

Tim O'Brien **"Blackest Crow"**

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As time draws near my dearest dear when you and I
must part
How little you know of the grief and woe in my poor and
my poor aching heart
Tis' but I suffer for your sake believe me dear it's true
I wish that you were staying here or I was going with
you

I wish my breast were made of glass wherein you might
behold
Upon my heart your name lies wrote in letters made of
gold
In letters made of gold my love, believe me when I say
You are the one that I will adore until my dying day
The blackest crow that ever flew would surely turn to
white
If ever I prove false to you bright day will turn to night
Bright day will turn to day my love, the elements will
mourn
If ever I prove false to you the seas will rage and burn

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