

# A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square

That certain night, the night we met.  
There was magic abroad in the air.  
There were angels dining at the Ritz,  
And a Nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

I may be right I may be wrong.  
But I'm perfectly willing to swear,  
That when you turned and smiled at me.  
A Nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

The moon that lingered cover London Town.  
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown.  
How could he know we two were so in love?  
The whole dam world seemed up-side down.

The streets of town were paved with stars.  
It was such a romantic affair.  
And as we kissed and said goodnight.  
A Nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.