My sweetheart, come a long. Don't you hear the fond song? The sweet notes of the nightingale flow.

Don't you hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale. As she sings in the valley below.

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.

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

The couple agreed To be married with speed And soon to the church they did go. You shall hear the fond tale.

No more's she afraid For to walk in the shade, Or to sit in these valleys below. You shall hear the fond tale.