

## Black Is the Colour

Joan Baez

Black is the colour of my true loves hair  
Her lips are like a rose so fair  
She's got the sweetest smile 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

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Her lips are like a rose so fair  
She's got the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands  
I love the ground whereon she stands

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep  
Satisfied I never can be  
I write her a letter, just a few short lines  
And suffer death a thousand times