

Frankie Laine, High Noon (Do Not Forsake Me)

Do not forsake me, oh, my darlin',
On this, our wedding day.
Do not forsake me, oh, my darlin',
Wait; wait alone.
I do not know what fate awaits me.
I only know I must be brave.
For 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 an' duty.
S'posin' I lose my fair-haired beauty.
Look at that big hand move along,
Nearing high noon.

He made a vow while in state prison:
Vowed it would be my life for his an',
I'm not afraid of death but, oh, what shall 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 grievin', don't think of leavin',
Now that I need you by my side.

Wait along, (Wait along.)
Wait along.
Wait along. (Wait along, wait along, wait along, wait along.)