

Premium good to
Morse



UNDER THE MOON

Ballad

By

J. Maurice Hubbard.



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UNDER THE MOON.



Composed by-

J.M. Hubbard.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Verse.

Un - der the moon as the twi - light breeze, Rip - ple the wa - ter in pul - ses of light, We

stand on the bridge by the sy - camore trees, And list to the voice that comes thro' the night.

cres.

8125

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1856 by Balmer & Weber in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Missouri.

Un - der the elm - row mis - ty and dark , Loves sweet laughter rings thro' the park ,

mf

P stacc.

Sprink - led with ma - ny a dim red lamp , Stret - ching a - way thro' the

P

dis - - tance damp , Hark ! mid the fo - li - age blossom with June ,

cres.

cres

ad lib.

pp *atempo*

Tink - les a sere - nade "Un - der the moon" , Un - der the moon as the

ff

p

twi-light breeze, - Ripples the wa - ter in pul - ses of light, We stand on the bridge by the

sy-ca-more trees, And list to the voice that comes through the night.

cres. *rall^{to}:*

f

2&3 Verse.

Un - der the moon by the soft sea shore, The wind walks o - ver its pre - cious floor,
Un - der the moon by the dusk - y road, Pace we on to the old a - - - bode; The

p

cour-ting the snow white bo - somed sails , Light - ly dip - - ping
 list - - less splen- dor float - ing falls O'er its sy - - ca -

through a - zure vales , O - - ver the crisp foam bear - ing a - long The
 - mord roof and walls , Peer - ing in to the case - - ment nook ,

mus - ing mariner's mid - night song ; As by the ris - - ing helmwithbands
 Piled with ma - ry a brown old book , Spir - its are they whose pa - gesteen With

Lit in the com - pass lamp he stands , Thinking of those he
 thought - ful dit - ty and pic - tured dream ; Spir - its a - mid whose

left at noon, A-way he is bear-ing... Un-der the moon...
 si-lence soon, Our own shall slum-ber Un-der the moon

cres. *ad lib.*

a tempo pp

Un-der the moon as the twi-light breeze, Rip-ples the wa-ter in pul-ses of light, We

cres. *rall:.*

stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees, And list to the voice that comes through... the night.

f