

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

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I love the ground whereon he stands