Friendly Persuasion

The Lettermen

Thee I love, more than the meadows so green and still,
More than the mulberries on the hill,
More than the buds on the mayapple 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 glove
And come with me, for thee I love.

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 glove
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