

## Go 'way, Old Man!

Song of Louisiana Negroes

Arranged by A. M. KEITH



1. Oh I'll build me a lit-tle hut, In the moun-tains so high For te
2. Oh! her eyes spar-kle like de di - a-mond, Like de bright morn-in' star, Oh! her
3. Oh! she do look so sweet, Like de rose on de vine, Long
4. Now s'posin I should go to New Or-leans An' take sick an die, Like de
5. Then come back to your true love When de pun'kins am in bloom, Whende



gaze on my true love, As she do pass by! Go 'way, old man, . . . and  
 cheeks am so lub - ly Her face am so fa'r! Go 'way, old man, . . . and  
 lib dat lub'-ly la - dy Dat dwells in my min'! Go 'way, old man, . . . and  
 flies in - to de coun-try, My spir - it would fly! Go 'way, old man, . . . and  
 hummin' birds am a sing - in' In de sweet month of June! Go 'way, old man, . . . and



leave me a - lone, For I am a stran-ger, and a long way from home.

