

## 2 Devine, Black Is The Colour

Black is the colour of my true loves hair.  
Her lips are like a rose so fair.  
Shes 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 wish 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.  
Ill write her a letter, just a few short lines  
And suffer death ten thousand times.