

Irish Song Lyrics

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BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HAIR

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some rosy fair
The purest eyes and the neatest hands
I love the ground whereon she stands

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

I know my love and well she knows
I love the grass whereon she goes
If she on earth no more I see
My life will quickly fade away

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

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I love the ground whereon she stands