

Come hither, you that love

Robert Johnson

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Come hi-ther, you that love, and hear me sing Of joys still grow-
Come hi-ther, you that hope, and you that cry; Leave off com-plain-

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ing Green, fresh, and lus-ty, as the pride of Spring, And e-ver blow-ing.
ing. Youth, strength, and beau-ty, that shall ne-ver die Are here re-main-ing.

Come hi-ther youths that blush and dare not know What is de-sire, And
Come hi-ther, fools, and blush; you stay so long From be-ing blest, And

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old men worse than you, that can-not blow One spark of fire. And with the pow'r of
mad-men worse than you, that suf-fer wrong, Yet seek no rest. And in an hour with

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my en-chant-ing song, Boys shall be a-ble men, and old, and old men young.
my en-chant-ing song, You shall be ev-er pleas'd, and young, and young maids long.