

The Blackest Crow

Traditional English

Dulcimer arrangement
by Garey McAnally

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, Your the one I love. I wish that I was goin' with you, or you were stay-ing here...

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

3. 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.

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 own hand, How time has gone with thee.

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