I Wandered By A Brookside

Eva Cassidy

I wandered by a brookside
I wandered by a mill
I could not hear the water
The murmuring it was still
Not a sound of any grasshopper
Nor the chirp of any bird
But the beating of my own heart
Was the only sound I heard
The beating of my own heart
Was the only sound I heard
Then silent tears fast flowing
When someone stood beside
A hand upon my shoulder

I knew the touch was kind
He drew me near and nearer
We neither spoke one word
But the beating of our own two hearts
Was the only sound I heard
The beating of our own two hearts
Was the only sound I heard

Then silent tears fast flowing
When someone stood beside
A hand upon my shoulder
I knew the touch was God

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