

One morning very early  
The Banks of Brandywine

One morning very early,  
In the pleasant month of May  
As I walked out to take the air,  
All nature being gay;  
The moon had not yet veiled her face,  
But through the trees did shine  
As I wandered forth to take the air  
On the banks of Brandywine.

2. At such an early hour  
I was surprised to see  
A lovely maid with downcast eyes  
Upon those banks so gay  
I modestly saluted her,  
She knew not my design  
And requested her sweet company  
On the banks of Brandywine.

3. "I pray, young man, be civil,  
My company forsake  
For in my real opinion  
I think you are a rake,  
My love's a valiant sailor,  
He's now gone to the Main  
While comfortless I wander  
On he banks of Brandywine.

4. "My dear, why do you thus  
Give up to melancholy cries?  
I pray give up your weeping,  
And dry those lovely eyes,  
For sailors in each port, my dear,  
They do a mistress find  
He will leave you to wander  
On the banks of Brandywine."

5. "O leave me, sir, do leave me!  
Why do you me torment?  
My Henry's wont to see me,  
Therefore I am content.  
Why do you thus torment me,  
And cruelly combine  
To fill my heart with horror  
On the banks of Brandywine?"

6. "I wish not to afflict your mind,  
But rather for to ease  
Such dreadful apprehensions,  
They soon your heart will seize.  
Your love, my dear, in wedlock bands,  
Another one has joined."  
She swooned into my arms  
On the banks of Brandywine.

7. The lofty hills and craggy rocks  
Reechoed back her strains;  
The pleasant groves and rural shades  
Were witness to her pains.  
"How often has he promised me  
In Hymen's chains to join!  
Now I'm a maid forsaken  
On the banks of Brandywine."

8. "O no, my dear, that ne'er shall be.

Behold your Henry now!  
I clasp you to my bosom, love,  
I've not forgot our vow.  
It's now I know you're true, my dear,  
In Hymen's chains we'll join  
And bless the happy morn we met  
On the banks of Brandywine."