

Sweet Nightingale ***D***

My sweetheart, come along, don't you hear the fond song,
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?
We shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below.

Pretty Betsy, don't fail, for I'll carry your pail
As straight to your cottage we'll go.
You shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below.

Pray let me alone for I've hands of my own;
Along with you, sir, I'll not go.
For to hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below.

Pray sit yourself down with me on the ground,
On this bank where the primroses grow.
You will hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below.

This couple agreed to be married with speed
And straight to the church they did go.
Never more she's afraid for to walk in the shade
Or to lie in the valley below.