

BLACK IS THE COLOUR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HAIR

BUT BLACK IS THE COLOUR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S
HAIR.

HER FACE IS LIKE SOME ROSY FAIR,
THE PRETTIEST FACE AND THE NEATEST HANDS,
I LOVE THE GROUND WHEREON SHE STANDS

I LOVE MY LOVE AND WELL SHE KNOWS,
I LOVE THE GROUND WHEREON SHE GOES,
IF YOU NO MORE ON EARTH I SEE,
I CAN'T SERVE YOU AS YOU HAVE ME.

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.

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.

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.

