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Luka Bloom "Black Is The Colour"

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Black is the colour of my true love's hair Her lips are like some rose so fair She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands Oh, I love the ground whereon she stands

I love my love, and well she knows I love the ground whereon she goes I wish the day it soon might come When she and I might be as one

Black is the colour of my true love's hair Her lips are like some rose so fair She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands Oh, I love the ground whereon she stands

I'll go to the Clyde and mourn and weep Where satisfied I never shall be Write her a letter, just a few short lines And suffer death 10,000 times

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