

# A nightingale sang in Berkley Square

When true lovers meet in Mayfair, so the legends tell,  
Songbirds sing; winter turns to spring.  
Every winding street in Mayfair falls beneath the spell.  
I know such enchantment can be, 'cos it happened one evening to me:

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 over London town,  
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown.  
How could he know we two were so in love?  
The whole darn world seemed upside 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

When dawn came stealing up all gold and blue  
To interrupt our rendezvous,  
I still remember how you smiled and said,  
"Was that a dream or was it true?"

Our homeward step was just as light  
As the tap-dancing feet of Astaire  
And, like an echo far away,  
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

I know 'cos I was there,  
That night in Berkeley Square.