

Charon, O Charon

Robert Johnson

Spirit

Charon

Cha-ron, oh Cha-ron, come a- way! Why dost thou let me call so long?

5

When time, thou know'st, for none will stay; In which thou dost me double wrong.

Ho!

10

ho! What has-ty wight doth call? Say whence thou com'st, or whither would'st thou

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go; Nor Cha-ron nor his boat were made for all That call for to be waft-ed to and fro:

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Oh, list to me, and I
Did love or hon-ours end thee Say! If not, then Cha-ron means to stay.

35

will tell The cause of my sad fate:
Go on, poor soul, I hear thee well, And wilt thy woes, thy

Thanks, gen- tle Cha- ron. The truth to let thee
 woes, and wilt thy woes a- bate. On, I say.

Figured bass notation:
 a b b r a a f e a a b r d f e r a b b a a a a b b h
 a a r a a d a a a a a a a a a a r a d r a

know, 'Twas Love him- self sent me this way. By kill- ing my poor
 That fool- ish boy! how so?

Figured bass notation:
 d h f y a d f h a b a a b b d a b a b f
 d d a r a f b a r b b d d d d d d

heart with grief And wound- ing my sad soul. Oh, no!
 And could' st thou then find no re- lief? A- las,

Figured bass notation:
 b a a b a e e f a a d r d a a b a
 a r d a r r r a d a d a r d

poor fool! This fool-ish, wan-ton, blind, un-con-stant boy, Doth send more souls un-to my boat and me,

Oh! had'st thou
Than all the gods that death doth still employ, Or fatal destinies, the sisters three.

been of human race Thou could'st not breathe forth such disgrace Of Love, to term him foolish, blind

But would'st have borne a gent-ler mind.

Wo-men and fools, they are his sub-jects still;

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Thou-sandsof suchheus-eth intheirkind; Hemakeshemwhineandcry,and sigh,but stillTheybeasdeaf

95

anddumbas he isblindThenlaughsat themandsendsthentumb-ling,tumb-ling,tumb-linghi-ther,Re-

a

Cha-ron! I pri-thee haste a-way;
 spect-ing them, nor me, nor wind, nor wea-ther. I come.

My time's pre-fixt; I can no long-er stay Thrice wel-come now at last.
 Oh, here I come.

For those I long, And
 Then come a-board, and to those plea-sures haste, That in E-li-zi-um grow.

wish there still to live.

Then with a song In spite of Love, as I do waft thee thi-ther, We'll

130

Then to those fields, then to those fields, then to those fields,

sing of joys, and all de-lightsto- ge-ther. Then to those fields, then to those fields,

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140

and most de- light- ful plains Where lov- ers gain their joys, and end, and end their pains.

and most de- light- ful piains Where lov- ers gain their joys, and end, and end their pains.