

Early One Morning

[Sarah Brightman](#)

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid singing in the valley below,
"Oh don't deceive me,
Oh do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?" "Oh gay is the garland, fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.
Oh don't deceive me,
Oh do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?" "Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow are where you vow'd to be true,
Oh don't deceive me,
Oh 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?"

Songwriters

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