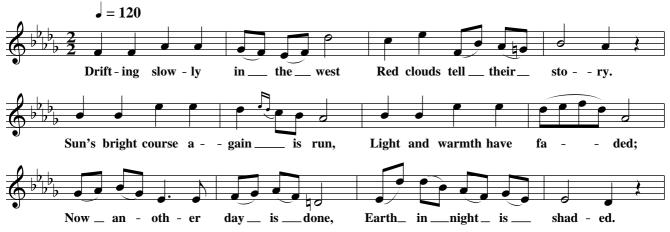
## To the moon

Composer: Franz Schubert



Now the sun has gone to rest In a golden glory; Drifting slowly in the west Red clouds tell their story: Sun's bright course again is run, Light and warmth have faded; Now another day is done, Earth in night is shaded. Come, O moon, and bring us light, Rise in silver splendour, Pouring down such radiance bright, Stars may homage render; See, night's darkness falls away, Clouds float up to meet thee; Gleaming now is thy soft ray, Night's own queen, they greet thee.