

# Woods, rocks, and mountains Robert Johnson

Woods, rocks, and mountains, and you desert  
Griefs, woes, and groanings, and all such

5

places, Where nought but bitter cold and hun- ger dwells:  
lies, - I give to bro- ken hearts and that dai- ly weep:

10

Hear a poor maid's last words, Kill'd  
To all poor maids in love. My

with dis- gra- ces. ing. BI --- Slide soft- ly  
lost de- sir- ing. Sleep sweet- ly

15

while I sing, you  
while I sing my

sil- ver foun- tains,  
bit- ter moan- ing,

And let your hol- low  
And last, my hol- low

20

wa- ters like sad  
lov- ers, that n'er

bells  
keep

Ring,  
Truth,

ring truth to my  
in their

rit.

woes, while mi-  
hearts, while mi-

ser- a- ble I, Curs-  
ser- a- ble I, Curs-

ing my for- tunes,  
ing my for- tunes,

25

drop, drop,  
drop, drop,

drop a  
drop a

tear and  
tear and

die.  
die.