

Isobel Campbell

"Black Is The Colour"

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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

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