

# Under the harvest moon

$\text{♩} = 70$  *molto cantabile*

*p*

*simile*

5

9

Un-der the har - vest moon, \_\_\_\_\_ when the

13

soft sil - ver drips, \_\_\_\_\_ shim - mer - ing o-ver the gar - den nights, \_\_\_\_\_

17

Death, \_\_\_\_\_ the gray mock - er, comes and whis - pers to you as a beau - ti - ful friend \_\_\_\_\_

21

— who re-mem - bers. — Un - der the sum - mer ro - ses, — when the

25

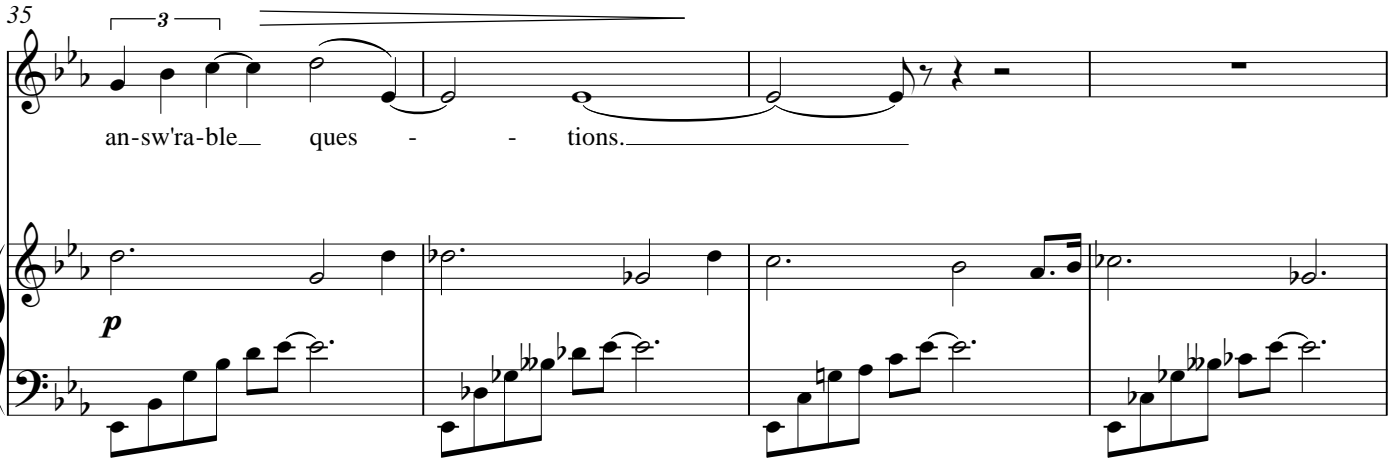
fla - grant crim - son — lurks in the dust of the wild, red leaves, —

29

love, — with lit - tle hands, — comes and touch - es you with a

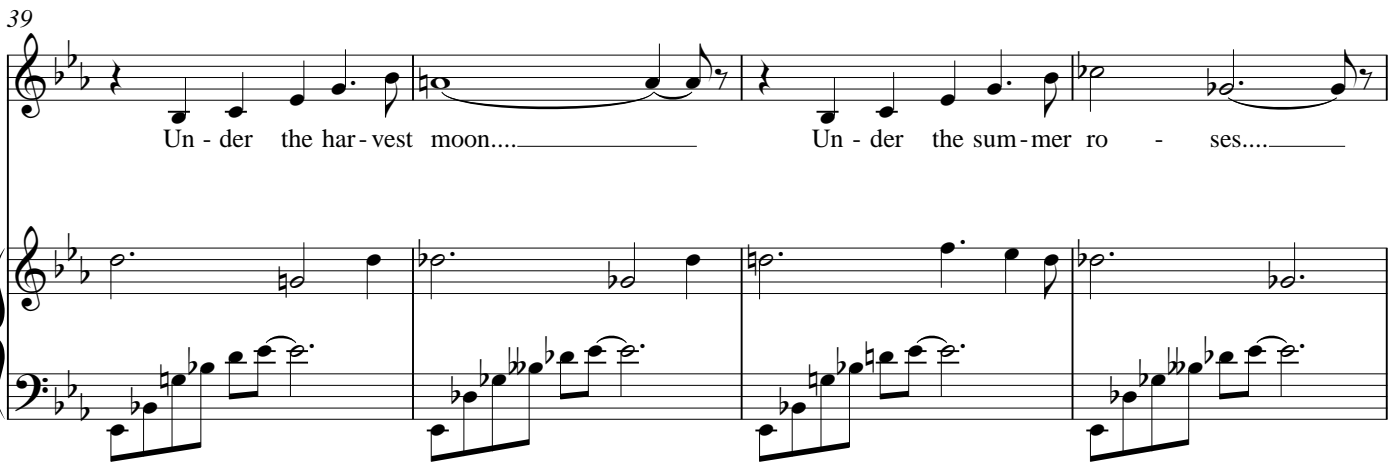
32

thou - sand me - mo - ries, — and asks you beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful — un -

