

# Come, My Little Robert

Come, my little Robert, near-  
Fie! what filthy hands are here!  
Who, that e'er could understand  
The rare structure of a hand,  
With its branching fingers fine,  
Work itself of hands divine,  
Strong, yet delicately knit,  
For ten thousand uses fit,  
Overlaid with so clear skin  
You may see the blood within,-  
Who this hand would choose to cover  
With a crust of dirt all over,  
Till it look'd in hue and shape  
Like the forefoot of an ape!  
Man or boy that works or plays  
In the fields or the highways,  
May, without offence or hurt,  
From the soil contract a dirt  
Which the next clear spring or river  
Washes out and out for ever-  
But to cherish stains impure,  
Soil deliberate to endure,  
On the skin to fix a stain  
Till it works into the grain,  
Argues a degenerate mind,  
Sordid, slothful, ill-inclined,  
Wanting in that self-respect  
Which does virtue best protect.  
All-endearing cleanliness,  
Virtue next to godliness,  
Easiest, cheapest, needfull'st duty,  
To the body health and beauty;  
Who that's human would refuse it,  
When a little water does it?

This song has been downloaded from [BusSongs.com](http://BusSongs.com).