

Friendly Persuasion

Pat Boone

Thee I love, more than the meadow so green and still

More than the mulberries on the hill

More than the buds of a 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 glove

And come with me, for thee I love Friendly persuasion

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