

Old Portunas

Portunas, old Portunas
We'll offer our keys if you'll be kind to us
Portunas, Old Portunas
We don't want much but we're solicitous
And an opportunity'd be nice
Whatever you think you can spare in the way of stuff –
All goods and chattels
Would also be gladly received today but there's
No need for cattles
Here is what we'd rather have

[Interlude 1]

Portunas, old Portunas
We'll build you a temple if you'll shelter us
Portunas, old Portunas
Inopportune winds can be calamitous.
For smooth passage to be certain
There should be a port in every girl but there ain't –
Our bulging hulls are calloused
We're high in the water to boot and plimsoll so
We will need some ballast
And here's what we'd like loaded up

[Interlude 2]

Portunas, old Portunas
God-of-urges and powers and orbs numerous
Portunas, old Portunas
We'll stockpile some grain if you'll watch it for us.
Though you're ancient and forgotten
With keys galore to your name you're ubiquitous –
This must not be repeated:
A caretaker can turn crook you know
But if things get really heated
We'll take the hot goods off your hands

[Interlude 3]

Portunas, old Portunas
We'll offer our keys if you're kind to us
Portunas, old Portunas
Forgotten and ancient, but still bounteous.