

# 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