

Come hither, you that love

Robert Johnson

Come hi- ther, you that love, and hear me that
Come hi- ther, you that hope, and you that

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sing cry; Of Leave joys off still com- grow- plain- ing Green, ing. Youth,

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fresh, strength, and lus- ty, as the shall pride ne- of ver

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Spring, And e- ver blow- die Are here re- main- ing. ing. Come hi- ther youths that Come hi- ther, fools, and

blush and dare not know What is de- sire, 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
 mad- men worse than you, that suf- fer wrong, Yet seek no

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fire. And with the pow'r of my en- chant- ing song, Boys
 rest. And in an hour with my en- chant- ing song, You

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shall be a- ble men, and old, and old men young.
 shall be ev- er pleas'd, and young, and young maids long.

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