

A NIGHT FULL OF NOTHING

Words: Keith Sinclair  
Music: Dorothy Freed  
1960

Lively

*mf*

we met in a bushel of

par - a - dise birds, while the cock-a-too langed his whimsical lay, I

garbled her mouth for a wonder of words. O why did she linger and

why did she stay? her

APRA

*mp*

breasts were a gal-lon of gather - ing bees And li-ly legs walked her down

*mp.*

lov-er's de - lay As we ripened like raspberries high in the trees, O

why did she linger and why did she stay?

*mf* she was a mare all a - meadowed with spring, and

*mf*