

I see the moon, it's shining from far away,
Beckoning with ev'ry beam.
And though all the stars above cast down their light,
Still the moon is all that I see

And it's calling out, "Come run a way!
And we'll sail with the clouds for our sea,
And we'll travel on through the black of the night,
'til we float back home on a dream!"

The moon approaches my window pane,
stretching itself to the ground.
The moon sings softly and laughs and smiles,
and yet never makes a sound!

I see the moon! I see the moon!

Part A

And it's calling out, "Come run a way!
And we'll sail with the clouds for our sea,
And we'll travel on through the black of the night,
'til we float back home on a dream!"

Part B

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Beckoning with ev'ry beam.
And though all the stars above cast down their light,
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