

Sarah Brightman, Early One Morning

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid singing in the valley below;
"O don't deceive me,
O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

"O gay is the garland, fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.
O don't deceive me,
O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

"Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true;
O don't deceive me,
O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,
Thus sung the poor maiden in the valley below;
"O don't deceive me,
O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"