

# Come Live with Me

SATB divisi a cappella

Lyrics: Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593),  
*The Passionate Shepherd to His Love*

Music: Pavel Brochin,  
*Three Love Songs based on texts  
from classical English poetry, No. 3*  
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Like a jazzy madrigal  $\text{♩} = 108$

straight eights

*mf*

S

A

T

B

Piano  
(for rehearsal)

swinging eights

*f*

5

Come live with me\_\_\_ and be my love,\_\_\_ and we will all\_\_\_ the pleas-ures prove\_\_\_ that val-leys, groves and

*mf*

Come live with me\_\_\_ and be my love,\_\_\_ and we will all\_\_\_ the pleas-ures prove\_\_\_ that val-leys, groves and

*mf*

8 Come live with me\_\_\_ and be my love,\_\_\_ and we will all\_\_\_ the pleas-ures prove\_\_\_ that val-leys, groves and

*mf*

Come live with me\_\_\_ and be my love,\_\_\_ and we will all\_\_\_ the pleas-ures prove\_\_\_ that val-leys, groves and



10

hills and fields, woods, or steep - y moun - tains yields. And we will sit u - pon the rocks,

hills and fields, woods, or steep - y moun - tains yields. And we will sit u - pon the rocks,

hills and fields, woods, or steep - y moun - tains yields. And we will sit u - pon the rocks,

hills, fields, and woods, steep - y moun - tains yields. And u - pon the rocks,

15

see-ing the she - pherds feed their flocks, by shal - low riv - ers, to whose falls\_ me-lo-dios birds sing

see-ing the she - pherds feed their flocks, by shal - low riv - ers, to whose falls\_ birds sing

see-ing the she - pherds feed their flocks, by shal - low riv - ers, to whose falls\_ me-lo-dios birds sing

see-ing the she - pherds feed their flocks, by shal - low riv - ers, to whose falls\_ birds sing



20

*mf*



mad - ri - gals. Fa la la la, fa la, fa, la, la, fa la. Doo

25

*mf*



Doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.

*mf*

Doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.

*f*

And I will make thee beds of ro - ses and a thou-sand frag-rant pos - ies, a cap of flow-ers and a kirtle

doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.



31

doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Mmh, ooh,

doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Mmh, ooh,

*mf*

em-broid-ered all with leaves of myr - tle; a gown made of the fin-est wool which from our pret - ty

doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Mmh, ooh,

36

*cresc.*

aah. Fa la la la, the pur-est gold. Fa la la

*cresc.*

aah. Fa la la, the pur-est gold.

*cresc.*

lambs we pull; fair lin-ed slip-pers for the cold, with buck-les of the pur-est gold.

*cresc.*

aah. Fa la la, the pur-est gold.

