COME, COME AWAY.

AS SUNG BY

MISS A. PHILLIPS.

Come, come away to the pearly fountain 'Tis the sacred hour calls Where the fresh stream now...
from the moun-tain to its mel low mu-sic falls

There with un-bound tres-ses wav-ing Like a silk-en

fai-ry sail Breezes fan-ning wa-ters la-ving Health and joy the

bath -ers hail Come come a-way to the pear-ly foun-tain
Come while the temple bells are swinging
In the gently waving wind,
And the light Sampan now is bringing
Flow'ry wreaths our brows to bind;
From the sparkling wave then bounding.
Sons are fresh as morning's gale,
Hearts light beating, joy surrounding,
Ahh! what bliss the bathers hail.
Then come &c.

*Flower Boat,