

New Moon, The

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends.
Oh, what a bright cradle 't would be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
All through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.