

Black Is The Colour
Christy Moore

[Verse 1]

Am **F** **G** **Am**
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 gentelest hands
 F **G** **Am**
and i love the ground whereon she stands

[Verse 2]

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

[Verse 3]

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

[Verse 4]

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