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By the Light of the Jungle Moon

Words by
POWELL I. FORD

Music by
J. CALDWELL ATKINSON

Andante moderato
Misterioso

When the jungle trees are swaying,
Listen to the awful clatter.

Bending to the breezes, playing,
After the sun goes down.
Monkeys wonder what's the matter, There goes a monkey lad.

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Little monkey eyes are gleaming, Little monkey hearts are dreaming, Down in Jungle,
Crashing through the jungle branches, Close behind him taking chances, Comes Miss Monkey's
town. Every eye is turned toward the eastern sky, They're Dad. Seems as if her angry Papa saw him kiss her,

watching for the jungle moon. Watching for its beams of yellow,
And he means to catch him soon. While the old man tries to find him,

When the jungle moon is mellow, That's the time when monkeys like to spoon.
Monkey boy will steal behind him, Back where sweet Miss Monkey waits to spoon.

By the light & c. 4
CHORUS
Tempo di Schottische

By the light of the jungle moon, In the tree-tops above, Monkey

boy sings a loving tune to his own turtle dove. And he whispers "Sweet

Monkey Maid, won't you come out and spoon? Here's where the bliss is. Come get your

kisses, By the light of the jungle moon? By the moon?

By the light of 4
By the Light of the Jungle Moon
(Quartett for Male or Mixed Voices)

Tenor I
(Melody in 3d Tenor or Soprano)

Tenor II

Baritone

Bass

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