

The sky at night

Over fifty-five years Patrick Moore shot the stars

With Neil, Buzz and Uri

His telescope watched planets and sunspot fury

Others talk astronomy

Many light the way

Asimov and Kepler, the Brians - Cox and May

But Moore's trusty bulk's the one for me

Seven-hundred shows, lighting up the night

Whilst talking at the speed of light

He never missed an episode

Saturn's rings and Baileys beads made fun

Nothing however beats a total eclipse of the sun

Such a consummate presenter

Knew the dark side of the moon like the back of his hand

Even played his glockenspiel in Eric and Ernie's band

Be-monocled he explained mapping Cassiopeia  
Swallowed flies whilst red shifting galaxies  
Told you all about Atacama observatories

He'd wax and wane on starlight  
Amaze you with facts and figures  
Pulsars, dark matter and the Pleiades

The solar system delivered dead pan accurate  
The longest running of them all  
Ursa major - the plough, or saucepan if your small

From his small screen planetarium  
Jodrell Bank perfectly refracted  
You'll even know when the Evening Star's expected

His comets, stars and asteroids all burn bright  
Putting white dwarves to shade  
No other presenter could ever make that grade

Like Orion the hunter standing tall  
Andromeda, milky way and nebula all take their encore  
For that super nova... Patrick Moore.

