

Christy Moore "Black Is The Colour"

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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 love my love and well she knows,
I love the ground, whereon she goes,
I wish the day, it soon would come,
When she & 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.

(Guitar)

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.

Traditional ballad (Scotland)

This version - Christy Moore

Key : Am

Chords :

(Am), F, G, Am,

F, G, E,

F, G, E,

F, G, Am

(gd/naas)

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