

# 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-tty stay, and fire their hearts, That have been hard to  
rest, whilst poor maids cry, A-las, for pi-tty 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.