

Black Is The Colour

English Trad.

Am Em Am Dm Em

Black is the colour of my true love's hair. Her lips are like some roses fair. The

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sweetest smile and the gentlest hands, I love the ground whereon she stands.

Black is the colour
of my true love's hair.
Her lips are like
some roses fair.
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.
I wish the day
it soon would come,
When she and I
could be as one.

I go to the Clyde
and I mourn and weep.
For satisfied
I ne'er can be.
I write her a letter,
just a few short lines,
And suffer death
a thousand times.