

Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Southern Appalachian Folksong

Adagio ♩ = 63

Dm Gm7 Am7 Dm

1. Black is the col - or of my true love's hair; His face is
 (2.) love _____ and well he knows I love the
 3.-6. See additional lyrics

Am7 Dm Am/C Bb Am7

like some ros - y fair; the pret - tiest face and the neat - est
 ground where - on he goes. If you no more _____ on Earth I

Dm Gm7 Am7 1.-5. 6.
 Dm Dm

hands, I love the ground where-on he stands. 2. I love my stands.
 see I can't serve you _____ as you have me. 3. The win - ter's

Additional Lyrics

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 Clyde for to mourn and weep,
 But satisfied I could never sleep,
 I'll write to you in a few short lines,
 I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

5: So you are well, my own true love,
 The time has passed, but I wish you well;
 But still I hope the time will come
 When you and I will be as one.

6: 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.