Frank Sinatra, Nightingale Sang In Berkley Squar

That certain night, the night we met
There was magic abroad in the air
There were angels dining at the ritz
And a nightingale sang in berkley square

I may be right, I may be wrong,
But I'm perfectly willing to swear,
That when you turned and smiled at me,
A nightingale sang in berkley square.

The moon that lingered over london town,
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown
How could he know we two were so in love,
The whole darn world seemed upside down.

The streets of town were paved with stars,
It was such a romantic affair.
And as we kissed and said goodnight,
A nightingale sang in berkley square.