

Come away, thou lady gay

Robert Johnson

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

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

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

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

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20 an- swer me in met- er! Why when? Why when? What

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Gill! Why when? Once a -gain I con- jure thee: By the pose in thy

nose, And the gout in thy toes By thine old dried skin, And the mum- my with-

in; By thy lit- tle, lit- tle ruff, And thy hood that's made of stuff; By the bot- tle at thy

breach, And thine old salt itch; By the sticks and the stones That have worn out thy

bones, Ap- pear! Ap- pear! Ap- pear! I come, I come,