If I were the Man in the Moon.

Gordon and Chorus.

Lyric by
L. M. HOUGH.
F. R. ADAMS.

Music by
JOS. E. HOWARD.

Valse.

Voice.

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moon, moon, moon, Oh how oft'en I've thought what a cinch it would
true, oo, oo, When he comes from the office at quarter past
noy, noy, noy, While hold up men hold up and porch-climb-ers

be If this musical man would change places with me, Hearst would print
two Would his dear little birdie sing nothing but coo, If she learned
climb, while confidence men have a peach of a time, He just reports

all the things that I'd see, Up with the man in the moon
all his stenographer knew, Home would be nothing like this
he can't find any crime, Outside the city employ

If I were: 4
CHORUS.

If I were the man in the moon,
If she were the man in the moon,
If he were the man in the moon,

moon, moon, moon, moon, moon,
If I were the moon,
If she were the moon,
If he were the moon,

man in the moon, man in the moon, man in the moon.

If I were. 4
I could see that small side door Working
In a week the judge would start Party
He would show why timid thugs Live in

ever time till four, If I were
of the second part, If she were
flats with Turkish rugs, If he were

the man in the moon.
the man in the moon.
the man in the moon.

If I were.