The Loyal Lover



I'll weave my love a garland,
It shall be dressed so fine;
I'll set it round with roses,
With lillies, pinks and thyme.
Add I'll present it to my love
When he comes back from sea,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.
Blow summer breeze, o'er the sea
Bring my pretty love to me.

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.