

# The Twilight Singers, Black Is The Color Of My True

Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
Her face so soft and wonderous fair  
The purest eyes and the strongest hands  
I love the ground on where she stands  
I love the ground on where, on where she stands  
Oh, I love my lover, and well she knows  
Yes, I love the ground on where she goes  
And still I hope that the time will come  
When she and I will be, will be as one  
When she and I will be, will be as one  
to be oh (?)  
So black is the colour of my true love's hair  
Her face so soft and wonderous fair  
The purest eyes and the strongest hands  
I love the ground on where she stands  
I love the ground on where, on where she stands  
I love the ground on where, on where she stands