

My guitar plays for the moon

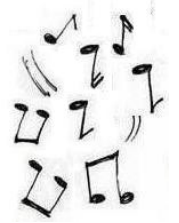
<https://riverofsong.uk/>

An ode to a lovely companion. The moon was still up on my early morning walk to swimming and my guitar was playing in my head. Words and music by Dany Rosevear.



My gui - tar plays for the moon, It plays for the twin - kle - ling stars, ——— It
plays for our won - der - ful, won - der - ful world; Songs of hope,
songs of joy, Songs for our own Shan - gri - la. ——— Songs for our
pla - net, our ark, ——— Songs for our pla - net, the Earth.

My guitar plays for the moon,
It plays for the twinkling stars,
It plays for our wonderful, wonderful world;
Songs of hope, songs of joy,
Songs for our own Shangrila,
*Chorus: Songs for our planet, our ark,
Songs for our planet, the Earth.*



My guitar beams at the sun,
At the children singing their songs,
It's six gentle strings play the songs that we sing;
Songs of hope, songs of joy,
With everyone singing along, *Chorus*



My guitar sighs with the wind,
It sings with the rain and the snow,
At the clouds that pass by in the darkening sky;
Songs of hope, songs of joy,
In places wherever we go, *Chorus*

My guitar plays shadow songs, When children are tucked up in bed,
It keeps me in tune as I play to that moon;
Lullabies, soft night songs, Songs for all sleepyheads, *Chorus*