

A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square (Bb)


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arr. AEGriffiths



That cer-tain night, the night we met, there was mag-ic a-broad in the air. There were




an-gels din-ing at the Ritz and a night-in-gale sang in Berke-ley



1. Square. I Square.



The moon that lin-gered ov-er Lon-don town: poor puz-zled moon, he wore a frown.



How could he know that we were so in love, the whole darn world seemed up-side down? The



streets of town were paved in stars, it was such a rom-an-tic af-fair. And



as we kissed and said, "Good-night" a night-in-gale sang in Berke-ley Square.