

## Black Is the Color

Wye Oak

Black black black  
Is the color of my true love's hair  
His face is something wondrous fair  
The purest eyes and the strongest hands  
I love the ground on which he stands

I love my love and well he knows  
I follow him wherever he goes  
I write him a letter, can't sing him these lines  
I'll suffer death a thousand times

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I love the ground on which he stands

I'll go to Troublesome to mourn, to weep  
But satisfied I'll never keep  
If he on earth no more would stay  
My life will quickly fade away

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