

MOON SONG

F. RAY COMSTOCK & WILLIAM ELLIOTT
PRESENT

THE
NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

“OH LADY! LADY!!”

MUSIC BY
JEROME KERN

BOOK & LYRICS BY
GUY BOLTON
AND
P.G. WODEHOUSE

VOCAL

When the Ships Come Home	.60
You Found Me and I found You	.60
Before I Met You.....	.60
Some Little Girl.....	.60
Dear Old Prison Days.....	.60
Not Yet.....	.60
Wheatless Day.....	.60
Bill	.60
Moon Song.....	.60
Its a Hard, Hard World.....	.60

T. B. HARMS
COMPANY
NEW YORK

MALCOLM
STRAUSS

Moon Song.

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

Piano. *p*

alla arpa e legato.

Oh, sil - ver - y
You've seen quite a

shim-mer - ing moon that I see shin - ing a - bove,
num-ber of lov - ers, no doubt, moon, in your day.

I've some-thing to tell you be - tween you and me, — I'm in
True love is a thing that you all know a - bout, — Peo - ple

love! Yes, there's no con - ceal - ing, old friend,
say. But, still — I'm will - ing to bet,

I'm fair - ly knocked flat: How, how in the
Though love's in your line, You nev - er in

world is it all going to end? Tell me that!
all your ex - ist - ence have met Love like mine!

Moon, in the si - lent heav - en rid - - ing,
Moon, in the sil - ver heav - en shin - - ing,

My pain - ful sec - ret, I'm con - fid - - ing;
 Though I look strong, I'm real - ly pin - - ing;

Though you've heard ma - ny tales — like mine be - fore;
 At my e - mo - tions I — hard - ly can hint;

You won't mind lis - ten - ing To just one more.
 I'd rath - er mar - ry her Than own the mint!

Moon, not a thing from you I'm hid - - ing;
 My health the thing is un - der - min - - ing;

This is the point that needs de - cid - ing.
I sit and mope in - stead of din - ing.

Tell me as man to man How will it be? Is there a
I'll go and throw my-self In - to the sea. If I find

1 chance that she'll love me?
out she won't love me!

2 me?
me!

L.H.

8va

3

A LITTLE BUNGALOW IN QUOGUE

Lyrics by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

INTRODUCED IN THE
MUSICAL PRODUCTION
THE RIVIERA GIRL

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Refrain..

Let's build a lit - tle bun - ga - low in Quogue. In

Yap-hank, or in Hicks-ville or Pat - chogue. Where

we can sniff the scent - ed breeze, And pluck to - ma - toes

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