

Tell me, dearest

Robert Johnson

Tell me, dear- est; what is love? 'Tis a light- 'ning from a- bove:
 Tell me more; are wo- men true? Yes, some are, and some as you:
 Tell me more; can wo- men grieve? Yes, and sick- en sure, but live:

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'Tis an ar- row, 'tis a fire, 'Tis a boy they call de- sire.
 Some are will- ing, some are strange, Since you men first taught to change.
 And be wise, too, and al- lay, When you men are wise as they

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'Tis a grave Gapes to have Those poor fools that long to prove.
 And 'till troth Be in both, All shall love to love a- new.
 Then I see, Faith will be Ne- ver 'till they both be- lieve.