

Black Is The Colour

C **Gm** **C**
Black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Gm **C** **Gm** **C**
Her lips are like some rosy fair;
Gm **C** **Gm** **C** **Gm** **C**
The purest eyes and the neatest hands,
Gm **C**
I love the ground where- on she stands.

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep,
But satisfied I never can 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.