

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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