

The Nightingale Sings

1. Once — there was a — sol — dier, a bold gren-a - dier. Out of his knap_sack a
fi - ddle a - - ppeared. I — like your sweet fi - ddle and the strains of your
string. "Hark_ hark" says the — fair — maid "Hear the night - in - gale sings."

1. 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 go
All for to drink wine and the best of stingo.
If you'll return again, it will be in the Spring
All 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.