

## Black Is the Colour (Of My True Love's Hair)

Katherine Jenkins

Black is the color of my true love's hair  
His lips are like a rose so fair  
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands  
And I love the ground where on he stands

I love my love and well, he knows  
I love the ground where on he goes  
And how I wish the day would come  
When he and I will be as one

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His lips are like a rose so fair  
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands  
And I love the ground where on he stands

I go to the Clyde and mourn and weep  
Satisfied I never will sleep  
I will write him a letter just a few short lines  
And suffer death ten thousand times

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