The Moon Shines on the Moonshine

Lyric by
FRANCIS DE WITT

Music by
ROBERT HOOD BOWERS
Writer of "Chinese Lullaby"

Moderato

Cl.

Tutti

mf

Bass Solo

The ma-hog-a-ny is dust-y,

All the pipes are ver-y rust-y,

Good-ness me, how mis-ry dou-bles!

Aint one thing to use for bub-bles,

And the good old fash-ioned "must-y"

Does-nit must-y an-y

For to drown a-way your trou-bles,

Now the tide has gone and

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All the stuff got bum and bum-

mer,

Days and nights are get-

ting bleak-
er,

From the middle of the sum-

mer,

Now the bar is "on the

Shiv-ring for an old time sneak-
er,

Even wa- ter's get-

ting

hum-

mer," And "For Rent" is on the door:

weak-

er, 'Bout one tenth of one per-

cent:

REFRAIN

How sad and still to-

ight, By the old dis-

till-er-y!

How sad and still to-

ight, By the old dis-

till-er-y!

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Bea

Tb.
And how the cobwebs cob,"n  In its old machin-er-y!  
And how the mourn-ers mourn,  By the Lag-er Brew-er-y!  

But in the moun-tain tops,  ...  Far from the  
So, Mis-ter, if you please,  ...  Don't let no -

eyes of cops,  ...  Oh! how the moon shines on the moon-shine so  
bod-y sneeze,  ...  Up where the moon shines on the moon-shine so

mer-ri-ly!  How sad and mer-ri-ly!  
still-i-ly!  How sad and still-i-ly!  

The Moon Shines etc.