What's the Matter with the Moon to night.

Lyrics by SYDNEY ROSENFELD.
SONG and CHORUS.
Yvette and Finchley.
Music by A. BALDWIN SLOANE.

Andante.

The bull-frogs huddle near the old bayou And they
The groundhog just for a spell creeps out From the

croak as in a dream; And the owls hoot grimly "To
home he's made in a hole. But he gives a shudder and he

whit, to whoo!" In the fireflies' fitful gleam. And the
turns a-bout And he says "Lord bless my soul!" And he
frogs and the owls and the flies on wing
_seem possess'd of a solemn calls to the frog who calls to the owl, who blinks in the fire-flies' fright: They are all of 'em asking the self-same thing: "What's the light, there's goblins a-watchin' and a-waitin' to prowl!" What's the matter with the moon to-night?" What's the matter with the moon to-night?"

1st time Solo.
2nd time Chorus.
Refrain.
moon to night? She don't seem the same old moon. She's
dreadful pale, She's lost her light. She don't seem the same old
moon. She rolls unsteady in the starry sky...