

My True Love

Cherryholmes

Blue is the sky and green is the tree
Warm is the gentle breeze that blows across my cheek
I gaze at a cloud high up above
And in a dream I see the face of my one true love

Chorus:

Love, love, my true love
Lo, the days grow long
Love, love, please come to me before my youth is gone

Will his hair be gold, his eyes hazel green
Or will his hair be dark with eyes as blue as the sea
And if he be a king, great wealth will be mine
And if my love be penniless, on poor man's fare I'll dine

Chorus

Hurry, love, please hurry now, don't waste another day
Don't wait until my auburn hair has turned to silver grey

Chorus