

A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

Kate Smith

That certain night
The night we met
There was magic abroad in the air
There were angels dining at the Ritz
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley square

I may be right I may be wrong
But I'm perfectly willing to swear
That when you turned and smiled at me
A nightingale sang in Berkeley square

The moon that lingered over London town
Poor puzzled moon he wore a frown
How could he know we two were so in love
The whole damned world seemed upside down

The streets of town were paved with stars
It was such a romantic affair
And as we kissed and said goodnight
A nightingale sang in Berkeley square

How strange it was
How sweet and strange
There was never a dream to compare
To those hazy crazy nights we met
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley square

Ah this heart of mine
Loud and fast
Like a merry-go-round in a fair
We would dance cheek to cheek
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley square

The dawn came stealing up
All gold and blue
To interrupt our rendez-vous
I still remember how you smiled and said
Was that a dream or was it true?

Our homeward step was just as light
As the dancing feet of Astaire
And like an echo far away
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley square
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley square

That night in Berkeley square.