

## Eimear Quinn

### "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 lips are like some roses fair  
He has the sweetest smile the gentlest hands  
And I love the ground whereon he stands

I love my love, and well he knows  
I love the ground whereon he goes  
I wish the day soon would come  
When he and I will be as one

And black is the color of my true love's hair  
His lips are like some roses fair  
He has the sweetest smile the gentlest hands  
And I love the ground whereon he stands

I go to the Clyde and mourn and weep  
But satisfied I never shall be  
I'll write him a letter with a few short lines  
and suffer death a thousand times

For black is the color of my true love's hair  
His lips are like some roses fair  
he has the sweetest smile the gentlest hands  
And I love the ground whereon he stands  
I love the ground whereon he stands

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