

a Brookside by 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

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