

Black Is the Colour

Joan Baez

Black is the colour of my true loves hair
Her lips are like a rose so fair
She's got the sweetest smile 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
And how I wish the day would come
When she and I can be as one

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Her lips are like a rose so fair
She's got the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
I love the ground whereon she stands

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep
Satisfied I never can be
I write her a letter, just a few short lines
And suffer death a thousand times