## **Black is the Colour**

## **Celtic Woman**

Black is the colour of my true love's hair her lips are like some roses fair she has the sweetest face and the gentlest hands and I love the ground where on she stands

I love my love and well she knows
I love the ground where on she goes
and how I wish the day would come
when she and I can be as one

Black is the colour of my true love's hair

her lips are like some roses fair she has the sweetest face and the gentlest hands and I love the ground where on she stands I love the ground where on she stands

Black is the colour of my true love's hair her lips are like a rose so fair she has the sweetest face and the gentlest hands and I love the ground where on she stands I love the ground where on she stands I love the ground where on she stands