

Black Is the Color

arr. David P. DeVenney

Andante, but moving

Choir

Piano

mp Black, black, black is the co-lor of my true love's hair. Her

Choir

Pno.

lips _____ are some-thing ro-sy fair the pur - est eyes, and the dain - tiest hands, I

mp

Ped. Ped.

Choir

Pno.

love _____ the ground where on she stands. *mf* I know my love and

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Choir *mp* What won-drous love is this, what won-drous love is this, what won-drous love is
 well she knows. I love the grass where-on she goes; *f* if

Pno. *mp*

Ped.

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Choir this! Whatwondrous love is this, that gives my heartsuch bliss, that gives my heart such
 she on earth no more I see, My life wouldquick ly leave me; such

Pno. *rall.*

Ped.

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Choir bliss! *A tempo* A win - ter'spastand the leaves are green; the time has past that we have seen, but
 bliss!

Pno. *p*