

Come live with me and be my Love

from the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads

Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593)

Gm Bb Cm Gm D Gm Bb

Come live with me, and be my Love, Love, And we will sit up on the rocks, roses, wooll, And we will make of thee the finest of est, And we will see the shepherds all the thesands pretty

Eb F Bb Bb Gm F D Cm Gm

pleasures their flockes That valshal lies, groves, hills and feede - sures their flockes By shal - lies, ri - vers, to low whose fra - grant we posies, pull: A Faire cap lin - ed slip - pers and for a the lambs we pull: Faire lin - ed slip - pers and for a the

D Gm Cm Gm Gm D G

fields, falls kirtle, cold, Woods, Me - lod - ious Im - brod - red With buc - kles steep birds all of y sing with the moun - taines ma - dri - leaves of pur - est yeeldes. gals. mirtle. gold.