

Epistle to Johanna
Bill Robinson

Chorus

Pray thee lightly, thistle thorn,
Dying yearly to be born!
Frosty winter comes to take
All the love that summer makes!

1.

Johanna, dear, the ocean's gone!
Oh Lord, I'm so alone!
Dead leaves fall,
And that's not all,
I hear your evenin' call!

Johanna, now your friend is sad.
A thousand miles
Hides what he had!
He's boardin' his window
To keep out the first snow
The north wind blows!

Chorus

2.

Johanna, please, remove this weight!
Come to me, don't hesitate!
But if you don't,
Or simply won't,
I'll come to you!

Listen now, Johanna love,
You're the one I'm dreamin' of!
Love is livin',
Usually givin',
This I know!
This I know!

Chorus