

Blackest Crow traditional

As time draws near, my dearest dear,
When you and I must part,
What little you know of the grace and awe
Of my poor aching heart.
Each night I suffer for your sake,
You're the one I love so dear;
I wish that I was going with you,
Or you were staying here.

I wish my breast was made of glass
Wherein you might behold
Oh there your name I's wrote, my dear,
In letters made of gold.
Oh there your name I's wrote, my dear,
Believe me what I say,
You are the one I love the best
Until my dying day.

The crow that is so black, my love,
will surely turn to white
If ever I prove false to you,
Bright day return to night.

Bright day return to night, my love
The elements will mourn,
If ever I prove false to you
The seas will rage and burn.

And when you're on some distant shore,
Think of your absent friend,
And when the wind blows high and clear,
A line to me, pray send.
And when the wind blows high and clear,
Pray send a note to me,
That I might know by your handwrite
How time has gone with thee.

The blackest crow that ever flew
Will surely turn to white
If ever I prove false to you
Bright day will turn to night
Bright day will turn to night, my love
The elements will mourn
If ever I prove false to you
The seas will rage and burn

The Blackest Crow

D G Em D

As time draws near, my dearest dear, When you and I must part, What little you

G Em G

know of-the grace and awe of my poor aching heart. Each night I suffer for-your sake

Em G Em D Em G Em

you're the one I love so dear, I wish that I was going with you, or you were staying here.