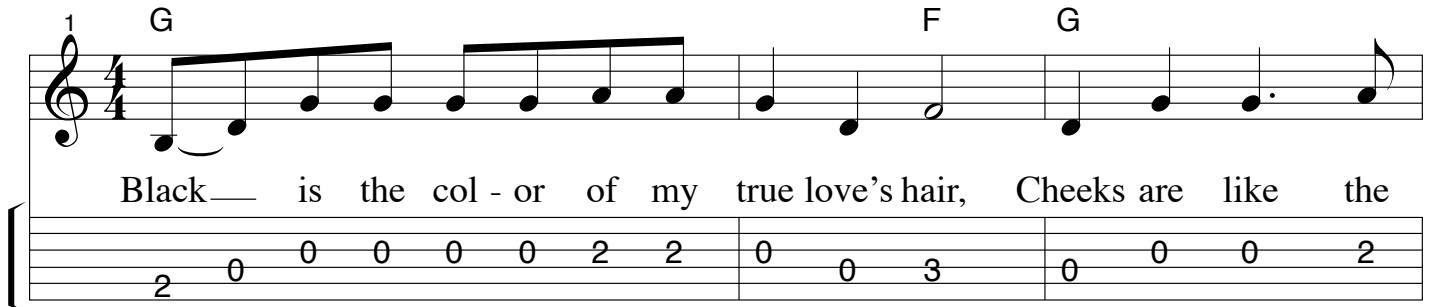


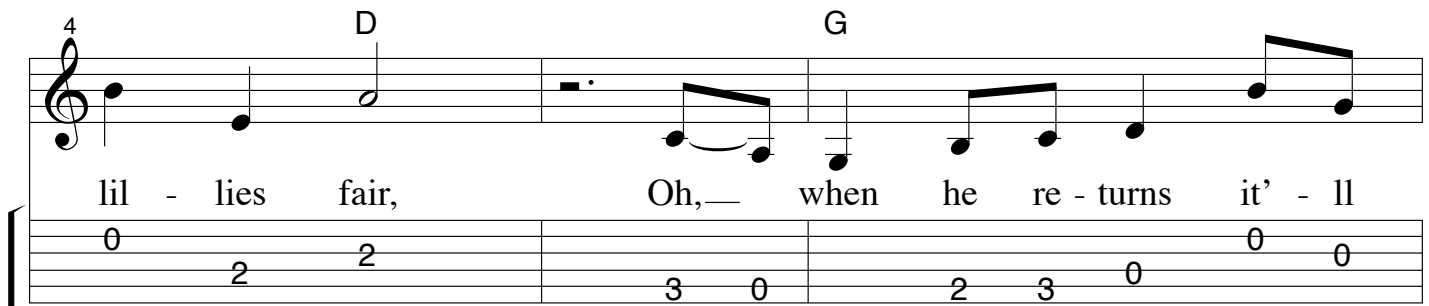
1 G F G



Black— is the col - or of my true love's hair, Cheeks are like the

2 0 0 0 0 2 2 | 0 0 3 | 0 0 0 2

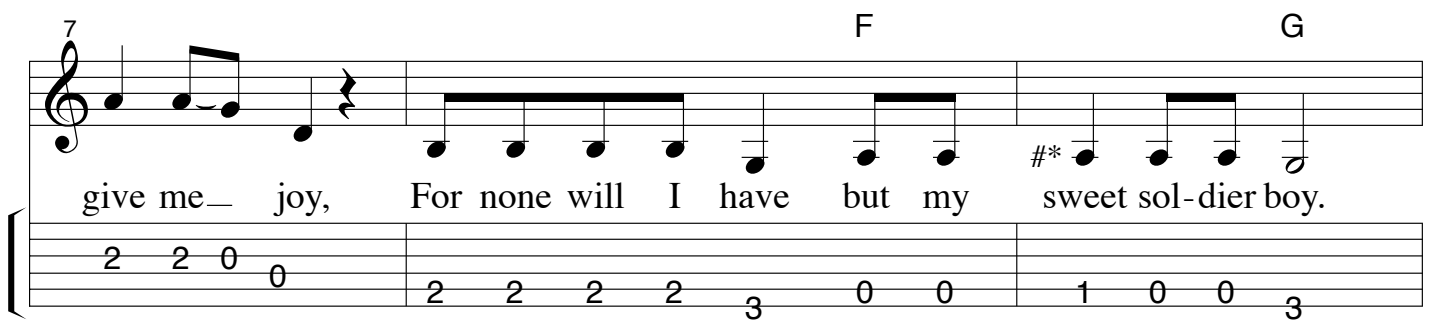
4 D G



lil - lies fair, Oh, when he re - turns it' - ll

0 2 2 | 3 0 | 2 3 0 0 0

7 F G



give me— joy, For none will I have but my sweet sol-dier boy.

2 2 0 0 | 2 2 2 2 3 0 0 | 1 0 0 3