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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