

Annie-Love

Harry Belafonte

Oh Annie love why did you run
When cold the winds were blowing
And did you find a brighter sun
Where your frightened feet were going

Last summertime your golden skin
Lay but a space my hands to win
The nightingale your voice within
My lazy song was knowing

But long the swallows have been here
And soon the love shall set in sear
And cold and growing is my fear
That Annie's gone forever
That Annie's gone forever