

Woods, rocks, and mountains Robert Johnson

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

5

places, Where nought but bit-ter cold hearts and hun-ger dwells:
lies, - I give to bro-ken hearts 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. 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 to my
truth 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 die.
tear and die.