

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