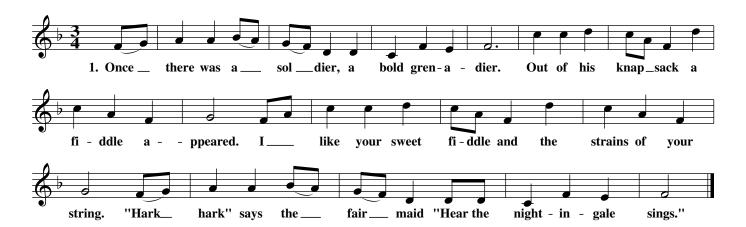
The Nightingale Sings



- Once there was a soldier, a bold grenadier.
 Out of his knapsack a fiddle appeared.
 "I like your sweet music and the strains of your strings.
 Hark, hark", cries the fair maid, "How the Nightingale sings"
- 2. "Ah now", says poor Jack, "'Tis time to give o'er."

 "Oh, no", replied the fair one, "Let's have one more.

 For I like your sweet music and the strains of your strings

 Hark, hark", cries the fair maid, "How the Nightingale sings."
 - [3. "Ah now", says the fair maid, "Will you marry me?" "Oh no" cried the soldier, "That never can be, For I have a wife at home in my own fair country Two wives and the army is too much for me."]
- 4. Well now, poor Jack to the Indies must goAll for to drink wine and the best of stingo.If you'll return again, it will be in the SpringAll for to see the corn grow and hear the nightingale sing.
- 5. My feet they are tender, my fingers are sore My hair it is gray, my boys, and I lie at death's door But if I should live to see seven years more Then I'll bid adieu to Jamaica.
- 6. So it's fill up a bumper toss him a bowl. While there is a road in, there must be be a way out.

Source: Sung by George 'Daddy' Lane, Winchcombe Workhouse. Collected by Eliza Wedgwood (words only). Date unknown but probably about 1907

Notes: The words only were collected to this tune and the last verse and a half appear to belong to a different song. A tune and additional words (in brackets) have been supplied from an Oxfordshire version.