

# Patrick Spens

Arr Graham Pratt

The king sits in Dunfermline toun,  
Drinking the blood red wine  
Where will I find a seaman bold  
To sail this ship of mine?  
And up and spake an elder knight,  
Sat at the king's right knee  
Sir Patrick Spens is such a man  
To sail upon the sea.

To Norway land, across the foam  
To claim the king's fair bride  
To go with all his Scottish lords  
And brave the winter tide.  
O loath, so loath, were nobles all,  
To wet their cork-heeled shoes,  
But they must hasten down to the strand  
The king's wild will to do.

Oh strong the arm of Patrick Spens,  
And sharp his sailor's eye  
But sharper still the sense in him  
To fear a sullen sea.

Last night I saw the new moon rise  
The old moon in her arms  
Tonight I see a blood red star  
And fear a deadly storm.

And some sat in the chimney nook,  
And some walked on the strand,  
And some took watch the whole day long  
For sign of ship to land.

Oh long may ladies sit and weep,  
With gold combs in their hand  
A waiting for that good Scotch lord  
Who'll never come to land.

For Patrick Spens is long since gone  
Where fish and mermaids dwell  
The Scottish lords and all of their crew  
Lie 'neath the ocean swell

Colour coding:

yellow = Peter, Colin, Robin, Marcus (on alto)

blue = Janette, Max, Juliana, Wendy, Louli (on tenor)