

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>