

A Nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

Eric Maschwitz & Manning Sherwin

When two lovers meet in Mayfair so the legends tell
Songbirds sing and 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.

How strange it was, how sweet and strange
There was never a dream to compare
With that hazy, crazy night we met
When a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

This heart of mine beat loud and fast
Like a merry-go-round in a fair
For we were dancing cheek to cheek
And 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.