

VII. The Battle of the Moon

1 **Adagio, ma con passione** ♩ = 58.

mp

Oh, wom - an in the moon, veil your face!

p

4 **cresc.**

How can you light them to their death, Those boys from dis-tant lands, who race the

cresc.

7

f *mp*

skies, in the wind of your fa - tal breath? Oh,

f *p* *mf* *pp*

10 **a little faster** ♩ = 72.

mp **cresc.**

wom-an in the moon— dim your light! The youth of the world is pass-ing

p **cresc.**

13

mf *cresc.* *sub. mp*

by, ab - sorbed with its strug - gle with death in the night. They

16

shud - der at your wan face in the sky.

p *mp* *mp*

20

mp

25

mp *sub. p*

Oh, wom - an in the moon, where is your heart?

28

cresc.

They are caught in the fright-ful trap of hate, They are blind from smoke they rise and

cresc.

31

mf *dim.* *p rit.*

dart. Turn your face the ho - ur grows late.

mp *dim.* *pp*