

# The Moony Man - song lyrics

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THE "MOONY MAN."

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. F. Pidgin.

Poem by George E. Hicks. Music by Louis Weiler.

Arranged by Charles F. Pidgin.

In the dark'ning heavens hangs the silver ladle,  
While I sing you bye-low, bye-low-bye;  
Shut your eyes, my baby, I will rock your cradle,  
You must rest each pretty, sleepy eye.

Chorus.

Time to shut "oo" eyes, and 'top "oo" roguish blinkin'-

No! they sha'n't scold "oo." now don't "oo" cry;

See, the "moony man" at baby-bye is winkin',

Bye-low, bye-low-baby, bye-low-bye.

Refrain.

Bye-low, bye-low, bye-low, bye-low,

The "moony man" is winkin',

And baby's eyes are blinkin',

Bye-low, baby, bye-low, bye-low, baby, bye-low-bye.

See, like glist'ning lights, the watching stars are gleaming,  
Soft the moonbeams tremble on thy bed;  
Catching brighter rays from where thy curls are streaming,  
O'er the snowy pillow 'neath thy head.- Cho. & Refrain.

Now your red lips grieve-there's nothing to alarm you,  
For, of such as you, up in the sky  
Angel bands keep guard that nothing ill may harm you,  
Hush-a-bye-low, baby, hush-a-bye.- Cho. & Refrain.

See my baby's eyes-two gold-fringed curtains cover  
Those bright wells of brown so soft and deep;  
Tender, flitting smiles o'er red lips hover.  
Angels kissing baby in his sleep.- Cho. & Refrain