

The Nightingale

Composer

As I went a walking one morning in May
I met a young couple so far did we stray
And one was a young maid so sweet and so fair
And the other was a soldier and a brave grenadier

*And they kissed so sweet and comforting
As they clung to each other
They went arm in arm along the road
Like sister and brother
They went arm in arm along the road
'Till they came to a stream
And they both sat down together, love
To hear the nightingale sing*

Out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle
He played her such merry tunes that you ever did hear
He played her such merry tunes that the valley did ring
And softly cried the fair maid as the nightingale sings

Oh, I'm off to India for seven long years
Drinking wines and strong whiskies instead of strong beer
And if ever I return again 'twill be in the spring
And we'll both sit down together love to hear the nightingale sing

"Well then", says the fair maid, "Will you marry me?"
"Oh no", says the soldier, "however can that be?"
For I've my own wife at home in my own country
And she is the finest little maid that you ever did see

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