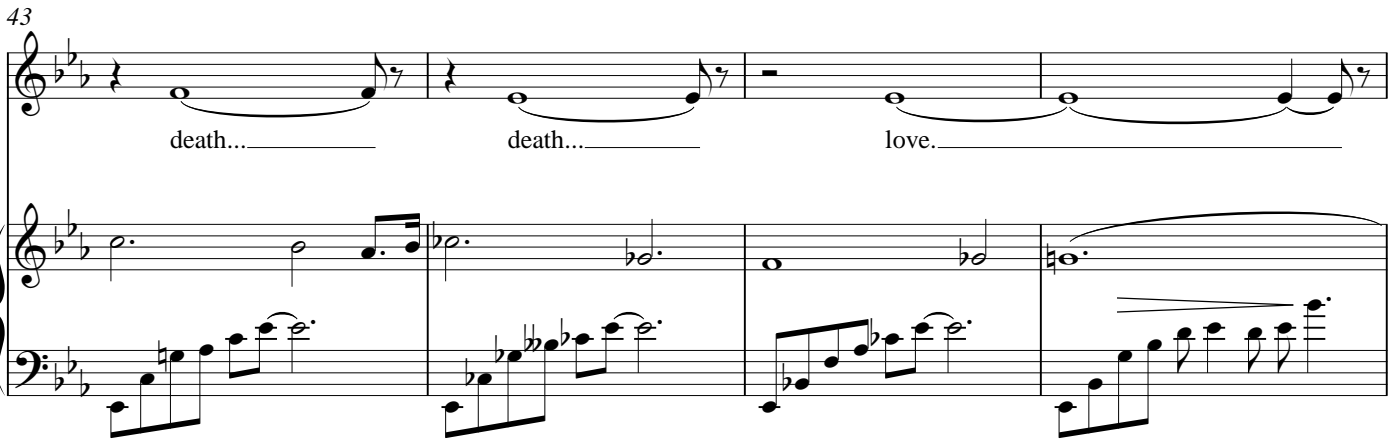
35 

an-sw'ra-ble\_ ques - - tions.

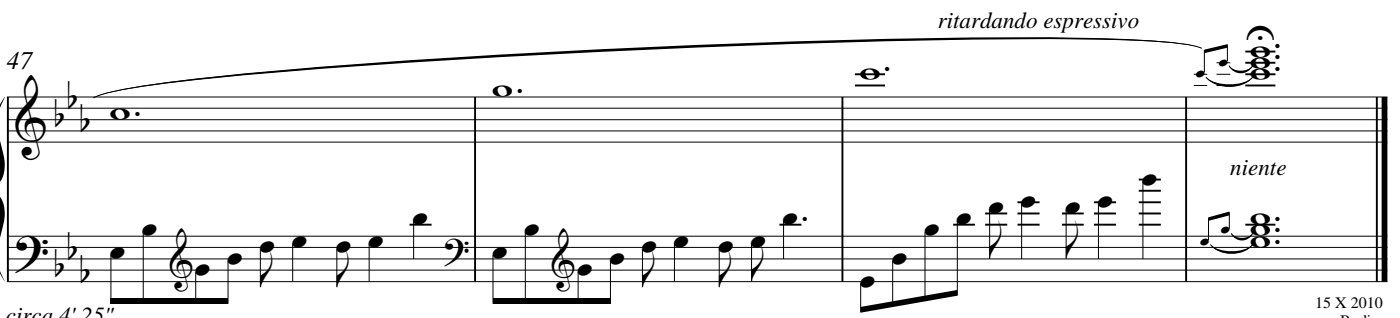
*p*

39 

Un - der the har - vest moon.... Un - der the sum - mer ro - ses....

43 

death... death... love.

47 

*ritardando espressivo*

niente