The Nightingale

Dan Milner

Love burns in a young man's heart,
He would give her the moon and the stars,
And all the Treasures of the Pharaohs for a moment in her arms;
To the Ball with him she will go, if her brings a red, red rose,
But there is only a rose of white in his garden green;
And calling up to the sky, the birds heard his lonely cry;
"Sing for her sweet Nightingale, tell her of my love,
Bring for her sweet Nightingale a red, red rose of love;
Said the tree to the Nightingale,
"Upon this thorn you must impale your heart,
And then the blood will turn this white rose red;"
All night, the little bird sang,
But in the morning she was gone,

And beside her on the ground lay a red, red rose;
When the boy found it there, joy came from his despair;
"You sang for her, sweet Nightingale,
You told her of my love,
You bring for her, sweet Nightingale,
This red, red rose of love;"
So he brought her the beautiful rose,
"To the Ball with me you will go,"
"But no," she said, "I have jewels instead,
Another has won my heart, and from you,
Now I must part, so take your foolish rose and go!"
Sing for her sweet Nightingale,
Sing from Heaven above,
Bring for her sweet Nightingale,
The wisdom that is love, the wisdom that is love.

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