

# Luka Bloom, Black Is The Colour

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

Chorus:  
Black is the colour...

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

Chorus:  
Black is the colour...