

George Shearing "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square"

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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 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 'cause I was there
That night in Berkeley Square

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