

Black is the colour

Short intro (count in Shirley: 1,2,3,4)

uuuhh uuuhh

Vers 1.

uuuhh

Black is the colour of my true loves hair

Her lips are like some roses fair

She had the sweetest smile

And the gentlest hands

And I love the ground, whereon she stands

Vers 2.

uuuhh

I love my love and well she knows

I love the ground where on she goes

I wish the day it soon would come

When she and I would be as one

Vers 3.

aaaahh

I go to Clyde and I mourn and weep

For satisfied, I ne'er can be

I wrote her a letter, just a few short lines

And suffer death, a thousand times

Vers 4.

aaaah

Black is the colour of my true loves hair

Her lips are like some roses fair

She had the sweetest smile

And the gentlest hands (***ab jetzt mmmhh***)

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