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 standsI 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 oneBlack 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 standsBlack 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/