

Black is the Colour

artist:Christy Moore , writer:Traditional

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 where on she stands.

I love my love - well she knows.
I love the ground where on she goes.
I wish the day it soon would come
When she and I could be as one.

I go to the Clyde and mourn and weep
Satisfied I never can be.
I write her a letter, just a few short lines
And suffer death a thousand times.

For 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 where on she stands.