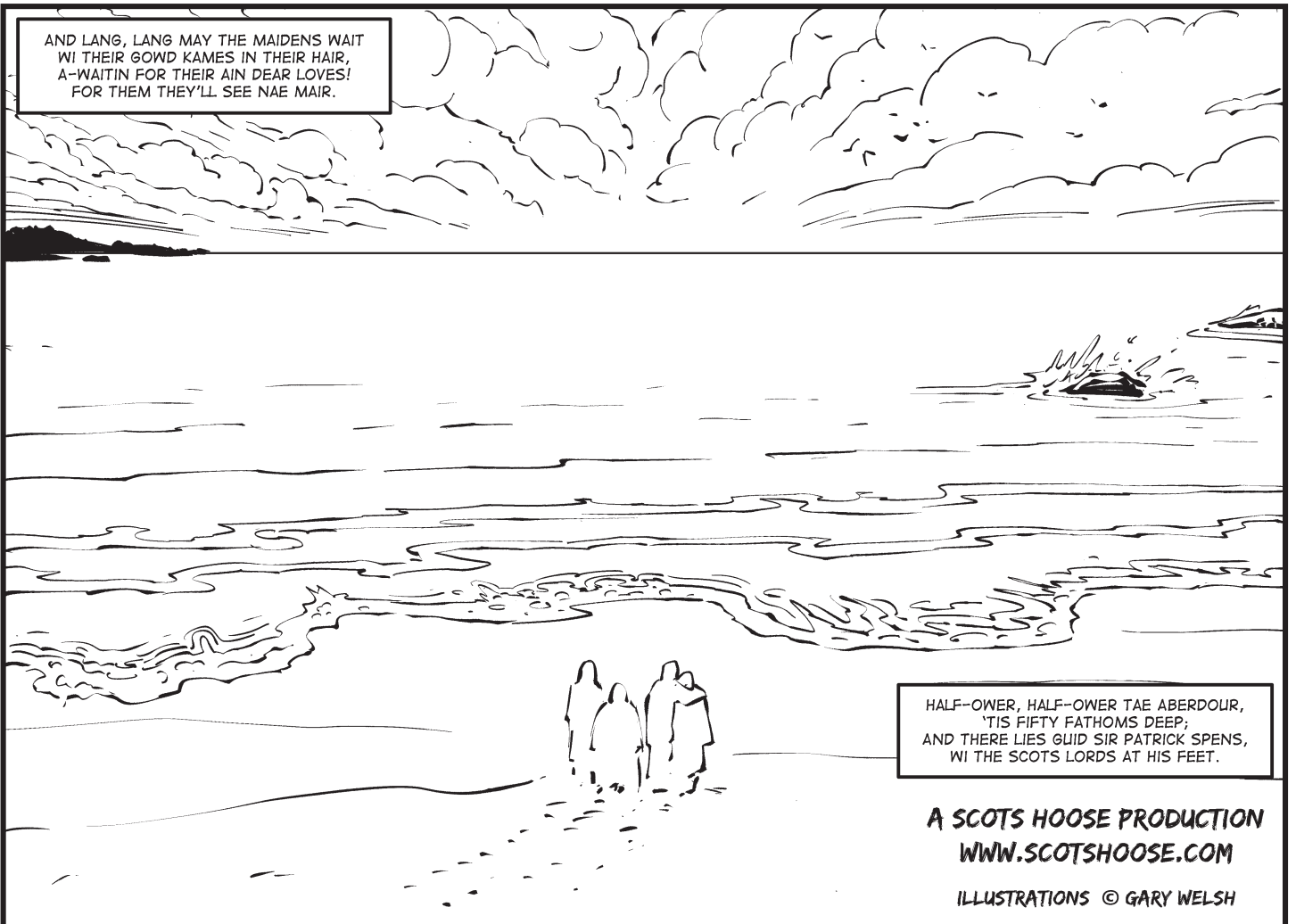


THEIR LADIES WRANG THEIR FINGERS WHITE,
THEIR MAIDENS RIVED THEIR HAIR,
AW FOR THE SAKE O THEIR TRUE LOVES,
FOR THEM THEY'LL SEE NAE MAIR.



O LANG, LANG MAY THE LADIES SIT,
WI THEIR FANS INTO THEIR HAND,
AFORE THEY SEE SIR PATRICK SPENS
COME SAILIN TAE THE STRAND!

AND LANG, LANG MAY THE MAIDENS WAIT
WI THEIR GOWD KAMES IN THEIR HAIR,
A-WAITIN FOR THEIR AIN DEAR LOVES!
FOR THEM THEY'LL SEE NAE MAIR.



HALF-OWER, HALF-OWER TAE ABERDOUR,
'TIS FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP;
AND THERE LIES GUID SIR PATRICK SPENS,
WI THE SCOTS LORDS AT HIS FEET.

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