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 theeArms have I, strong as the oak, for this occasion
Lips have I, to kiss thee, too, in friendly persuasionThee 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 loveFriendly persuasion

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