

Gilbert And Sullivan

"The Nightingale Sighed"

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(Enter Ralph.)

Ralph.
The Nightingale
Sighed for the moon's bright ray,
And told his tale
In his own melodious way!
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

Chorus.
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

Ralph.
The lowly vale
For the mountain vainly sighed,
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.
They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

Chorus.
They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

Ralph.
I know the value of a kindly chorus,
But choruses yield little consolation
When we have pain, and sorrow, too, before us!
I love - and love, alas, above my station!

Buttercup.
He loves - and loves a lass above his station!

Chorus.
Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station!

(Exit Little Buttercup.)

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