

Away, delights

Robert Johnson

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A- way, de- lights; go seek some o- ther dwel- ling, For I will die; Fare-
Ne- ver a- gain de- lud- ing love shall know me, For I will die; And

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well, false hope; Thy tongue is e- ver tell- ing Lie af- ter lie. For ev- er let me
all those griefs That think to o- ver- flow me, Shall be as I: For ev- er will I

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rest now from thy smart; A- las, for pi- ty stay, and fire their hearts, That have been hard to
rest, whilst poor maids cry, A- las, for pi- ty stay, and let us die Withthee; men can- not

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thee: Mine was not so. so.
mock Us in the clay. clay.