

Moonbeams on the Ceiling

Moderato

Tenor



1.Gen-tly, sof, at mid-night steal-ing Thro' my win dow and my door, fall the moon beams on the ceil-ing, When the day of

Alto



2.Thro'the wil-low branches sigh-ing, Which be-side my win dow waves, Come the voi - ces of those ly - ing in their cold, un -

Soprano




3.But their spir-its, soft - ly steal-ing Thro' my win dow and my door, Come like moon beams on the ceil-ing, When the night of

Bass




8

T




toil is o'er, Glide the moon beams on the ceil-ing, When the day of toil is o'er, When the day of toil is o'er.

A



feel - ing graves, Mys - tic voi - ces of those ly - ing in their cold, un - time - ly graves, In their cold, un - time - ly graves.

S



death is o'er, Like the moon beams on the ceil-ing, When the night of death is o'er, When the night of death is o'er.

B

