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## 411 "Black Is The Color"

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(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 ???

. . . . .

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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