

Bonny Moon

Joseph W. Turner, ca. 1818-1894
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

As I stray'd from my cot at the

4

close of the day, To muse on the beau - ties of June, 'Neath a

7

Jes - sa - mine shade I es - pied a fair maid, And she sad - ly com - plain'd to the

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moon Roll on sil - ver moon, guide the trav - 'ler his way While the

13

night - in - gale's song is in tune; But nev - er a - gain with my

16

lov - er I'll stray By the sweet sil - ver light of the moon.

19

As the hart on the moun - tain, my

22

lov - er was brave, So hand - some and man - ly to view; So

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kind and sin - cere, And he loved me most dear; O Ed - win, no love was more

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true. But now he is dead, and the youth once so gay Is cut

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 down like a rose in full bloom. And he si - lent - ly sleeps; and I'm

34
 thus left to weep By the sweet sil - ver light of the moon.

37
 But his grave I'll seek out un - til morn - ing ap - pears, And

41
 weep for my lov - er so brave; I'll em - brace the cold earth, And be -

44
 dew with my tears, The flow - ers that bloom o'er his grave, Oh

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nev - er a - gain can my heart throb with joy; My_ lost one I hope to meet

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soon; And_ kind friends will weep o'er the grave where we sleep, By the

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sweet sil - ver light of the moon. Roll_ on sil - ver moon, guide the

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trav - ler his way While the night-in-gale's song is in tune; But_

59

nev - er a - gain with my lov - er I'll stray By the sweet sil-ver light of the moon.