

# Black Is The Colour

USA

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1. But black is the  
co-lour of my true love's hair, his face is  
like some rosy fair, the pret - tiest  
face and the neat - est hands, I love the  
ground where - on he stands.

2. I love my love and well he knows,  
I love the ground whereon he goes.  
If you no more on earth I see,  
I can't serve you as you have me.
3. The winter's passed and the leaves are green,  
the time is passed that we have seen,  
but still I hope the time will come,  
when you and I shall be as one.
4. I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep,  
but satisfied I never could sleep.  
I'll write to you a few short lines,  
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.
5. So fare you well, my own true love,  
the time has passed, but I wish you well.  
But still I hope the time will come  
when you and I will be as one.