

## Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Joan Baez

Black, black, black is the colour of my true love's hair.  
His lips are something wond'rous fair  
The purest eyes and the bravest hands.  
I love the grass whereon he stands.  
I love my love and well he knows,  
I love the ground whereon he goes  
And if my love no more I see  
my life would quickly fade away.  
Black, black, black is the colour of my true love's hair.