

## Hear the Nightingales Sing

As I was a-walking one morning in May,  
I espied a young couple upon the highway,  
And one was a lady most beautiful and fair,  
The other was a soldier, a brave volunteer.

Now this lovely young couple, they walked on together,  
They sat themselves down, me boys, by the side of the heather,  
They sat themselves down by the side of a stream,  
And that was the start of a beautiful queen.

They hadn't been sat there long when he put his arm round her middle,  
He took off his knapsack and drew out a fiddle,  
And he played such a tune, me boys, such a lovely thing,  
That it made the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

Now he hadn't been playing long when he said it's time to give o'er,  
"Oh now," said the lady, "just play one tune more,  
For I like all your music and the touching of one string,  
It will make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

Oh I'll go to yonder Indies?...

And if ever I return again it will be in the spring,  
For to see the pretty flowers grow and hear the nightingales sing.