

# Under The Moon - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

UNDER THE MOON.

Under the moon, as the twilight breeze  
Hippies the water in pulses of light,  
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,  
And list to the voice that comes thro' the night:  
Under the elm-row, misty and dark,  
Love's sweet laughter rings thro' the park,  
Sprinkled with many a dim. red lamp,  
Stretching away thro' the distance damp;  
Hark! 'mid the foliage blossom with June,  
Tinkles a serenade under the moon.

Under the moon, as the twilight breeze  
Hippies the water in pulses of light,  
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,  
And list to the voice that comes thro' the night.

Under the moon, by the soft sea shore,  
The wind walks over its precious floor  
Courting the snow-white bosomed sails,  
Lightly dipping through azure vales;  
Over the crisp foam, bearing along  
The musing mariner's midnight song,  
As by the rising helm, with bands  
Lit in the compass lamp he stands,  
Thinking of those he left at noon,  
Away he is bearing under the moon.

Under the moon, as the twilight breeze  
Hippies the water in pulses of light,  
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,  
And list to the voice that comes thro' the night.

Under the moon, by the dusky road,  
Pace we on to the old abode,  
The listless splendor floating falls  
O'er its sycamor'd roof and walls;  
Peering into the casement nook,  
Piled with many a brown old book,  
Spirits are they whose pages teem  
With thoughtful ditty and pictured dream;  
Spirits amid whose silence soon  
Our own shall slumber under the moon.

Under the moon, as the twilight breeze  
Ripples the water in pulses of light,  
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,  
And list to the voice that comes thro' the night.