

Joan Baez, Black Is The Color Of My True Love's

Black, black, black is the colour of my true love's hair.
His lips are something wond'rous fair
The purest eyes and the bravest hands.
I love the grass whereon he stands.
I love my love and well he knows,
I love the ground whereon he goes
And if my love no more I see
my life would quickly fade away.
Black, black, black is the colour of my true love's hair.