

STANDARD

# Reaching' for the Moon

Lyric By  
ARTHUR FREED  
WRITER OF "CAIRO"

Music By  
OLIVER WALLACE  
COMPOSER OF HINDUSTAN



Sherman, Clay & Co.  
SAN FRANCISCO

# Reaching for the Moon

Lyric by **ARTHUR FREED**  
Writer of "Cairo"

Music by **OLIVER G. WALLACE**  
Composer of "Hindustan"

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and melodic fragments, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'ff'.

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. It includes a 'Vamp ad libitum' section with a dynamic marking of 'mf'. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand has a bass line. The tempo remains 'Moderato'.

I've  
Life's

*Vamp ad libitum*

al - ways - been a dream - er, Dream - ing what I could do,  
lone - ly trail I wan - der, O - ver the bridge of sighs,

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, continuing the bass line and chordal support for the lyrics.

Burn - ing with thoughts a - fi - re, Yearn - ing that they'd come true; But  
Seek - ing my land of prom - ise, Somewhere be - neath the skies; But

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line, concluding the piece with a final chordal cadence.

dreams are all a fan - ta - sy, With no re - al - i - ty, Each  
I am just a roll - ing stone, I guess I'll al - ways be; If

mo - ment that I cher - ished so, Holds noth - ing now for me. ———  
just my dream of love came true, How hap - py I would be. ———

### CHORUS

*Moderato*

It seems ——— I'm reach - ing for the moon, Try - ing to

climb its beams; ——— I spend ——— each wea - ry

night and day, Just in hope - less dreams.——

Each girl I try for,—— That I could sigh for,—— The kind I'd

die for too,—— Just smiles and pass - es; And pret - ty

soon I re - a - lize I'm reach - ing for the moon.——

# CAIRO

Lyric by  
**ARTHUR FREED**  
CHORUS

Music by  
**HAROLD WEEKS**  
Writer of "Hindustan"

Cai - ro — Your streets are gai-ly la-den, Splen - dor en -



*p-ff*

tranc ing. — Cai ro, — You have the sun-burned maid-en,



Famed for her dance - ing. — I know all the



charms of dear old Cai - ro, If you'd know just ask the Sphinx What he,



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