Early one morning

Thus sang the poor maid en her sorrowing thus
heard a maid singing in the valley below
sang the poor maiden in the valley below

Oh don't deceive me oh never leave me
how could you use a poor maiden so oh
gay is the garden and fresh are the flowers I've culled from the garden to
bind on thy brow

Oh don't deceive me oh never leave me How could you use a poor maiden so