Angelo Kelly, Black is the colour

Black is the colour of my true love's hair Her lips are like some roses fair She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands I love the ground whereon she stands I love my love and well she knows I love the grounds whereon she goes I wish the day it soon would come When she and I can be as one I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep For satisfied I never can be I write her a letter, just a few short lines And suffer death a thousand times Black is the colour of my true love's hair Her lips are like some roses fair She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands And I love the grounds whereon she stands I love the grounds whereon she stands