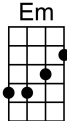
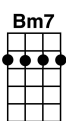
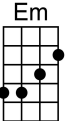


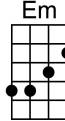
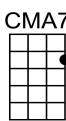
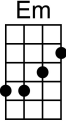
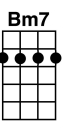
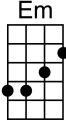
# Black Is the Color (His Hair)

American Folk Song

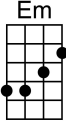
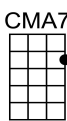
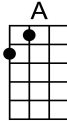
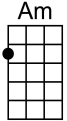
Arranged by: Ron Chamberlin

Bar the second fret to play the Em and then everything else will be easy.

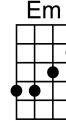
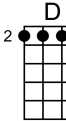
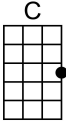
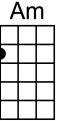
4/4 Time – INTRO:  / / /  / / /  / / /

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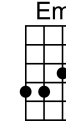
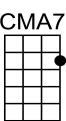
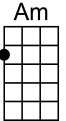
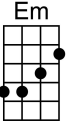
Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair.

/  / /    / /

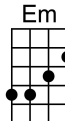
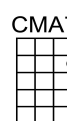
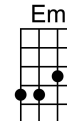
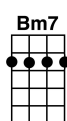
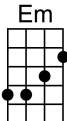
His lips are something wond'rous fair

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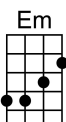
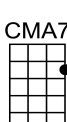
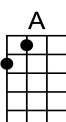
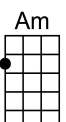
The pure - est eyes and the strong - est hands.

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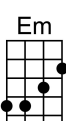
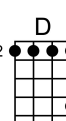
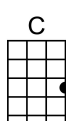
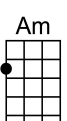
I love the grass where - on he stands.

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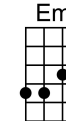
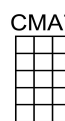
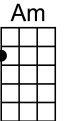
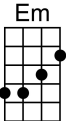
Love, I love my love and well he knows,

/  / /    / /

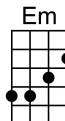

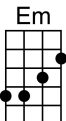
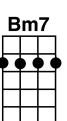
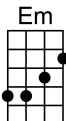
I love the ground where - on he goes

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And if my love no more I see

/  / /   / / /  / / /

My life would quick - ly fade a - way.

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Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair.