

# Black is the Color

## Rising Gael

Black, black, black  
is the color of my true love's hair  
Her lips are like a rose so fair  
And the prettiest face and the neatest hands.  
I love the grass whereon she stands  
She with the wondrous hair. Black, black, black  
is the color of my true love's hair  
Her face is something truly rare.  
Oh I do love my love and so well she knows  
I love the ground whereon she goes.  
She with the wondrous hair. Black, black, black  
is the color of my true love's hair  
Alone, my life would be so bare.  
I would sigh, I would weep,  
I would never fall asleep  
My love is 'way beyond compare  
She with the wondrous hair.  
Black, black, black  
is the color of my true love's hair.

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