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## Cara Dillon "Black Is the Colour"

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Black is 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 whish 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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