

To the moon

Composer: Franz Schubert

♩ = 120



Drift - ing slow - ly in the west Red clouds tell their sto - - ry.



Sun's bright course a - - gain is run, Light and warmth have fa - - ded;



Now an - oth - er day is done, Earth in night is shad - ed.

Now the sun has gone to rest
In a golden glory;
Drifting slowly in the west
Red clouds tell their story:
Sun's bright course again is run,
Light and warmth have faded;
Now another day is done,
Earth in night is shaded.

Come, O moon, and bring us light,
Rise in silver splendour,
Pouring down such radiance bright,
Stars may homage render;
See, night's darkness falls away,
Clouds float up to meet thee;
Gleaming now is thy soft ray,
Night's own queen, they greet thee.