The Loyal Lover



I wish I were an arrow, That sped into the air; To seek him as a sparrow, And if he was not there, Then quickly I'd become a fish To search the ragining sea; For I love my love, and I love my love, Because my love loves me. Blow &c.

I would I were a reaper, I'd seek him in the corn; I would I were a keeper, I'd hunt him with my horn. I'd blow a blast, when found at last, Beneath the greenwood tree. For I love my love, and I love my love, Because my love loves me. Blow &c.