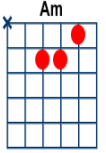


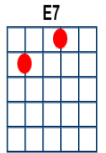
Black is the Colour

artist:Christy Moore writer:Traditional

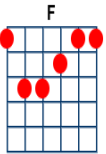
Christy Moore: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B5KVBpKu8Oo>



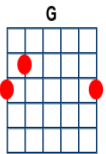
[Am] Black is the [F] colour [G] of my true love's [Am] hair.
Her lips are [F] like some [G] roses [E7] fair.
She's the sweetest [F] smile and the [G] gentlest [E7] hands.
I love the [F] ground [G] where on she [Am] stands.



[Am] I love my [F] love - [G] well she [Am] knows.
I love the [F] ground where on [G] she [E7] goes.
I wish the [F] day it [G] soon would [E7] come
When she and [F] I [G] could be as [Am] one.



[Am] I go to the [F] Clyde [G] and mourn and [Am] weep
Satis [F] fied I [G] never can [E7] be.
I write her a [F] letter, just a [G] few short [E7] lines
And suffer [F] death [G] a thousand [Am] times.



For [Am] Black is the [F] colour [G] of my true love's [Am] hair.
Her lips are [F] like some [G] roses [E7] fair.
She's the sweetest [F] smile and the [G] gentlest [E7] hands.
I love the [F] ground [G] where on she [Am] stands.