

Black is the Colour Trad. Scottish

Verse 1:

F G Am
Black is the colour of my true loves hair
F G E7
Her lips are like some roses fair
F G E7
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
F G Am
And I love the ground whereon she stands

Verse 2:

F G Am
I love my love and well she knows
F G E7
I love the ground whereon she goes
F G E7
I wish the day it soon would come
F G Am
When she and I would be as one

Verse 3:

F G Am
I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep
F G E7
For satisfied I ne'er can be
F G E7
I wrote her a letter just a few short lines
F G Am
And suffer death a thousand times

Verse 1 reprise:

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