

Black Is The Colour

Elane

Black is the colour of my true love's hair
his lips are like some roses fair
has the sweetest face and the neatest hands
I love the ground where on he stands

I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground where on he goes
I wish the day it soon would come
when he and I could be as one

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep
for satisfied I neer can be
I write him a letter, just a few short lines
and suffer death a thousand times

I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground where on he goes
I wish the day it soon would come
when he and I could be as one