

Song.
(YUM-YUM.)

No 2.

Andante commodo. The sun, whose rays Are all a-blaze With e- ver

mf *p sostenuto.*

liv- ing glo- ry, Does not de- ry His ma- jes- ty- He scorns to tell a sto- ry!

He don't ex-claim "I blush for shame, So kind- ly be in- dul- gent!"

But, fierce and bold, In fie- ry gold, He glo- ries all ef- ful- gent!

mean to rule the earth, — As he the sky — We real - ly know our worth, —

crese.

The sun and I! I mean to rule the earth, As he the sky — We

dim.

real - ly know our worth, The sun and I!

rall. *allegro.* *mf* *p sostenuto.*

Ob - serve his flame, That pla - cid dame, The moon's ce - les - tial high - ness;

There's not a trace Up - on her face Of dif - fi - dence or shy - ness:

She bor-rows light, That, thro' the night, Man-kind may all ac-claim her,

And, truth to tell, She lights up well, So I, for one, don't blame her.

Ah, pray make no mis-take, ——— We are not shy; We're

ve - ry wide a - wake! ——— The moon and I! Ah, pray make no mis-take, We are not shy; We're

ve - ry wide a - wake! The moon and I.