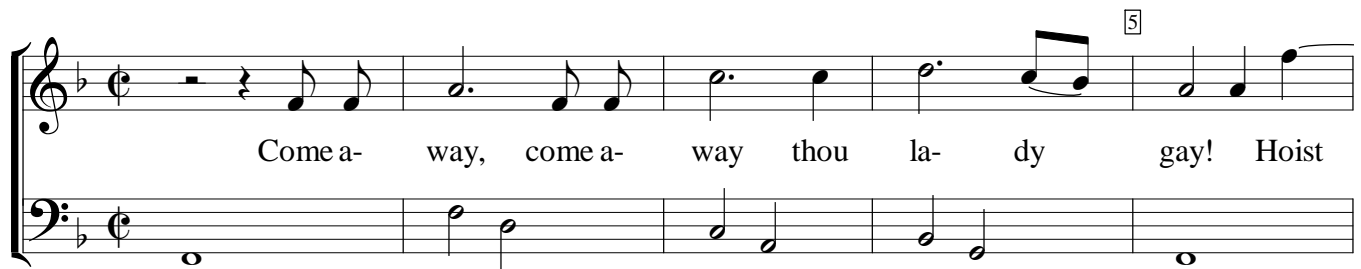


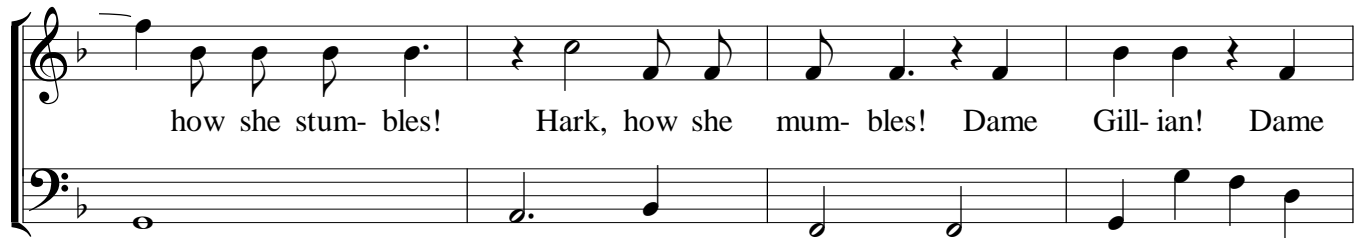
# Come away, thou lady gay

Robert Johnson

5



Come a-way, come a-way thou la-dy gay! Hoist



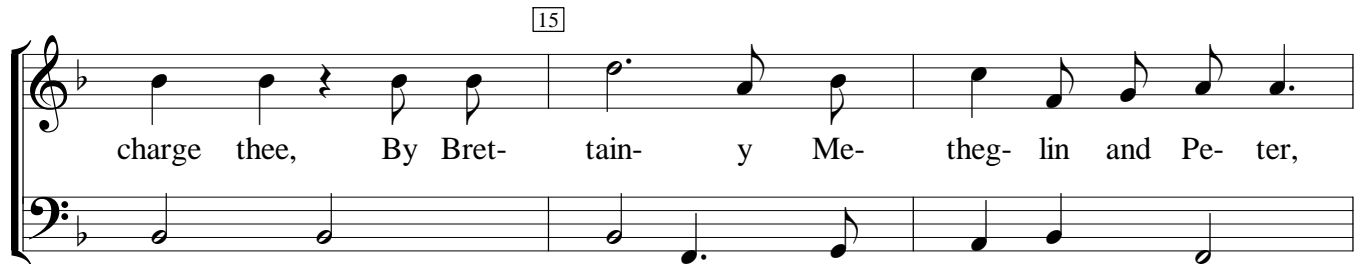
how she stum- bles! Hark, how she mum- bles! Dame Gill- ian! Dame

10



Gill- ian! By old Claret I en- large thee, By Ca- na- ry thus I

15

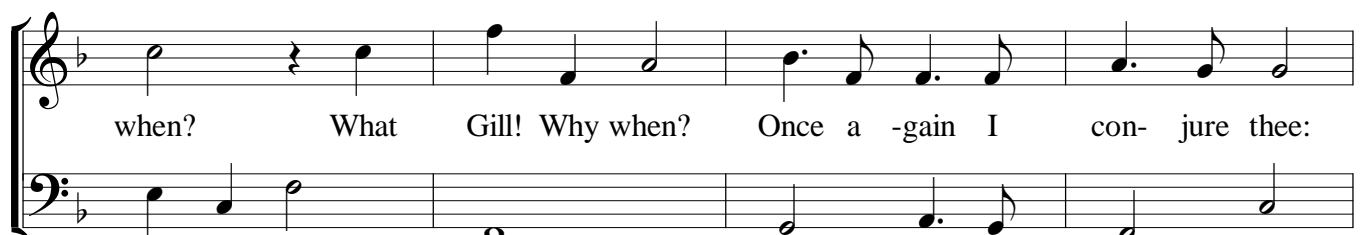


charge thee, By Bret- tain- y Me- theg- lin and Pe- ter,

20



Ap- pear and an- swer me in met- er! Why when? Why



when? What Gill! Why when? Once a -gain I con- jure thee:

25

By the pose in thy nose, And the gout in thy toes By thine old dried

skin, And the mummy within; By thy little, little

30

ruff, And thy hood that's made of stuff; By the bottle at thy

breach, And thine old salt itch; By the sticks and the

35

stones That have worn out thy bones, Appear! Appear! Ap-

pear! I come, I come,