Where the Gentle Avon Flows

Christopher Hassall version

<5-bar piano intro>

Where the gentle Avon flows.
And a trailing rambler grows.
There's a win—dow shining into the night
(a window shining into the night)
And a ca—sement curtain
Flutters and blows in candlelight.

<5-bar piano and whistle>

And a girl sits list'ning there.
To a haunting old world air.
As if some—one played so softly below
(so softly below, so softly below)
All entranced, she hears
That sweet serenade of long ago.

<whole verse piano and whistle instrumental>

All the while her wonder grows.
As that music comes and goes.
Ah, what magic makes this rare delight?
Her calling wakes the midsummer night.
Who can it be playing out there?
Playing for me, such a sweet air?
Clavichord bells tinkling in time
Why do you chime?
Why do you ring ding ding?
Tell me minstrel, tell me the tale of love you sing.

Phantom answer came there none,
But she waited on and on.
Till her window grew bright
With dawn's early glow
(Her window grew bright with dawn's early glow)

And that bygone lover haunting the night
Was silent below.
He no longer played
That sweet serenade of long ago.
(Hum 2 lines)