

## 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