

Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair

The Twilight Singers

Black is the colour of my true love's hair
Her face so soft and wonderous fair
The purest eyes and the strongest hands
I love the ground on where she stands
I love the ground on where, on where she stands Oh, I love my lover, and well she knows
Yes, I love the ground on where she goes
And still I hope that the time will come
When she and I will be, will be as one
When she and I will be, will be as one
to be oh (?) So black is the colour of my true love's hair
Her face so soft and wonderous fair
The purest eyes and the strongest hands
I love the ground on where she stands
I love the ground on where, on where she stands I love the ground on where, on where she stands

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