

Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair

An American Folksong [Am]

Set by *John Jacob Niles* (1892–1980) [Am]

Black **is** **the** **color** **of** **my** **true** **love's** **hair,**
[blæk ɪz ðə 'kɒl.ə ɒv mə:ɪ tru lʌvz heə]

Her lips are something rosy fair,
The pertest face and the daintiest hands
I love the grass whereon she stands.

I love 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 leave me.

I go to Troublesome to mourn, to weep,
But satisfied I ne'er can sleep;
I'll write her a note in a few little lines,
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

