

THE NIGHTINGALE (traditional)

As I was a-walking and a-rambling one day,
I spied a young couple so sweetly did stray;
And one was a fair maid, her beauty shone clear,
And the other was a soldier and a brave grenadier.

CHORUS

And they kissed so sweet and comforting as they clung to each other,
They went arm in arm down the lane like sister and brother;
They went arm in arm down the lane till they came to a stream,
“Oh hush,” said the fair maid, “hear the nightingale sing.”

Then out of his knapsack he drew a fine fiddle,
And he played her such a merry tune that she ever did hear;
He played her such a merry tune, caused the valleys to ring,
“Oh hush,” said the fair maid, “hear the nightingale sing.”

CHORUS

“Oh,” said the fair maid, “won’t you marry me?”
“Oh no,” said the soldier, “how ever can that be?
For I’ve a wife at home in my own counter-y,
And she’s the pretty fairest thing that you ever did see.”

CHORUS

“Now I’m off to India for seven long years,
Drinking ale and strong brandy instead of pale beers;
But if ever I return again it will be in the spring,
And we’ll both sit down together love, to hear the nightingale sing.”

CHORUS