

Woods, rocks, and mountains Robert Johnson

Woods, rocks,
Griefs, woes,

5

and moun- tains, and you des- ert pla- ces, Where nought but bit- ter
and groan- ings, hopes and all such lies, - I give to bro- ken

play near bridge

10

cold and that hun- ger dwells: Hear a poor maid's last
hearts and that dai- ly weep: To all poor maids in

BIII -

15

words, Kill'd with dis- gra- ces. Slide soft- ly
love. My lost de- sir- ing. Sleep sweet- ly

while I sing, you sil- ver foun- tains, And let your hol- low
 while I sing my bit- ter moan- ing, And last, my hol- low

4 a 1 b 2 b a 4 a 1 b
 a a 3 r 2 r 2 r 3 r 3 r a

20 wa- ters like sad bells Ring, ring to my
 lov- ers, that n'er keep Truth, truth in their

a 4 a 1 b a 2 r a 4 a 1 b a
 4 a 2 r a 1 b 3 a 2 r a 3 a 2 r a 2 r

25 woes, while mi- ser- a- ble I, Curs- ing my for- tunes,
 hearts, while mi- ser- a- ble I, Curs- ing my for- tunes,

4 a 3 e 4 f 3 e a a a a
 1 r a a 1 r e 1 b r b a b r

30 drop, drop, drop a tear and die.
 drop, drop, drop a tear and die.

a 1 b a 1 b a 1 b a
 a 2 r 4 a 1 b b b 2 r a 2 r 1 b 2 r 4 a 3 r 1 b 1 r 2 r 1 r 2 r