

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Patrick Spencer

Patrick Spencer  
(Bob Coltman)

Don't the moon look pretty? She sails like a ship in the sky  
Darling, you don't know nothing 'bout sailing; she's got a cast in her eye  
For when the moon weeps silvery tears, you can look for a terrible storm  
God pity the sailor who's out tomorrow; I'm glad I can bide at home

Well, if you be Patrick Spencer, which man you better had be  
I've a letter from the king commands you to go to sea  
It's little he cares for the danger as he drinks his wine with song  
His daughter in far Norway is sick and she wants to come home

Well, he might have sent me greetings; he might have cast me in chains  
He might have asked a hundred favors, I'm sure I'd never complain  
But this running up of the rigging with a hurricane on the wing  
Well, it's come to a matter of life or death, to hie to pleasure the king

Standing out to sea, good Lord, it began to rain  
The waves like mighty mountains and the wind like a thing in pain  
Patrick Spencer took his glass and he's placed it in Johnny's hand  
Says, Run up, Johnny, high as you can, and see if you see any land

No land, Patrick Spencer, nor ever a sign of shore  
Give it over, boys, he cried, you'll never see home any more  
Forget about your buckled shoes; you'll wet more than your feet  
And as for the letter from the king, it's a damn small winding sheet

Christine will be a long, long time a-waiting for me to come home  
And the cruel cold sea be a long, dark time a-walking over my bones  
That man that told the king of me, I'd like to have him here  
And the very last wish that I'd like to have is to take him under with me

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Child #58  
Recorded by Coltman on Son of Child  
JN