

Al Stewart, Cleave To Me

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