

Friendly Persuasion

Thee I Love

Thee I Love

More than the meadows so green and still,
More than the mulberries on the hill,
More than the buds on the May apple tree,
I love thee!

Arms have I, strong as the oak, for this occasion.
Lips have I, to kiss thee too, in friendly persuasion.

Thee is mine!

Though I don't know many words of praise.
Thee pleasures me in a hundred ways.
Put on your bonnet, your cape and your gloves,
And come with me,
For thee I love!

Interlude

Thee is mine!

Though I don't know many words of praise,
Thee pleasures me in a hundred ways.
Put on your bonnet, your cape and your gloves,
And come with me,
For thee I love!