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Espers "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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