

Keep your eye peeled  
For the open field.  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

*Mr. Moon.*

O Mr. Moon,  
There's not much time!  
Hurry, if you're comin',  
You lazy old bones!  
You can sleep to-morrow  
While the Buzbuz drones;  
There's not much time  
Till the church bells chime.  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,  
Just see the clover!  
Soon we'll be going  
Where the Gray Goose went  
When all her money  
Was spent, spent, spent!  
Down through the clover,  
When the revel's over!  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?  
Down where the Good Folk  
Dance in a ring,  
Down where the Little Folk  
Sing?  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?