

Naxos 8.570352

Herbert Howells (1892-1983): Sir Patrick Spens • Hymnus paradisi

[01] **Sir Patrick Spens**

The King sits in Dunfermline town
drinking the blood-red wine;
"O where shall I get a skeely skipper
to sail this new ship o' mine?"

O up and spake an eldern Knight,
Sat at the King's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
that ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter
and sealed it with his hand
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
was walking on the strand.

"To Norroway, to Norroway,
to Norroway o'er the faem;
The King's daughter of Norroway,
'tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read
so loud, loud laughed he
The next word that Sir Patrick read
a tear blinded his e'ee.

"O who is it has done this deed,
and told the King of me?
To send us out at this time o' year
to sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail or sleet,
our ship must sail the faem;
The King's daughter of Norroway
'tis we must bring her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
wi' a' the speed they may
They have landed in Norroway
upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
in Norroway but twae
when that the lords of Norroway
began aloud to say.

"Ye Scottish-men spend a' our King's goud
and a' our queen-is fee"
"Ye lie !" "Ye lie, ye liars loud"
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!"

"For I ha'e brought as much white money
as gane my men and me
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud
Out o'er the sea with me".

"Mak' ready, mak' ready my merry men all,
Our gude ship sails the morn!"
"Now ever alack, my master dear
I fear a deadly storm".

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm,
And if we gang to sea, master
I fear we'll come to harm".

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud
And gurgly grew the sea.

The ankers brak and the top mast lap
It was sic a deadly storm
And the waves came o'er the broken ship
Till all her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
to take the helm in hand
Till I get up to the tall top-mast
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor bold,
to take the helm in hand,
Till you get up to the tall top-mast
But I fear you'll not spy land".

They hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of the gudely ship
And the salt sea it came in!

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith
Another o' the twine
And wap them into the ship's side,
And let na the sea come in!"

They fetched a web o' the silken claith
Another o' the twine
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, O laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!
But lang ere a' the play was play'd
They wat their hats aboon.

And many was the featherbed
that fluttered on the faem:
And many was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white
The maidens tore their hair
All for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi' the fans into their hand
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

O lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' the gude kaims in their hair
A' waiting for their own true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

verse 1, line 3: skeely = skilful
verse 3, line 1: braid = broad, open, long
verse 4, line 4: maun = must
verse 10, line 1: goud = gold
verse 11, line 3: fou = bushel
verse 14, line 4: gurgly = rough
verse 18, line 2: ane = one
verse 19, line 3: wap = throw violently
verse 21, line 1: laith = loath
verse 21, line 4: aboon = above
verse 25, line 2: kaims = combs
Please note that in a small number of places, minor differences exist between the text and recording.

Hymnus paradisi

[02] **I. Preludio**

[03] **II. Requiem aeternam**

*Requiem aeternam dona eis
et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

Grant them eternal rest,
and may perpetual light shine on them.

[04] **III. The Lord is my shepherd (Psalm 23)**

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me:
thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
But thy loving kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

[05] **IV. Sanctus (Psalm 121)**

*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth,
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.*

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God of Sabaoth.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in:
from this time forth for evermore.

[06] **V. I heard a voice from heaven (from The Burial Service)**

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write,
From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord:
Even so saith the Spirit;
For they rest from their labours.

[07] **VI. Holy is the true light (from the Salisbury Diurnal, translated by Dr GH Palmer)**

Holy is the true light, and passing wonderful,
Lending radiance to them that endured in the heat of the conflict.
From Christ they inherit a home of unfailing splendour
Wherein they rejoice with gladness evermore.
Alleluia.

*Requiem aeternam,
Requiem dona eis sempiternam.*

Rest eternal,
Grant them everlasting rest.

Texts supplied by courtesy of Andrew Millinger and the Herbert Howells Society