I'm Going To Steal The Moon.

Lyric by
HOUGH & ADAMS.

Music by
JOS. E. HOWARD.

When the night comes around And the sand man is found, Shakin' when the moon sailin' high Swings across in the sky, And the sand in little boy's eyes, When the trees sort of swing In the rooster crows in his sleep, When the wind sort of moans In its wind as they sing, Just the softest of lullabies; When the gloomiest tones, And the big black shadows creep; When the

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goblin's are out just a look in 'round a-bout, For the boys that have been

bads. You think of the things you did that day, And the

cows say "Moo!" As they nev'er ought to, In the very dead of

night. The moon is to blame The same old game, There's but

things that you wish you had; It's then your mam-my hugs you to her

one way to set things right; Now hon-ey, you just go to sleep right

breast, And sings the sleep-y song that you love best.

soon, I'll tell you what I'll do to that old moon.

I'm Going To etc. 3
Refrain.

Honey, I'm goin' to steal the moon

I'll bring it down to you. From the sky so blue hush my honey,

I'm goin' to bring you star-dreams soon;

Don't you cry, 'cause bye-and-bye, I'll steal the moon.

I'm Going To etc. 3