

Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Judy Collins

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair
His lips are like some rosey fair
The finest face and the neatest hands
I love the ground where on he stands

I love my love and well he knows
I love the grass where on he goes
If he on earth no more I did see
My life will quickly fade away.

I'll climb up the mountain for to mourn and weep
For satisfied, I'll never sleep
I'll write to you in a few little lines
I'll suffer death ten thousand times

The winter is past and the leaves are green
The time is gone that we have seen
But still I long for the day to come
When you and I will be as one.

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