

NIGHT. The sky's a black-board high a - bove you, If a

shoot-ing star goes by I'll use that star to write I love you, A

thou-sand times a-cross the sky. One thing is-n't ver-y clear, my love, Should the teach-er stand so

near, my love, Grad - u - a-tion's al-most here, my love, TEACH ME, TO-

1. NIGHT. Did you say, I've got a NIGHT. 2. NIGHT.