

Away, delights

Robert Johnson

Away, de- lights; go seek some o- ther
Ne- ver de- gain de- lud- ing love shall

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dwel- ling, For I will die; Fare- well, false hope; Thy
know me, For I will die; And all those griefs That

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tongue is e- ver tell- ing Lie af- ter lie.
think to o- ver- flow me, Shall be as I:

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For ev-er let me rest now from thy smart; A-
 For ev-er will I rest, whilst poor maids cry, A-

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las, for pi-ty stay, and fire their hearts, That have been hard to
 las, for pi-ty stay, and let us die With thee; men can- not

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