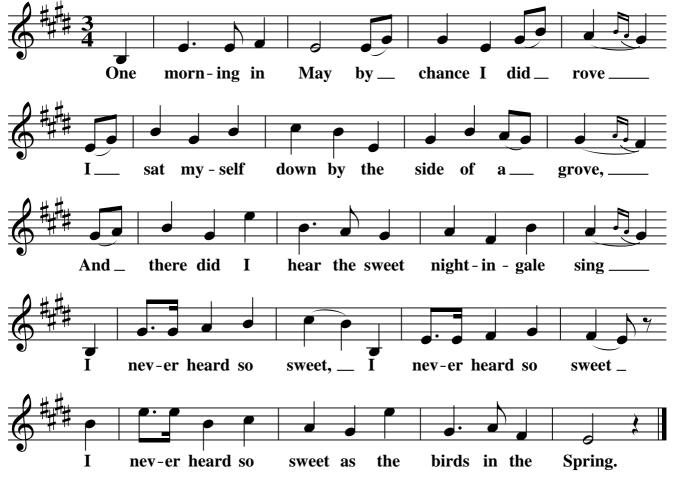
## The Sweet Nightingale



One morning in May by chance I did rove, I sat myself down by the side of a grove, And there did I hear the sweet nightingale sing, I never heard so sweet as the birds in the Spring.

All on the green grass I sat myself down Where the voice of the nightingale echoed around; Don't you hear how she quivers the notes? I declare No music, no songster with her can compare.

Come all you young men, I'll have you draw near, I pray you now heed me these words for to hear, That when you're grown old you may have it to sing, That you never heard so sweet as the birds in the Spring.