

Espers, Black Is The Color

(Traditional)

Black is the color of my true love's hair
His face is like some wondrous fair
With the prettiest face and the neatest hands
I love the ground whereon he stands

I love my love
And whell he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
If you know ???

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I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep
But satisfied I never can sleep
I'll write him a letter, just a few short lines
I'll suffer death one thousand times

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