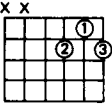
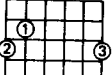
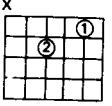
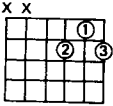
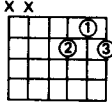
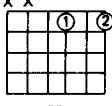
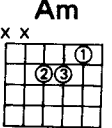
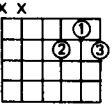
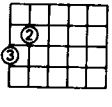
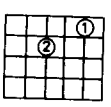
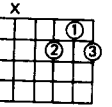


**D7**  
  
**G**  
  
**Am7**  
  
**D7**  


And the moon is mine — and the

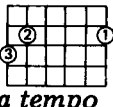
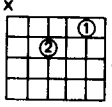
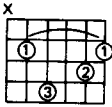
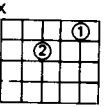
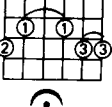
**D7**  
  
**G#°**  
  
**Am**  


moon — is mine. *colla voce* That beau-ti-ful ball of cheese

**D7**  
  
**G6**  
  
**Am7**  
  
**D7**  


is my per-son-al pro-per-ty, — the moon is

*3<sup>x</sup> VOCAL AD LIB.*

**Gmaj7**  
  
**Am7**  
  
**Bm7**  
  
**Am7**  
  
**G6**  


*a tempo* mine. — The moon is (GUITAR) mine.

2. No-one to call my baby  
 No valentines again  
 But the moon is mine  
 The moon is mine  
 No hook to hang my hat on  
 No rooms for rent today  
 But the moon is mine  
 The moon is mine.