

The Moon is a Harsh Mistress

$\text{♩} = 150$

11

See her how she flies shine Gold-en Good

16

sails a-cross the sky Lord, it felt so fine She's close e-nough to touch Themoon a phan-tom rose

22

O - ver But the

24

care - ful if you try Though she

28 moun-tains and the pines

looks as warm as gold then the dark-ness fell The moon's a harsh mis-tress

33

The moon can be so cold It's so hard to love her well

1.

39

Once the sun did I

2. 3 *mf*

44
fell out of her eyes I fell out of her heart

49
I fell down on my face

54
I tripped and missed my star

58
fell and fell a - lone Ah

62
Ah
The moon's a harsh mis-tress The

67
sky is made of stone The moon's a harsh

72 **rit.** **A tempo**
mis-tress The sky is made of stone

77 **rall.** **3** **3**