"The nightingale has a lyre of gold"

Words by W. E. Henley

Music by

Arthur Williamson
"The nightingale has a lyre of gold."

Lark's is a clarion call. And the black bird plays but a

box wood flute. But I love him best of all.
For his song is all of the joy of life, and we in the mad spring weather

We two have listened while he sang our hearts and lips together
We two have listened while she sang our hearts and lips, our hearts and lips together.