

Black is the colour

U.S.A.

1. But black is the co - lour of my true love's hair, His face is
 2. I love my love _____ and well he knows I love the

3
 like some ro - sy fair; The pret - tiest face and the neat - est
 ground where - on _____ he goes. If you no more _____ on earth I

6
 hands, I love the ground _____ where - on he stands.
 see, I can't serve you _____ as you have me.

3. The winter's passed and the leaves are green,
 The time is passed that we have seen,
 But still I hope the time will come
 When you and I shall be as one.
4. I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep,
 But satisfied I never could sleep.
 I'll write you in a few short lines,
 I'll suffer death ten thousand times.
5. I love my love and well he knows
 I love the ground whereon he goes;
 The prettiest face, the neatest hands,
 I love the ground whereon he stands.

Notated in the Appalachian Mountains by the famous folksong collector Cecil Sharp, this is one of the best-known American songs. A male singer could adapt the words by singing '*Her* face', '*she* stands' etc. Enjoy the two different Cs (natural in the higher octave, sharp in the lower). The pause on the first note should be held only as long as the singer feels is natural.