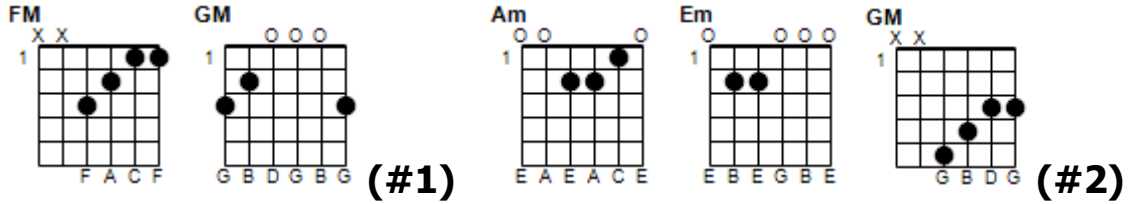


Black Is The Color

Traditional



FM
FM

GM
GM

Am
Am

Black is the color of my true love's hair
 Her lips are like some rose so fair
 She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
 Oh, I love the ground whereon she stands
 I love my love, and well she knows
 And I love the ground whereon she goes
 I wish the day it soon might come
 When she and I might be as one
 Black is the color of my true love's hair
 Her lips are like some rose so fair
 She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
 Oh, I love the ground whereon she stands

Oh, I love the ground **FM** **GM** whereon she stands... **FM**
GM (#2) **FM** **Am** **FM** **GM (#2)** **FM** **FM**
 I'll go to the Clyde **FM** **GM** in the morn' and weep **Am**
 Where satisfied **FM** **GM** I never shall be **Am**
 Write her a letter, **FM** **GM** oh, just a few short lines **Am** **FM**
 And suffer death **FM** **GM** ten-thousand **Am** times **Am**
 Black is the color **FM** **GM** of my true love's hair **Am**
 Her lips are like **FM** **GM** some rose so fair **Am**
 She has the sweetest smile **FM** **G** and the gentlest hands **Am** **FM**
 Oh, I love the ground **FM** **GM** whereon she stands **Am**
 Oh, I love the very ground **FM** **GM** whereon she stands **FM**
GM (#2) **FM** **Am** **FM** **GM (#2)** **FM** **FM** **Am**