

# The Nightingale

## The Dubliners

As I went a walking one morning in May  
I met a young couple so far did we stray  
And one was a young maid so sweet and so fair  
And the other was a soldier and a brave Grenadier

And they kissed so sweet and comforting  
As they clung to each other  
They went arm in arm along the road  
Like sister and brother  
They went arm in arm along the road  
Til they came to a stream  
And they both sat down together, love  
To hear the nightingale sing

Out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle  
He played her such merry tunes that you ever did hear  
He played her such merry tunes that the valley did ring  
And softly cried the fair maid as the nightingale sings

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Oh, I'm off to India for seven long years  
Drinking wines and strong whiskies instead of strong  
beer  
And if ever I return again 'twill be in the spring  
And we'll both sit down together love to hear the  
nightingale sing

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"Well then", says the fair maid, "will you marry me?"  
"Oh no", says the soldier, "however can that be?"  
For I've my own wife at home in my own country  
And she is the finest little maid that you ever did see

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