

Early On Morning

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Ear-ly one mor-ning, just as the sun was ri - sing, I heard a maid sing-ing in the val-ley be-low;



"O don't de - ceive me, O ne-ver leave me! How could you use a_ poor mai-den so?"

Remember the vows that you made to me truly,
Remember how tenderly you nestled close to me
Gay is the garland, fresh are the roses
I've got from the garden to bind over thee

Here I now wander alone as I wonder
Why did you leave me to sigh and complain?
I asked of the roses, why should I be forsaken?
Why must I here in sorrow remain?

Through yonder grove by the stream that is running
There you and I have so merrily played
Kissing and courting and gently sporting
Oh, my innocent heart you've betrayed

Soon you will meet with another pretty maiden
Some pretty maiden you'll court her for a while
Thus ever ranging, turning and changing
Always seeking for a girl that is new

Thus sung the maiden her sorrows bewailing
Thus sung the maiden in the valley below
"Oh don't deceive me; oh, never leave me
How could you use a poor maiden so?"