

Celtic Woman

"Black Is The Colour"

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Black is the colour of my true love's hair
her lips are like some roses fair
she has the sweetest face
and the gentlest hands
and I love the ground where on she stands

I love my love and well she knows
I love the ground where on she goes
and how I wish the day would come
when she and I can be as one

Black is the colour of my true love's hair
her lips are like some roses fair
she has the sweetest face
and the gentlest hands
and I love the ground where on she stands
I love the ground where on she stands

Black is the colour of my true love's hair
her lips are like a rose so fair
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