Black Is the Colour

Cara Dillon

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like a rose so fair
She's got the sweetest face and the gentlest hands
I love the ground whereon she standsI love my love and well she knows
I love the ground whereon she goes
And how I wish the day would come
When she and I can be as oneI go to the Clyde and mourn and weep
Satisfied I never will sleep
I'll write her a letter just a few short lines
And suffer death ten thousand times

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