

# Charon, O Charon

Robert Johnson

Spirit

5



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



10

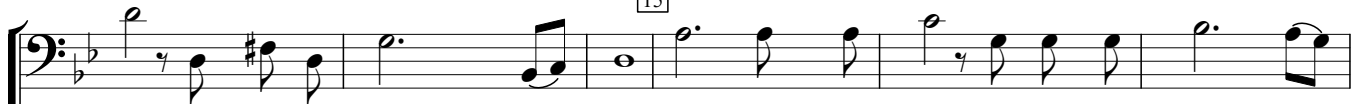
Charon



know'st, for none will stay; In which thou dost me dou- ble wrong. Ho!



15



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



20



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



25

30 Spirit



Did love or hon- our send thee? Say! If not, then Cha- ron means to stay. Oh, list to



35 Charon



me, and I will tell The cause of my sad fate: Go on, poor soul, I hear thee well,



40 Spirit

And wilt thy woes, thy woes, and wilt thy woes a-bate. Thanks, gen- tle Cha- ron.

Charon 45 Spirit 50

On, I say. Then truth to let thee know, 'Twas Love him- self sent me this way.

Charon Spirit 55

That fool- ish boy! how so? By kill- ing my poor heart with grief And wound- ing my sad

Charon Spirit 60 Charon

soul. And could'st thou then find no re- lief? Oh, no! A- las, poor fool!

65

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

70

Than all the gods that death doth still em- ploy, Or fa- tal de- sti- nies, the si- sters three.

75 Spirit

80

Oh! had'st thou been of hu- man race Thou could'st not breathe forth such dis- grace Of Love, to

85 Charon

term him foolish, blind; But would'st have borne a gent- ler mind. Wo- men and fools,

90

they are his sub-jects still; Thou- sands of such he us- eth in their kind; He makes them whine, and

95

cry, and sigh, but still They be as deaf and dumb as he is blind. Then laughs at

100

them and sends them tumb- ling, tumb- ling, tumb- ling hi- ther, Re- spect- ing them, nor me,

105

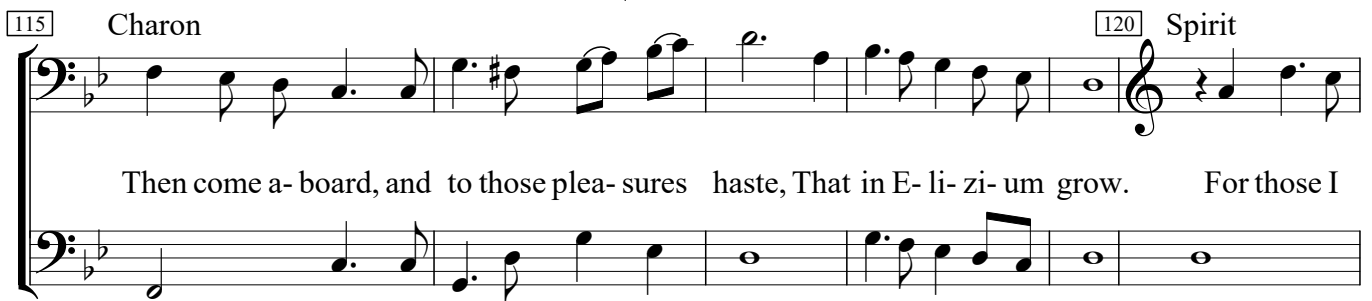
nor wind, nor wea- ther. Cha- ron! I come. I pri- thee, haste a- way;

110 Charon Spirit



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

115 Charon Spirit



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

Charon 125



long, And wish there still to live. Then with a song In spite of Love, as I do waft thee

130 Spirit Charon



thi- ther, We'll sing of joys, and all de- lights to- ge- ther. Then to those fields,

135



then to those fields, then to those fields, and most de- light- ful plains, Where lov- ers gain their

140



joys, and end, and end their pains.