Black Is the Colour

Luka Bloom

Black is the colour of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some rose so fair
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
Oh, I love the ground whereon she standsI love my love, and well she knows
I love the ground whereon she goes
I wish the day it soon might come
When she and I might be as oneBlack is the colour of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some rose so fair
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
Oh, I love the ground whereon she standsI'll go to the Clyde and mourn and weep
Where satisfied I never shall be
Write her a letter, just a few short lines
And suffer death 10,000 times

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