

Black is the Color

D A D capo 1

Trad.

Oh, black is the col - or of my true love's hair,

0	0	0	0
0	0	0 3	0
5 5 0 0	3 3	4 3 0	0

Her lips are like some ros - y fair,

0	0		5
0	0		5
5 5 7	8	8 9 8 7	5

the pur - est eyes and the neat - est hands

	0		4
	0		4
5 5 7	8	7 8 9 8 7	4

I love the ground where - on she stands.

	0		0
	0	3	0
5 5 0	3	4 3 0	0

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep,
 But satisfied I can never sleep
 I'll write to you in a few short lines,
 I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

I know my love and well she knows
 I love the grass whereon she goes
 If she on earth no more I see,
 My life will quickly fade away.

A winter's past and the leaves are green
 The time has passed that we have seen
 But still I hope the time will come
 When you and I will be as one.