Respectfully dedicated to our esteemed friend Mr. Sid J. Euson, Chicago, Ill.

MOON, MOON, MOON.

Words by OLIVE L. FRIELDS

Music by HARRY L. NEWMAN

Night - in- gales a - nest - ling in the tree - tops high,
Leaves are all, a - rust - ling where the night wind blows,

Little stars a - blink - ing in the blue night sky.
Fire bugs a - flit - ting where the jas - 'mine grows.

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River is a-gleaming just like silver as it flows,
Crickets all a-chirping in the grass so full of dew,

Flowers all are sleeping in a dreamless repose,
Perfume is arising from the violet blue.

Lady moon a-shining through the clouds of blue, I
Lady moon a-smiling 'way up in the skies, I

wonder if you're looking at my sweet-heart true?
wonder if you're looking at my sweet-heart's eyes?

Moon, Moon, Moon
Wonder if she's watching and waiting for me?

Tell me, my lady moon.

Chorus

Moon! Moon! Moon! Come tell me soon, real soon,

Does my love lie dreaming, While the
Moon! Moon! Moon!

It won't always be

June

Now tell me true, what would you do?

Moon! Moon! Moon!

Moon, Moon, Moon.