

## The Blackest Crow

As time draws near my dearest dear  
When you and I must part.  
What little you know of the grace and hope  
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 lies wrote my dear  
in letters made of gold

Oh there you name lies wrote my dear  
Believe me what I say  
You are the one that I love 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 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

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 may know by your handwrite  
How time has gone with thee.