

# Black Is the Colour

[Christy Moore](#)

Black is the colour of my true love's hair,  
Her lips are like some roses fair,  
She's 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,  
I wish the day, it soon would come,  
When she & I could be as one. Black is the colour of my true love's hair,  
Her lips are like some roses fair,  
She's the sweetest smile, And the gentlest hands,  
I love the ground, Whereon she stands.  
I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep,  
For satisfied, I ne'er can be,  
I write her a letter, just a few short lines,  
And suffer death, a thousand times. Black is the colour of my true love's hair,  
Her lips are like some roses fair,  
She's the sweetest smile, And the gentlest hands,  
I love the ground, Whereon she stands.

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