

Black Is the Colour Key Am

(Suggested chords for finger-picking – as on video lesson)

Fmaj7 Gadd6 Am Am
Black is the colour of my true love's hair,

F F G G Esus4 E
Her lips are like some ro - ses fair,

F F G G Esus4 E
She's the sweetest smile, and the gent - lest hands,

Fmaj7 Gadd6 Am Am
I love the ground, whereon she stands.

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 could be as one.

Black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some roses fair,
She's the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands,
I love the ground whereon she stands.

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep,
For satisfied, I ne'er can be,
I write her a letter, just a few short lines,
And suffer death, a thousand times.

Black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some roses fair,
She's the sweetest smile, And the gentlest hands,
I love the ground, Whereon she stands.