A Nightingale Sang in Berkley Square

That certain night the night we met there was

magic abroad in the air. There were

at the Ritz and a nightingale sang in Berkley

smiled at me and a nightingale sang in Berkley

The moon that lingered over London town poor
Streets of town were paved with stars, it was such a romantic affair.

He wore a frown. How could he know we two were so in love, the whole darn world seemed upside down.

The puzzled moon was up. The streets of town were paved with stars, it was such a

romantic affair.

And as we kissed and said good night a

Nightingale sang in Berkley Square.