

## Harry Belafonte

### "Fifteen"

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Lyrics:

The sweetest wine in the world  
Is the fruit on the vine  
The sweetest love and our truth  
Is the love of your youth

At fifteen I saw her and thought her  
So beautiful I kissed her from a distance  
For my young love was locked inside

The sweetest wine in the world  
Is the fruit on the vine  
The sweetest love neath the skies  
Is the love she denies

At sixteen I met her and Yet her  
Sweet loving lips were eager for another  
And my young love was cast aside

The sweetest wine in the world  
Is the fruit on the vine  
The sweetest love I had learned  
Is the love thats returned

At eighteen I mood her  
Afraid love would once again you loot her  
I pursued her and I made her my darling bride

Shes mine now forever and ever  
Ill sip the wine of fifteen, sixteen, eighteen  
For the fruit on the vine is mine

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