

# Sandy Denny, Rising For The Moon

I travel over the sea and ride the rolling sky,  
For that's the way it is, that is my fortune.  
There are many ears to please, many people's love to try,  
And everyday's begun rising for the moon.

There's a heart in every place, there's a tear for each farewell,  
For that's the way it is, that is my fortune.  
I'll lure you as the lace that the wayward gypsies sell,  
With the sinking of the sun, rising of the moon.

Rising for the moon, the sun has set and it is dark,  
But the star of the enchanted tune is bright as any spark.  
The chorus of the dusk regail the evening lark,  
Whose every day does start rising for the moon.

We travel over the sea and ride the rolling sky,  
For that's the way it is, that is our fortune.  
There are many ears to please, many peoples love to try,  
And everyday's begun rising for the moon.

Rising for the moon, the sun has set and it is dark,  
But the star of the enchanted tune is bright as any spark.  
The chorus of the dusk regail the evening lark,  
Whose every day does start rising for the moon.

Rising for the moon, the sun has set and it is dark,  
But the star of the enchanted tune is bright as any spark.  
The chorus of the dusk regail the evening lark,  
Whose every day does start rising for the moon.