

## Early One Morning

Sarah Brightman

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