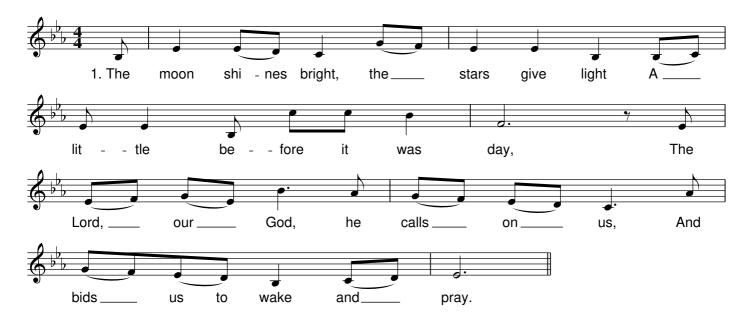
The Moon Shines Bright



- Awake, awake! Good people all,
 Awake and you shall hear,
 How our Lord our God died on the cross,
 For us he loved so dear.
- In yonder garden green doth grow,
 As green as any leek,
 Our Lord our God he waters us,
 With his heavenly dew so sweet.
- So teach your children well, dear man, It's whilst that you are here, It will be better for your soul, dear man, When you are gone from here.
- To day you might be alive, dear man, And worth ten thousand pound, Tomorrow might be dead, dear man, And your corpse lie underground.
- The turf all at your head, dear man,
 And another at your feet,
 When your good deeds and your bad deeds,
 Before the Lord will meet

Collected from James Beale of Warehorne by Cecil Sharp in 1908 and Mrs Alice Harden, Hamstreet, 1911