

BLACK IS THE COLOUR

Traditionnel écossais

(Am) F G Am
Black is the colour of my true love's hair,

F G E
Her lips are like some roses fair,

F G E
She's the sweetest smile, And the gentlest hands,

F G Am
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 and I could be as one.

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 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.

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.

Cette version est chantée par

Christy Moore

Isobel Anderson - Ruby Colley

Cette chanson sera reprise avec des versions qui s'adressent parfois aux femmes, parfois aux hommes.

La version de Nina Simone s'adressant à un homme sera la plus populaire.

Nina Simone

la chante dans cette version :

*Black is the color of my true love's hair
His face so soft and wondrous fair
The purest eyes
And the strongest hands
I love the ground on where he stands
I love the ground on where he stands*

*Black is the color of my true love's hair
Of my true love's hair
Of my true love's hair*

*Oh i love my lover
And where he goes
Yes, i love the ground on where he goes
And still i hope
That the time will come
When he and i will be as one*

Black is the color of my true love's hair