

I Wandered by a Brookside

Fairport Convention

I wandered by a Brookside, I wandered by a mill
I couldn't hear the water, the murmuring, it was still
Nor the sound of any grasshopper, nor the chirp of any bird
But the beating of my own heart was the only sound I heard

I sat beneath the elm tree and watched his long, long shade
As it grew so longer, I didn't feel afraid
I listened for a footfall, I listened for one word
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

Silent tears fast flowing, when someone stood behind
A hand upon my shoulder, I knew the touch was kind
She drew me nearer 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
The beating of our own two hearts, was the only sound I heard

The only sound I heard
The only sound I heard
The only sound I heard
The only sound I heard