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A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square

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Arr. by
BURNELL WHIBLEY

VIOLINS

By ERIC MASCHWITZ
& MANNING SHERWIN

Slow Fox trot (with a lilt)

Pno, ³
mf That



Br *mf*

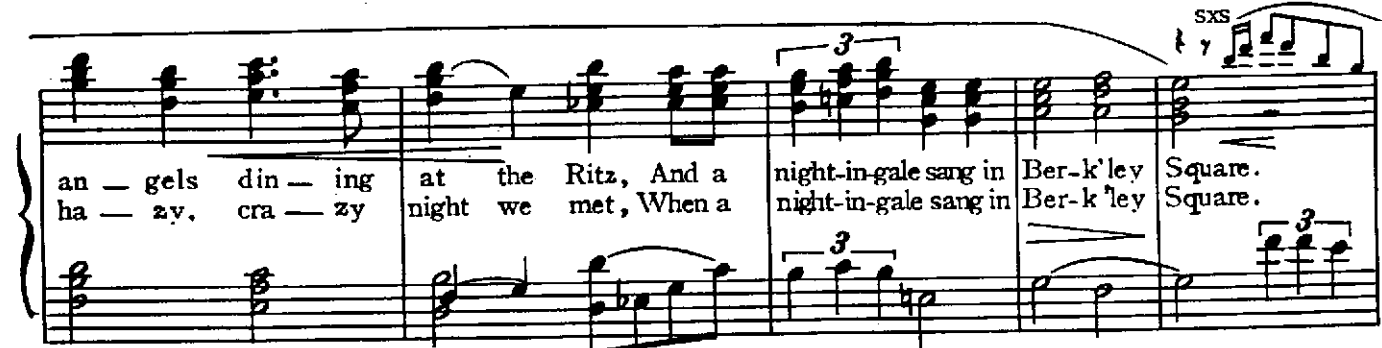
A

cer — tain night the night, we met, there was mag- ic a — broad in the air There were
strange it was, how sweet and strange, there was nev- er a dream to com- pare With that
Obbli.



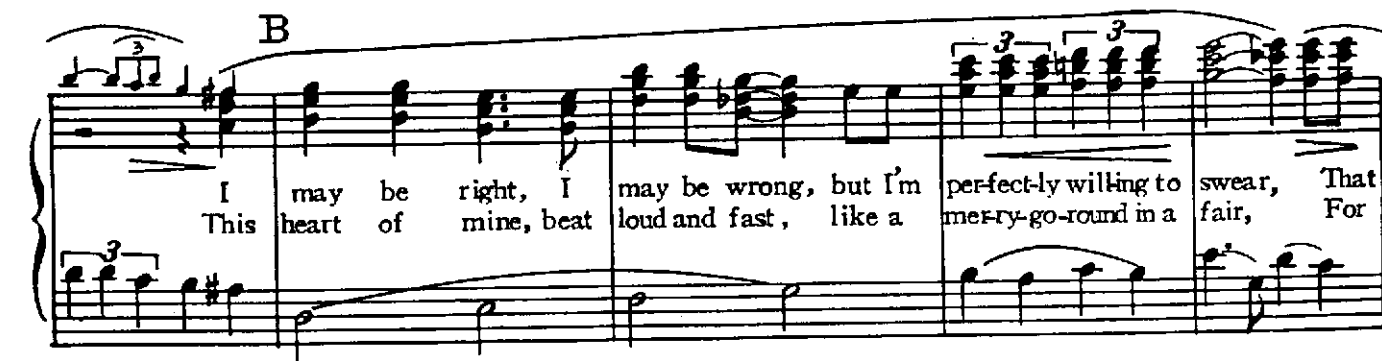
an — gels din — ing at the Ritz, And a night-in-gale sang in Ber-k'ley Square.
ha — zy. cra — zy night we met, When a night-in-gale sang in Ber-k'ley Square.

sxs



B

I may be right, I may be wrong, but I'm perfectly willing to swear, That
This heart of mine, beat loud and fast, like a mer-ry-go-round in a fair, For



when you turn'd and smild at me, A night-in-gale sang in Ber — k'ley Square.
we were danc — ing cheek to cheek, And a night-in-gale sang in Ber — k'ley Square.

sxs



mp

The moon that ling-ered ov-er Lon-don Town, poor puzz-led moon, he
 When dawn came steal-ing up, all gold and blue, to in-ter-rupt our

p

wore a frown, ren-dez-vous, How could he know we two were so in love, The whole darn' world seem-
 I still re-mem-ber how you smiled and said, "Was that a dream, or ed

D

up-side down, The streets of Town were paved with stars, it was such a ro-man-tic af-
 was it true?" Our home-ward step was just as light as the tap-danc-ing feet of As-

fair, And as we kiss'd and said "good-night" A night-in-gale sang in Ber-k'ley
 taire, And like an ec-ho ar a-way, A night-in-gale sang in Ber-k'ley

1 3 2 3 3 3 3 3 **F** sxs

Square. Flow Square. *mp*

Bc

mp *mp* *p*

F

cresc. *p* *sxs.* *mf*

sxs **Ipt.** *no.* 3 3 3