

A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

Vera Lynn

When two 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
Cause 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 maybe wrong
But I'm perfectly willing to swear
That when you turned and smiled 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 that we two were so in love
The whole damned 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 good-night
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square
Solo
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 cause I was there that night in Berkeley Square

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