

Gaelic Storm

"Black Is The Colour"

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Chorus:

Now black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
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 where on she goes
I hope the day will one day come
When she and I will be as one

Chorus:

Now black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
The sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
Oh, I love the ground whereon she stands

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

Chorus:

Now black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
The sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
I love the ground whereon she stands

I love the ground whereon she stands

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