

## Sweet nightingale



1. My sweet - heart, come a - long, Don't you  
2. Pret - ty Bet - ty, don't fail, For I'll  
3. "Pray\_\_ let me a - lone, I have  
4. Pray\_\_ sit your - self down With\_\_  
5. The\_\_ cou - ple a - greed, And were



hear the sweet song, The sweet notes of the  
car - ry your pail Safe\_\_ home to the  
hands of my own, A\_\_ long with you,  
me on the ground, On this bank where the  
mar - ried with speed, And\_\_ soon to the



night - in - gale flow? Don't you hear the fond tale  
cot as we go;\_\_ You shall hear the fond tale  
sir, I'll not go.\_\_ To\_\_ hear the fond tale  
prim - ro - ses grow, You shall hear the fond tale  
church they did go;\_\_ No more is she a - afraid



1.- 4. Of the sweet night - in - - gale, As she  
5. For to walk in the shade, Nor to



sings in the val-leys be - low?  
sit in those val-leys be - low,



As she sings in the val-leys be - low?"\_\_  
Nor to sit in those val-leys be - low.\_\_\_\_

## Sweet nightingale

1

My sweetheart, come along,  
Don't you hear the sweet song,  
The sweet notes  
of the nightingale flow?  
Don't you hear the fond tale  
Of the sweet nightingale,  
As she sings in the valleys below?

2

Pretty Betty, don't fail,  
For I'll carry your pail  
Safe home  
to your cot as we go;  
You shall hear the fond tale  
Of the sweet nightingale,  
As she sings in the valleys below.

3

"Pray let me alone,  
I have hands of my own,  
Along with you, sir, I'll not go.  
To hear the fond tale  
Of the sweet nightingale,  
As she sings in the valleys below."

4

Pray sit yourself down  
With me on the ground,  
On this bank  
where the primroses grow,  
You shall hear ...

5

The couple agreed,  
And were married with speed,  
And soon to the church they did go;  
No more is she afraid  
For to walk in the shade,  
Nor to sit in those valleys below.

Mein Liebchen, komm mit,  
hörst du nicht, wie der süße Gesang,  
die lieblichen Töne  
der Nachtigall sich ergießen?  
Hörst du nicht die zärtliche Erzählung  
der holden Nachtigall,  
wie sie singt unten im Tal?

Hübsche Betty, säume nicht,  
denn ich will tragen deinen Eimer  
sicher nach Hause,  
während wir zu deiner Hütte gehen.  
Du wirst hören die zärtliche Erzählung

Bitte lasst mich in Ruhe,  
ich habe meine eigenen Hände,  
mit euch, mein Herr, will ich nicht gehen.  
Um zu hören die zärtliche Erzählung

Bitte setz dich nieder  
mit mir auf die Erde,  
an diesem Abhang,  
wo die Primeln wachsen,  
du wirst hören

Das Paar wurde sich einig,  
und heiratete bald  
und sie gingen früh zur Kirche;  
sie fürchtet sich nicht mehr,  
im Schatten zu spazieren  
oder unten in jenen Tälern zu sitzen.

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