

# Ask The Man In The Moon - song lyrics

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

ASK THE MAN IN THE MOON.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Woolson Morse.

Oh, lots of things curious are, if you have an inquiring mind;  
Every day, on your way, you a host of conundrums will find.  
Ah! but when their solution you seek,  
You'll be forced to admit very soon,  
That there isn't a doubt, if you want to find out,  
You must ask of the man in the moon.

Refrain.

You must ask of the man in the moon.  
You must ask of the man in the moon;  
If you're anxious to know- just exactly what's so,  
You must ask of the man in the moon.

New York is a city of wealth, millionaires we can count by the score;  
And can boast of a host who have hundred of thousands or more.  
But Grant's monument tho' isn't built-  
If you'd ask a subscription they'd swoon;  
Will the Washington Arch be completed next March,  
You must ask of the man in the moon.-Refrain.

The way that the L roads are run, an annoying conundrum I call;  
Less and less our distress meets with any attention at all.  
And in view of the way we're abused,  
Why some suffering, down-trodden loon  
Doesn't imitate Cain, and just kill Colonel Hum,  
You must ask of the man in the moon.-Refrain.

In the matter of cleaning streets, too, we are fooled to the top of our bent;  
Tho' it's clear that each year a small fortune upon them is spent.  
Oh! the dust fills them full when it's dry;  
When it rains each becomes a lagoon;  
And what Beattie can mean when he says they are clean,  
You must ask of the man in the moon.-Refrain.

Our cousins in Canada seem annexation to have on the brain,  
And, I vow, it looks now as if they'd had enough of Vic's reign.  
Well, if Canada wants to be spliced,  
Then, perhaps, we will grant her the boon;  
But when we're made one, where will bank-cashiers run?  
You must ask of the man in the moon.-Refrain.

When staying out late at the club, you have taken no notice of time,  
And you roam to your home, and the stair-case you noiselessly climb,  
When your wife, half aroused from her sleep,  
Wants to know what's the time, and you croon:  
"Just past twelve, dear, no more." Why that blamed clock strikes four  
You must ask of the man in the moon.-Refrain.