

Christy Moore, 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
And 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 would come
When she and I could be as one.

I go 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.

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