

Black is the Colour by Christy Moore

Am F G | Am - Asus2 |
1. Black is the co-lour____ Of my true love's hair
Am F G E7
Her lips are like____ Some ro-ses fair
E7 F G E7
She has the sweet-est smile____ And the gent-lest hands,
E7 F G | Am - Asus2 |
And I love the ground____ Where-on she stands

Am F G | Am - Asus2 |
2. I love my love____ And well she knows
Am F G E7
I love the ground____ Where-on she goes
E7 F G E7
I wish the day____ It soon would come
E7 F G | Am - Asus2 |
When she and I____ could be as one

Am F G | Am - Asus2 |
3. I go to the Clyde____ And I mourn and weep
Am F G E7
Sat-is-fied____ I ne-ver can be
E7 F G E7
I write her a let-ter____ Just a few short lines
E7 F G | Am - Asus2 |
And suf-fer death____ A thou-sand times

Am F G | Am - Asus2 |
4. Black is the co-lour____ Of my true love's hair
Am F G E7
Her lips are like____ Some ro-ses fair
E7 F G E7
She has the sweet-est smile____ And the gent-lest hands
E7 F G | Am - Asus2 |
And I love the ground____ Where-on she stands