Black Is The Color (a.k.a. "The Sailor's Sweetheart", "Black Is The Color Of My true Love's Hair")

Words & Music: Traditional

This is an old dating song, believed to be English or Scottish in origin. Some of the many lyric variations follow. This is in the July 2006 issue of <u>Acoustic Guitar</u>.

INTRO: Em D Em D

Em D Em Black is the color of my true love's hair. Em Her face is something wond'rous fair. Em Am Em The purest eyes and the daintiest hands. Em Am B7 Em Em Am9 Em(add9) I love the ground on which she stands

I love my love and well she knows I'll follow her where e'er she goes. I'll writer her a letter containing these lines. I'll suffer death a thousand times.

I'll go to the Clyde for to mourn & weep; But satisfied I can ne'er sleep. If she on Earth no more would stay, my life would quickly fade away.

"Black Is The Colour" - Christy Moore version:

CHORUS: Black is the colour of my true love's hair, Her lips are like some roses fair, She's the sweetest smile, and the gentlest hands, 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 & I could be as one. CHORUS:

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep, For satisfied, I ne'er can be, I write her a letter, just a few short lines, And suffer death, a thousand times.

CHORUS:

"The Sailor's Sweetheart" version:

Black is the color of my true love's hair, His cheeks are as red as th' roses fair. If he would return it would give me joy, For none will I have but my sweet sailor boy. Oh, mother, oh mother, go build me a boat, That over th' ocean I may float, An' ev'ry ship that I pass by Where I may enquire for my sweet sailor boy.

She built her a boat an' she floated on the main, She spied three ships just out of Spain, She ask of the captain as he drew nigh, Of him she did enquire of her sweet sailor boy.

Fair lady, fair lady, that never can be, For he was drownded in the gulf sea, Near by Rock Isle as we pass by, There's where we lost your sweet sailor boy.

She stove her vessel against the rock, An' I thought this lady's heart was broke, She wrung her hands an' tore her hair, Just like some lady in great dispair.

Go bring me a chair an' set me down, An' a pen and ink to write it down, At the end of every line she dropped a tear, At the end of the verse cried oh my dear.

There's only one thing that I crave, is a marble tomp stone on my grave, And on my breast a mournin' dove to show the world I died for love.