

Black is the Colour

Am F G Am
Verse1: Black is the colour of my true loves hair
F C E7
Her lips are like some roses fair
F C E7
She had the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
F G Am
And I love the ground whereon she stands

Verse2:

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 would be as one

Verse3:

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

Verse4: Repeat verse 1