

Black Is the Colour (Of My True Love's Hair)

Katherine Jenkins

Black is the color of my true love's hair
His lips are like a rose so fair
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground where on he stands

I love my love and well, he knows
I love the ground where on he goes
And how I wish the day would come
When he and I will be as one

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He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground where on he stands

I go to the Clyde and mourn and weep
Satisfied I never will sleep
I will write him a letter just a few short lines
And suffer death ten thousand times

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