

# The Young May Moon

Words by Thomas Moore

Irish Air

1. The yopung May moon is beam-ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam-ing, love, How  
2. Now all the world is sleep-ing, love, But the sage, his star-watch keep-ing, love, And

sweet to rove Through Mor-na's grove, While the drow-sy world is dream-ing, love! Then a-  
I, whose star, More glo-rious far, Is the eye from that case-ment peep-ing, love! Then a-

wake! the heavn's look bright, my dear! 'Tis nev-er too late for de-light, my dear! And the  
wake! till rise of sun, my dear! The sage-'s glass we'll shun, my dear! For, in

best of all ways To length-en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!  
watch-ing the flight 'tween thee for one, my dear!

**musicalion**

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*Type:* Sheet music

*Title:* [The Young May Moon](#)

*Composer:* [Unknown Anonymus](#)

*Period:* Folk Music

*Theme:* .miscellaneous

*Series:* Irish folk songs

*Difficulty:* Leicht

*Arrangement group:* Voice solo

*Arrangement:* Solo>x

*Orchestration:* Voice solo>x = undetermined voice range(1)