

Black Is The Color

Celtic Thunder

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She's 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.
But some times I wish the day will come
That she and I will be as one

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I walk to the Clyde for to mourn and weep
But satisfied I never can sleep
I'll write her a letter, just a few short lines
And suffer death ten thousand times

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