The Birds In The Spring

One morning in May by chance I did rove
I sat myself down by the side of a grove
And there did I hear the sweet nightingale sing
I never heard so sweet as the birds in the Spring

All on the green grass I sat myself down
Where the voice of the nightingale echoed around
Don't you hear how she quivers the notes? I declare
No music, no songster with her can compare

Come all you young men, I'll have you draw near
I pray you now heed me these words for to hear
That when you're grown old you may have it to sing
That you never heard so sweet as the birds in the Spring