

Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong Robert Johnson

5

Dear, do not your fair beau- ty wrong, In think- ing still you are - too young. The

rose and li- ly in your cheek Flour- ish and no more - ripe- ning seek.

10

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

15

nigh. Your cher- ry lip, red, soft, and sweet, Pro- claims such fruit for - taste is

20

meet. Love is still young, a bux- om boy, And young- lings are al- lowed

rit. a tempo 25 1)

to - - - toy. Then lose no time, for love hath wings, And

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

1) E in original?