A Grove

Sweeter far the breath of love
Sweeter far the breath of love

What's sweeter than the new blown rose?

or breezes from the

Breath of Love
Oh, ne'er mock love. What's sweeter than an April morn? What's sweeter?

Sweter, sweter the breath of Love. Sweter, sweter the breath of Love.

Or may-says Silver, sweet than thorn? What than arable's spicy grove?

Breath of Love. Sweter, sweter far.
O freer for the break of love, o freer for the break of love,
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