

Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Nina Simone

Black is the color of my true love's hair
His face is like roses so fair
He's the prettiest face
and the neatest of hands
I love the ground on where he stands

Oh I love my love
and this he knows
I love the ground on whereon he goes
If you no more on earth I see,
I can't serve you as you have me

The winters passed and the leaves are green
the time is passed that we have seen
But still I hope the time will come
when you and I will be as one

I go to the Clyde to mourn and weep,
but satisfied I never could sleep
I write you a letter
just a few short lines
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

So fare you well my ain true love
The time has passed but I wish you well
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I will be as one.

I love my love and this he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
He's the prettiest face and the neatest of hands,
I love the ground whereon he stands.