

# The Moon Shines on the Moonshine

Lyric by  
FRANCIS De WITT

Music by  
ROBERT HOOD BOWERS  
*Writer of "Chinese Lullaby"*

Moderato

mf

Cl.

Tutti

Bss'n Solo

*mf*

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, \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

Cellb. *gliss.*

— And the good old fash-ioned "must - y" \_\_\_\_\_ Does - nt must - y an - y  
 — For to drown a - way your trou - bles, \_\_\_\_\_ Now the tide has gone and

more; All the stuff got bum and bum - mer,  
 went; Days and nights are get - ting bleak - er,

*mf* w. w. *p*

From the mid-dle of the sum - mer; Now the bar is "on the  
 Shiv'-ring for an old time sneak - er, Ev - en wa - ter's get - ting

hum - mer," And "For Rent" is on the door:  
 weak - er, 'Bout one tenth of one per cent:

*mf* w. w.

REFRAIN

How sad and still to - night, By the old dis - till - er - y!  
 How sad and still to - night, By the old dis - till - er - y!

*p*

And how the cob-webs cob, In 'its old ma - chin - er - y!  
 And how the mourn-ers mourn, By the Lag - er Brew - er - y!

*mfz p*

B'ss'n. B'ss'n. Trb.

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

*mfz p*

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!

*mfz* *sfz D.S.*

Trb. B'ss'n