

Black is the Color

Folksong aus USA
Monochordsatz: Karlheinz M. Weiß

Black is the Co-lor of my true love's hair, Her lips are like some ros - y fair,

the pur - est eyes and the neat - est hands, I love the ground where - on she stands.

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2. I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep,
But satisfied I never can sleep,
I'll write to you in a few short lines,
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.
3. I know my love and well she knows,
I love the grass whereon she goes,
If she on earth no more I see,
My life will quickly fade away.
4. A winter's past and the leaves are green.
The time has passed that we have seen,
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I will be as one.