

The Foreshadowing

"Friendly Persuasion"

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Thee I love, more than the meadow so green and still
More than the mulberries on the hill
More than the buds on 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
So put on your bonnet, your cape, and your glove
And come with me, for thee I love

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

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Thee pleasures me in a hundred ways
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For thee I love

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