

## Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Patti Page

But Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
His face is like some rosy fair  
The prettiest face and the neatest hands  
I love the ground whereon he stands

I love my love and well he knows  
I love the ground whereon he goes  
If you no more on earth I see  
I can't serve you as you have me

The winter's passed and the leaves are green  
The time is passed that we have seen  
But still I hope the time will come  
When you and I shall be as one

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep  
But satisfied I never could sleep  
I'll write to you a few short lines  
I'll suffer death one thousand times

So fare you well, my own true love  
The time has passed, but I wish you well  
But still I hope the time will come  
When you and I will be as one

I love my love and well he knows  
I love the ground whereon he goes  
The prettiest face, the neatest hands  
I love the ground whereon he stands