

# Black Is The Colour

## Celtic Woman

Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
her lips are like some roses fair  
she has the sweetest face  
and the gentlest hands  
and I love the ground where on she stands I love my love and well she knows  
I love the ground where on she goes  
and how I wish the day would come  
when she and I can be as one Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
her lips are like some roses fair  
she has the sweetest face  
and the gentlest hands  
and I love the ground where on she stands  
I love the ground where on she stands Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
her lips are like a rose so fair  
she has the sweetest face  
and the gentlest hands  
and I love the ground where on she stands  
I love the ground where on she stands  
I love the ground where on she stands

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