

Chauncey C. Moore, Supervisor
Indian Pioneer History, S-149

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212

E. F. Dodson
Field Worker

SONG BALLAD

COME, COME AWAY

Oh, come, come away from labor, now receiving,

let his care a while forbear,

Oh, come, come away.

Let our social joys beget, and love trust

and friendship grow;

Let true hearts welcome you,

Oh! come, come away.

Now where love will smile at thee

and around the earth will gladness be, and thou

fly merrily.

Come away from toil cares on which the day is.

Note: This song was sung in the neighborhood about a hundred years ago.