

Harry Belafonte

"When Spring Comes Round"

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When spring comes around my love
When spring comes around
When winter is gone the hills are green
Song of the lark is clear and clean
I long for the lands I've never seen my love, my love
When summer comes around my love
When summer comes around
As soon as I feel that sudden breeze
I hoist my sail to the seven seas
And let the wind take me where it please my love, my
love
When autumn comes around my love
When autumn comes around
As soon as the leaves begin to fall
I'll anchor in some port of call
I'll write a letter sending you all my love, my love
When winter comes around my love
When winter comes around
The world will be white with silent snow
The temperature down to ten below
And home to the warmth of you I go my love, my love
When spring comes again my love
When spring comes again
You and the lams will play again
And though I will want to stay again
You know I'll be on my way again my love, my love

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