## Eva Cassidy "I Wandered By A Brookside"

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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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