

# Eva Cassidy, I Wandered By A Brookside

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