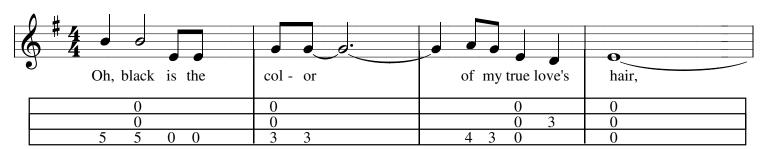
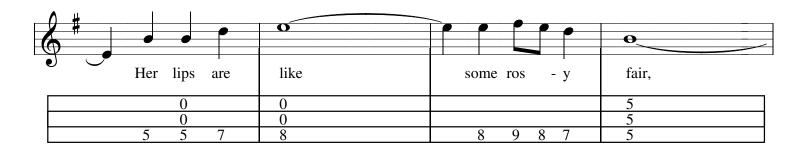
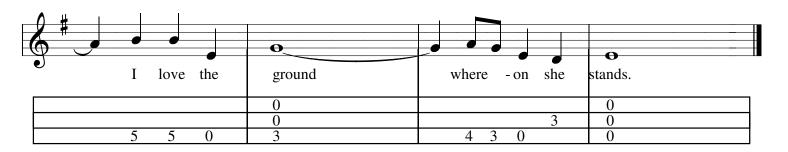
Black is the Color

D A D capo 1 Trad.









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.