

Burl Ives

"The Troubador Song"

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Burl Ives - The Troubador Song

Did you ever hear tell of a young maid in need
Of a handsome young lover who's anxious to please
It's a pity that such a handsome young fellow as me
Must sit here while the nightingale sings in the tree
(repeat last 2 lines of each verse)

In the valley and woodland there shines a new moon
Each lad with his lass mekes the best of the June
All the world's gons a-wooning excepting of me
While the nightingale sings to his mate in the tree

The time it is short, there is none I can spare
And the song of the nightingale fades on the air
Don't you think, darling Phyllis, you'd better agree
To make love while the nightingale sings in the tree.

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