

Gaelic Storm, Black Is The Colour

Chorus:

Black is the colour of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
The sweetest smile the gentlest hands
I love the ground where on she stands

I live my love and well she knows
I love the ground where on she goes
I hope the day will one day come
When she and i will be as one

Chorus

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep
For satisfied i never can be
I write her letters, jsut a few short lines
and suffer death a thousand times

Chorus

I love the ground where on she stands