

Come live with me and be my Love

from the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads

Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593)

Am C Dm Am E Am C

Come live with me, and be my Love,
 And we will sit up on the rocks,
 And I will make thee beds of roses,
 A gowne made of the finest wooll,
 And we will see the shepherds all the while,
 And from our pretty sand ty

F G C C Am G E Dm Am

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

E Am Dm Am Am E A

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