

# Black Is the Colour

## Celtic Thunder

Black is the color of my true love`s hair  
Her lips are like some roses fair  
She`s got the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands.  
I love the ground whereon she stands I love my love and well she knows  
I love the ground whereon she goes.  
But I wish the day soon will come  
When she and I could be as one Black is the color of my true love`s hair  
Her lips are like some roses fair  
She`s got the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands.  
I love the ground whereon she stands I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep  
But satisfied I never can sleep  
I'll write her a letter, just a few short lines  
And suffer death a thousand times

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