

Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong Robert Johnson

Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong, In think- ing

a r a a a a a

still you are - too young. The rose and li- ly in your cheek

a e a b a a a a a a a a a a

Flour- ish and no more - ripe- ning seek. - En- flam- ing

a b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

beams, shot from your eye, Do show love's mid- sum- mer is

a b a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

nigh. Your cher- ry lip, red, soft, and

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

sweet, Pro-claims such fruit for - taste is meet.

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Love is still young, a bux-om boy, And

rit.

young- lings are al- lowed to - - - toy.

a tempo

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Then lose no time, for love hath wings, And flies a- way, and

flies a- way, and flies a- way - from - a- ged things.