

Cleave to Me

[Al Stewart](#)

Constancy dwells in realms of perfection
I hear the call
Life is free and love is all
Cleave to me Harmony holds forth pleasures abounding
And love is free
'Neath the weeping willow tree
Cleave to me Blow thou winds, my good fortunes bring
Mind the hours, such as minstrels sing
Come fair thoughts, let heart take wing
My lady calls to me Emily only dreams and is lonely
Dark is the night
And from now unto the light
Cleave to me

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