

The Man In The Moon

When a bumper is filled, it is vexing, no doubt,
To find when you rise that the wine has run out;
And sure it's an equally unpleasant thing
To be asked for a song when you've naught left to sing.
I could sing something old, if an old one would do,
But the world it is craving to have something new.
But what to select for the words or the tune?
I, in fact, know no more than the Man in the Moon.

(after each verse):

The Man in the Moon a new light on us throws,
He's a man we all talk of but nobody knows.
And though a high subject, I'm getting in tune,
I'll just sing a song for the Man in the Moon.

Tis said that some people are moonstruck, we find,
But the Man in the Moon must be out of his mind.
But it can't be for love for he's quite on his own,
No ladies to meet him by moonlight alone.
It can't be ambition, for rivals he's none,
At least he is only eclipsed by the sun,
But when drinking, I say, he is seldom surpassed,
For he always looks best when he's seen through a glass.

The Man in the Moon he must lead a queer life,
With no one around him, not even a wife,
No friends to console him, no children to kiss,
No chance of his joining a party like this.
But he's used to the high life, all circles agree,
That none move in such a high circle as he,
And though nobles go up in their royal balloon,
They're not introduced to the Man in the Moon.