

Man in the Moon

Words: Alfred Williams Manuscript Collection No. Mi. 626

Music: Lewis "Scan" Tester



When a bum-per is filled, it is ve-xing, no doubt, To find when you rise that the wine has run out;



And sure 'tis an e-qual-ly un-plea-sant thing, To be asked for a song when you've noth-ing to sing.



I could try some-thing old, if an old one would do, But the world it is crav-ing to have some-thing new,



What to se - lect for the words or the tune, I, in fact, know no more than the Man in the Moon.



The Man in the Moon a new light on us throws; He's a man we all talk of but no-bo-dy knows;



And though a high sub-ject, I'm get-ting in tune— I'll just sing a song for the Man in the Moon.

When a bumper is filled, it is vexing, no doubt,
To find when you rise that the wine has run out;
And sure 'tis an equally unpleasant thing,
To be asked for a song when you've nothing to sing.
I could try something old, if an old one would do,
But the world it is craving to have something new,
What to select for the words or the tune,
I, in fact, know no more than the Man in the Moon.

*The Man in the Moon a new light on us throws;
He's a man we all talk of but nobody knows;
And though a high subject, I'm getting in tune—
I'll just sing a song for the Man in the Moon.*

Tis said that some people are moonstruck, we find,
And the Man in the Moon may be out of his mind,
But it can't be for love, for he's quite on his own—
No girls there to meet him by moonlight alone;
It can't be ambition, for rivals he's none—
At least he is only eclipsed by the sun,
But when drinking, I say, he is seldom surpassed,
For he always looks best when he's seen through a glass.

Chorus

The Man in the Moon he must lead a queer life,
With no-one around him, not even a wife,
No friends to console him, no children to kiss,
No chance of his joining a party like this.
He's a mighty sad rake, he don't rise till it's dark,
When the night it sets in he sets out for a lark;
Goes roaming about and sings with the spheres,
"We won't go home till morning, till daylight appears."

Chorus

He changes his house each quarter unpleasant,
Living first in a circle and then in a crescent;
If he rents by these quarters so fast going by,
I should think he is rented uncommonly high;
But he's used to high life, for all circles agree,
That none move in such a high circle as he,
And though nobles go up in their royal balloon,
They're not introduced to the Man in the Moon.

Chorus

He looks in at the stars that go shooting up there,
Lets loose the Dog Star to bait the Great Bear;
At the Milky Way calls for a minute or two,
Has some milk but don't pay, 'cos he swears 'tis sky blue;
But daylight soon takes the shine out of him quite,
He goes home and gets into bed by sunlight,
And though you may think him a regular spoon,
You'd be plagued to get over the Man in the Moon

Chorus

Chorus