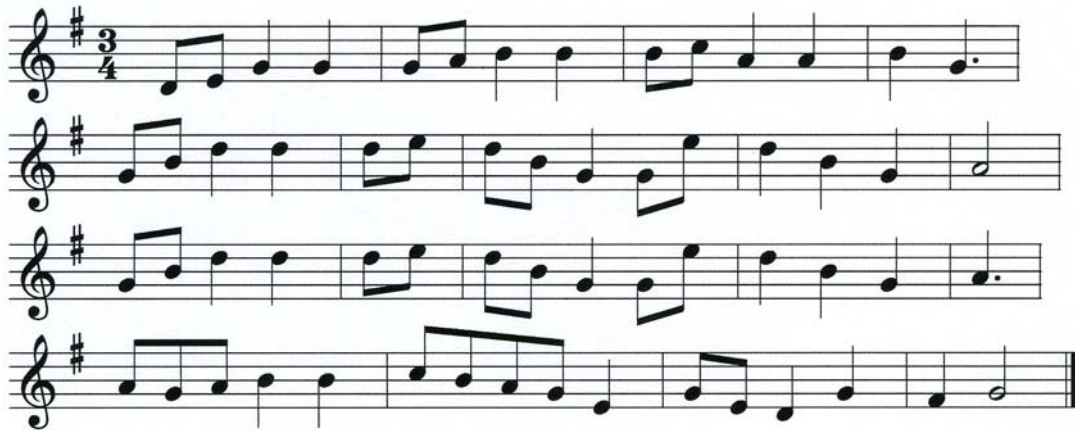


# the Nightingale



One morning, one morning, one morning in May  
I spied a young couple all on the highway,  
and one was a lady so bright and so fair,  
and the other was a soldier, a brave volunteer.

Good morning, good morning, good morning to thee,  
now where are you going my pretty lady?  
I`m going to travel to the banks of the sea,  
to see the waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing

They hadn` t been there but an hour or two  
till out of his knapsack a fiddle he drew,  
the tune that he played caused the vallies to ring,  
O harken, says the lady, how the nightingales sing.

Pretty lady, pretty lady, it`s time to give o` re,  
O no, pretty soldier, please play one tune more.  
I` d rather hear your fiddle at the touch of one string,  
than to see the waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing.

Pretty soldier, pretty soldier, will you marry me?  
O no, pretty lady that never can be.  
I` ve a wife back in London and children twice three.  
Two wives in the army is too many for me.

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