

Connie Francis, High Noon

This is the story of two men
One, an ex-convict
The other, a man of honour
The ex-convict vowed while in prison
To kill the man of honour
"I can't be a coward"
He says to his fair-haired beauty
Do not forsake me, oh my Darlin'
On this our wedding day
Do not forsake me, oh my Darlin'
Wait, wait along
I do not know what fate awaits me
I only know I must be brave
And I must face a man who hates me
Or lie a coward, a craven coward
Or lie a coward in my grave
Oh, to be torn 'twixt love and duty
S'posin' I lose my fair-haired beauty
Look at that big hand move along
Nearin' High Noon
He made a vow while in state's prison
Vowed it would be my life or his 'n
I'm not a afraid of death, but oh
What will I do if you leave me
Do not forsake me, oh my Darlin'
You made that promise as a bride
Do not forsake me, oh my Darlin'
Although you're grieving
Don't think of leaving
Now that I need you by my side