Moon Song

Lyrics by Mildred Plew Meigs - 1923? Public Domain

Zoon, zoon, cuddle and croon–
Over the crinkling sea,
The moon man flings him a silvered net
Fashioned of moonbeams three.
And some folk say when the net lies long
And the midnight hour is ripe;
The moon man fishes for some old song
That fell from a sailor's pipe.
And some folk say that he fishes the bars
Down where the dead ships lie,
Looking for lost little baby stars
That slid from the slippery sky.

> And the waves roll out and the waves roll in
> And the nodding night wind blows,
> But why the moon man fishes the sea
> Only the moon man knows.

Zoon, zoon, net of the moon
Rides on the wrinkling sea;
Bright is the fret and shining wet,
Fashioned of moonbeams three.
And some folk say when the great net gleams
And the waves are dusky blue,
The moon man fishes for two little dreams
He lost when the world was new.
And some folk say in the late night hours,
While the long fin-shadows slide,
The moon man fishes for cold sea flowers
Under the tumbling tide.

> And the waves roll out and the waves roll in
> And the gray gulls dip and doze,
> But why the moon man fishes the sea
> Only the moon man knows.

Zoon, zoon, cuddle and croon–
Over the crinkling sea,
The moon man flings him a silvered net
Fashioned of moonbeams three.
And some folk say that he follows the flecks
Down where the last light flows,
Fishing for two round gold-rimmed "specs"
That blew from his button-like nose.
And some folk say while the salt sea foams
And the silver net lines snare,
The moon man fishes for carven combs
That float from the mermaids' hair.

> And the waves roll out and the waves roll in
> And the nodding night wind blows,
> But why the moon man fishes the sea
> Only the moon man knows.