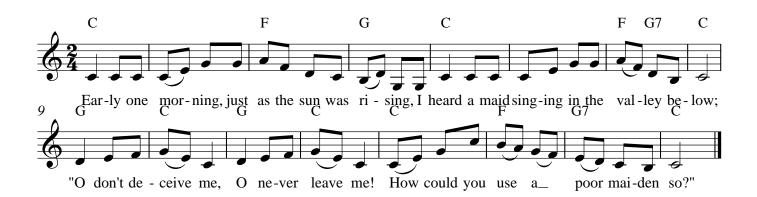
Early On Morning

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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?