

INSTRUMENTAL FIRST VERSE

[Am] Black is the [F] colour [G] of my true love's [Am] hair
Her lips are [F] like [G] some roses [Am] fair,
She's the sweetest [F] smile, [G] and the gentlest [E7] hands,
I love the [F] ground, [G] whereon she [Am] stands.

I love my [F] love [G] and well she [Am] knows,
I love the [F] ground, [G] whereon she [Am] goes,
I wish the [F] day, [G] it soon would [E7] come,
When she and [F] I [G] could be as [Am] one.

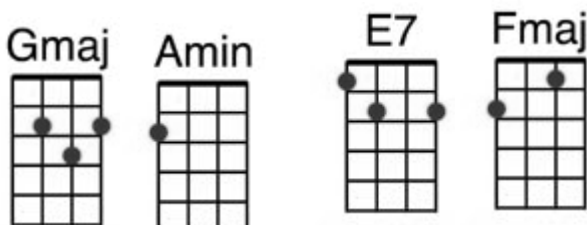
INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

I go to the [F] Clyde [G] and I mourn and [Am] weep,
For satis-[F]fied, [G] I ne'er can [Am] be,
I write her a [F] letter, [G] just a few short [E7] lines,
And suffer [F] death, [G] a thousand [Am] times.

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She's the sweetest [F] smile, [G] and the gentlest [E7] hands,
I love the [F] ground, [G] whereon she [Am] stands.

I love my [F] love [G] and well she [Am] knows,
I love the [F] ground, [G] whereon she [Am] goes,
I wish the [F] day, [G] it soon would [E7] come,
When she and [F] I [G] could be as [Am] one.

SLOWLY When she and [F] I [G] could be as [Am] one.



Ack: Bridgnorth Ukulele Band 2011