

A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square

Glenn Miller

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 maybe right, I maybe 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 uptown were paved with stars
It was such a romantic affair
And as we kissed and said goodnight
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square!