

## Harry Belafonte

### "False Love"

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The river is wide, I can't get o'er  
Nor do I have like wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two,  
And both shall cross my love and I

Oh waly, waly, up the bank  
And waly, waly down the braes,  
And waly, waly by yon burnside  
Where me and my love was wont to go

I leaned my back against an oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree,  
But first it bent and then it broke,  
And so did my love prove false to me

I put my hand in some soft bush  
Thinking the sweetest flower to find  
I pricked my finger to the bone  
And left the sweetest flower behind

Oh, love is handsome, love is kind  
Gay as a jewel when first it's new  
But love grows old and waxes cold,  
And fades away like morning dew

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