

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"

"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."

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.

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.

So it's fill up a bumper - toss him a bowl.
While there is a road in, there must be a way out.

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

© Gloucestershire Traditions