

Black is the Colour

(Text und Melodie: An Cath Dubh)

am C G am
Black is the colour of my true love's hair
 F C am
her lips are like some roses fair
 F C am
she has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
 C G am
and 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

I go to the clyde and I moarn and weep
for satisfied I no longer can be
I wrote her a letter just a few short lines
and suffer death a thousand times