

## **Cara Dillon**

### **"Black Ic The Colour"**

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Black in the colour of my true love's hair  
Her lips are like a rose so fair  
She's got the sweetest face 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

I go to the Clyde and mourn and weep  
Satisfied I never will sleep  
I'll write her a letter, just a few short lines  
And suffer death ten thousand times

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