

Friendly Persuasion

Matt Monro

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 glove
And come with me for thee I love

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