Black Is The Colour

Sheoda

Black is the color of my true loves hair
His lips are like some roses fair
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon he stands
I love my love and well, he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
I wish that day would soon come
When he and I can be as one
I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep
For satisfied I never sleep
I write him letters just a few short lines
And I suffer death ten thousand times
Black is the color of my true loves hair
His lips are like some roses fair
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon he stands
I love the ground whereon he stands
I love, I love, I love the ground whereon he stands

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