

The Sweet Nightingale (A)

How de - - light - ful it is, to _____ walk with your love
 Talk-ing sweet prat - tling tales in _____ the _____ dimst of the grove
 Where the flow - ers smell sweet _____ and _____ so does the _____ fields.
 What a plea - sure and de - - light when the _____ sum - mer draws near,
 What a plea - sure and de - - light when the _____ sum - mer draws near.

Version A

How delightful it is in the time of the spring
 When the birds are around us, so delightful they sing,
 When the leaves on the trees and the blossom does appear,
 And so happy are we when the summer draws near,
 Then so happy are we when the summer draws near.

When Phoebus draws near on the side of the lime,
 When out upon us the the summer does shine,
 When the little birds all around us they do warble their breast,
 And the cuckoo she doth join her notes with the rest,
 And the cuckoo she sing her notes with the rest.

How delightful it is, to walk with your love
 Talking sweet prattling tales in the dimst of the grove
 Where the flowers smell sweet and so does the fields.
 What a pleasure and delight when the summer draws near,
 What a pleasure and delight when the summer draws near.

It's not your fine cities nor your lofty high towers
 Would ever be compared with our sweet shady bowers

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Version B

Hark, hark my dear heart,
 Don't you hear the sweet lark,
 Don't you hear the sweet nightingale sing?
 And to hear my fond tale
 And the sweet nightingale
 As she sings in the meadows below, below, below, below, below,
 As she sings in the meadows below.

Pretty Nancy don't fail.
Shall I carry your pail,
Shall I carry your pail to the cow?
And hear my fond tale (etc)

Pray leave me alone
For I've hands of my own,
I've hands of my own, that I'll vow.
I won't hear your false tale, (etc)

Now this couple agreed
And were married with speed,
And married with speed, I declare,
And they're not afraid to walk in the shade,
Or to walk in those meadows below.

Version C

My sweetheart come along.
Don't you hear the fond song,
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?
Don't you hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in valleys below,
As she sings in the valleys below.

Version D

(No lyrics provided)

Version E

Come all you fond hearts,
Don't you know the sweet lark,
Don't you know the sweet nightingale sing?
For I'll tell you a tale of a sweet nightingale
That sings in those valleys below, below, below, below,
That sings in those valleys below.

Version F

O Nancy my heart, don't you hear the sweet lark,
Don't you hear the sweet nightingale sing?
Don't you hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale,
How she sings in those valleys below, below,
How she sings in those valleys below.