

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 ach-ing heart. Each night I suf-fer 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.

Verse 2

I wish my breast was made of glass
 Wherein you might behold
 Upon my heart your name I wrote,
 In letters made of gold.
 In letters made of gold, my love,
 Believe me when I say,
 You are the one I love the best
 Until my dying day.

Verse 3

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.

Verse 4

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.