

Twang

"Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair"

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Black is the colour of my true love's hair
Her face so soft and wonderous fair
The purest eyes and the strongest hands
I love the ground on where she stands
I love the ground on where, on where she stands

Oh, I love my lover, and well she knows
Yes, I love the ground on where she goes
And still I hope that the time will come
When she and I will be, will be as one
When she and I will be, will be as one
To be oh (?)

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