

Come O My Love

Harry Belafonte

The Winter has gone and the leaves turn green

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Your innocent face, I wish I never had seen

Come o my love and fare you well

Come o my love and fare you well

You slighted me, but I wish you well

The rope was brought and the bow was swung

The rope was brought and the bow was swung

An innocent man you have all hung

Come o my love and see me die

Come o my love and see me die

Lift your innocent face, see me dance in the sky