

## Black Is The Colour

Isobel Campbell

Oh black is the colour of my true love's hair  
His face is softly, wonder's fair  
The prettiest eyes and the neatest hands  
I love the ground whereon he stands

I love my love and well he knows  
I love the ground whereon he goes  
You on earth, no more I see  
I can't serve you as you have me

The winter's passed and the leaves are green  
Time has passed that we have seen  
But still I hope the time will come  
When you and I shall be as one

I go to the Clyde for to mourn, to weep  
For satisfied I never can sleep  
I write to you in a few little lines  
And suffer death ten thousand times

Oh black is the colour of my true love's hair  
His face is soft, wonder's fair  
The prettiest hopes and the neatest hands  
I love the ground whereon he stands