

Black Is the Color

Espers

(Traditional)Black is the color of my true love's hair

His face is like some wondrous fair

With the prettiest face and the neatest hands

I love the ground whereon he standsI love my love

And well he knows

I love the ground whereon he goes

If you know ???

.....

I can serve you

As you have meI go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep

But satisfied I never can sleep

I'll write him a letter, just a few short lines

I'll suffer death one thousand timesBlack is the color of my true love's hair

His face is like some wondrous fair

With the prettiest face and the neatest hands

I love the ground whereon he stands

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