

Pat Boone, Friendly Persuasion (Thee I Love)

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
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