

Black Is the Color

A wistful song from the Southern Appalachians, concerned with a lover who has been untrue. Originally it was sung from a woman's point of view about a man who left her for someone new.



American

Slowly

Em Em7 Cmaj7 Em Bm7 Em9 Em

1. Black, black, black is the col-or of my true love's hair, Her
 2. I _____ go to the Clyde_for to mourn and weep, But

Am Cmaj7 D

lips _____ are like a rose_ so fair; The_ pur - est_ eyes and the
 sat - is - fied I nev-er can sleep; I'll_ write to_ you in a

Am Em Am

neat - est_ hands, I love _____ the ground where - on she stands.
 few_ short_ lines, I'll suf - fer death ten thou-sand times.

Em Em7 Cmaj7 Em Bm7 Em9



Black, black, black is the col-or of my true love's hair.
Black, black, black is the col-or of my true love's hair.

