

# Nightingale

Leonard Cohen

I built my house beside the wood  
So I could hear you singing  
And it was sweet and it was good  
And love was all beginning  
Fare thee well my nightingale  
'Twas long ago I found you  
Now all your songs of beauty fail  
The forest closes 'round you  
The sun goes down behind a veil  
'Tis now that you would call me  
So rest in peace my nightingale  
Beneath your branch of holly  
Fare thee well my nightingale  
I lived but to be near you  
Tho' you are singing somewhere still  
I can no longer hear you

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