

Black Is The Colour

Cara Dillon

Black is the colour 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 stands.

I 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 one.

I 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.