

Black Is The Colour

Burns

Am F G Am
Black is the colour of my true love's hair
Am F G E7
Her lips are like some roses fair
E7 F G Am
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
Am F G 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.

I go the Clyde and I mourn and weep
Satisfied I'll never sleep
I write her a letter, just a few short lines
And suffer death a thousand times.

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