

Nina Simone

"Black is The Color of My True Love's Hair"

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Black is the color of my true love's hair
His face is like roses so fair
He's the prettiest face
and the neatest of hands
I love the ground on where he stands

Oh I love my love
and this he knows
I love the ground on whereon he goes
If you no more on earth I see,
I can't serve you as you have me

The winters passed and the leaves are green
the time is passed that we have seen
But still I hope the time will come
when you and I will be as one
I go to the Clyde to mourn and weep,
but satisfied I never could sleep
I write you a letter
just a few short lines
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

So fare you well my ain true love
The time has passed but I wish you well
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I will be as one.

I love my love and this he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
He's the prettiest face and the neatest of hands,
I love the ground whereon he stands.

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