

## Elizabethan Serenade

James Last

Where the gentle Avon flows,  
And a trailing Rambler grows,  
There's a window shining into the night,  
And a casement curtain flutters and blows in candle light

And a girl sits listening there  
To a haunting old world air  
As if someone played so softly below.  
All entranced, she hears that sweet serenade of long ago

All the while her wonder grows  
As that music comes and goes  
Ah. What magic makes this rare delight  
Her calling awakes the midsummer night

Who can it be playing out there,  
Playing for me such a sweet air!  
Clavicord bells tinkling in time,  
Why do you chime? Why do you ring ding ding?  
Tell me, minstrel; tell me the tale of love you sing!

Phantom answer came there none,  
But she waited on and on  
Till her window grew bright with dawn's early glow,  
And that bygone lover haunting the night was silent  
below.

He no longer played that sweet serenade of long ago.  
Sweet serenade of long ago