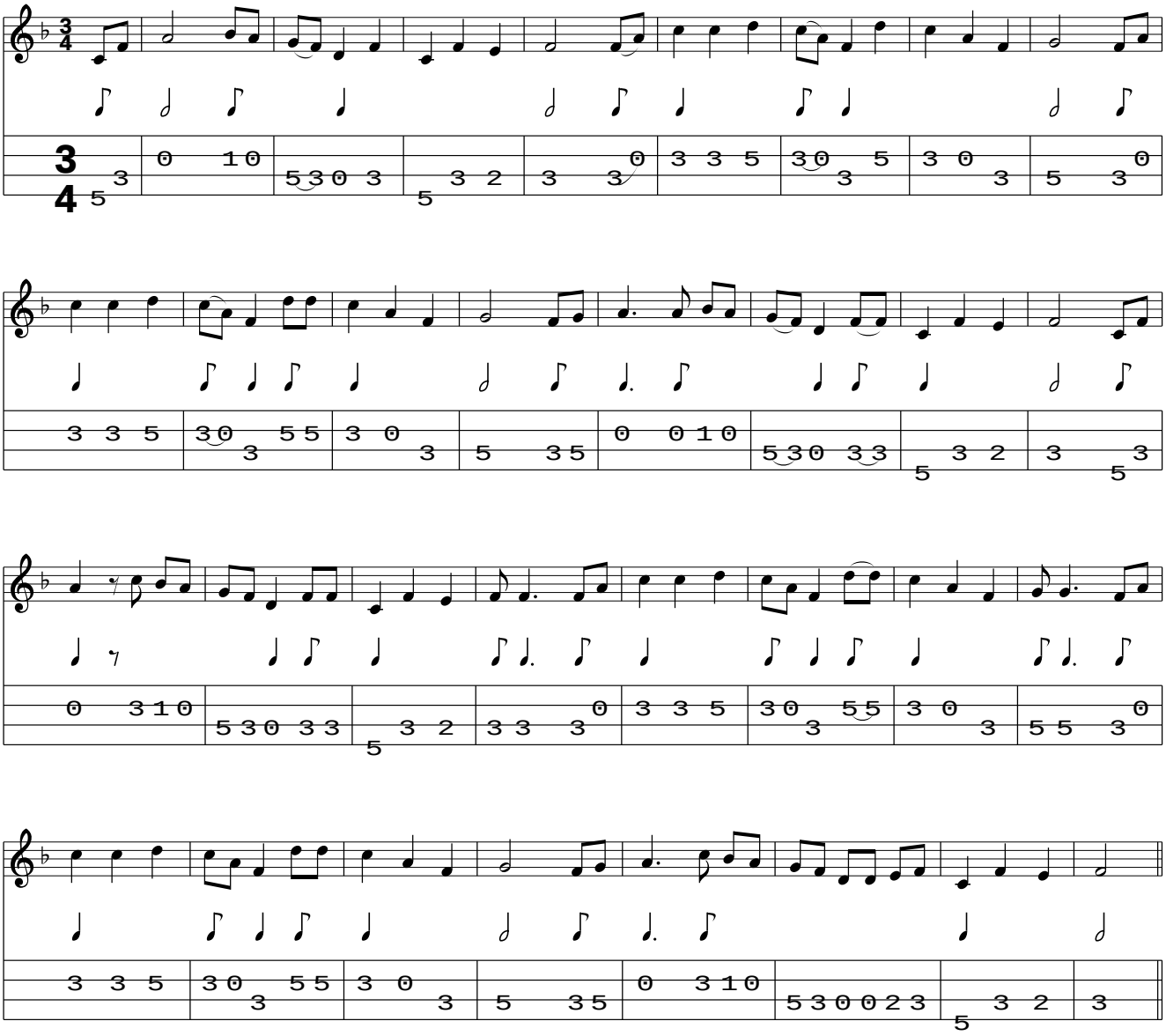
Nightingales Sing (One Morning In May)

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Now as I was a−walking one morning in May
I saw a sweet couple together at play
O the one was a fair maid and her beauty shone clear
And the other was a soldier, a brave grenadier.

Chorus:
But they kissed so sweet and comforting
as they pressed to each other
They went arming along the road
like sister and brother.
They went arming along the road
till they came to a spring,
Then they both sat down together
just to hear the nightingale sing.

Then out of his knapsack, a long fiddle he drew
And he played her such merry tunes as she ever knew,
And he played her such merry tunes, caused the valleys to ring
Hark hark, replied the fair maid, how the nightingales sing.

O come, said the soldier, ’tis time to give o’er
O no, said the maiden, please play one tune more.
I do like your playing, and the touching of the long string
And to see the pretty flowers grow, hear the nightingale sing.

Now I’m going to India, for seven long years
Drinking wines and strong whiskey instead of strong beers
But if I ever return again, it will be in the spring
Then we’ll both sit down together, love, and hear the nightingale sing.

Now, said the fair maid, come, soldier, marry me.
O no, said the soldier, how ever can that be?
For I’ve a nice little wife at home in my own count−e−ry
And she is the smartest little woman that your eyes ever see.