"THE COAL BLACK ROSE."

The Words written by White Snyder

and Sung with unbounded applause by

Mr. W. Kelley

arranged for the PIANO & GUITAR.



PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY J.L.FREDERICK 55 S. FOURTH ST PHIL:

ALLEGRETTO. GUITAR / PIANO FORTE
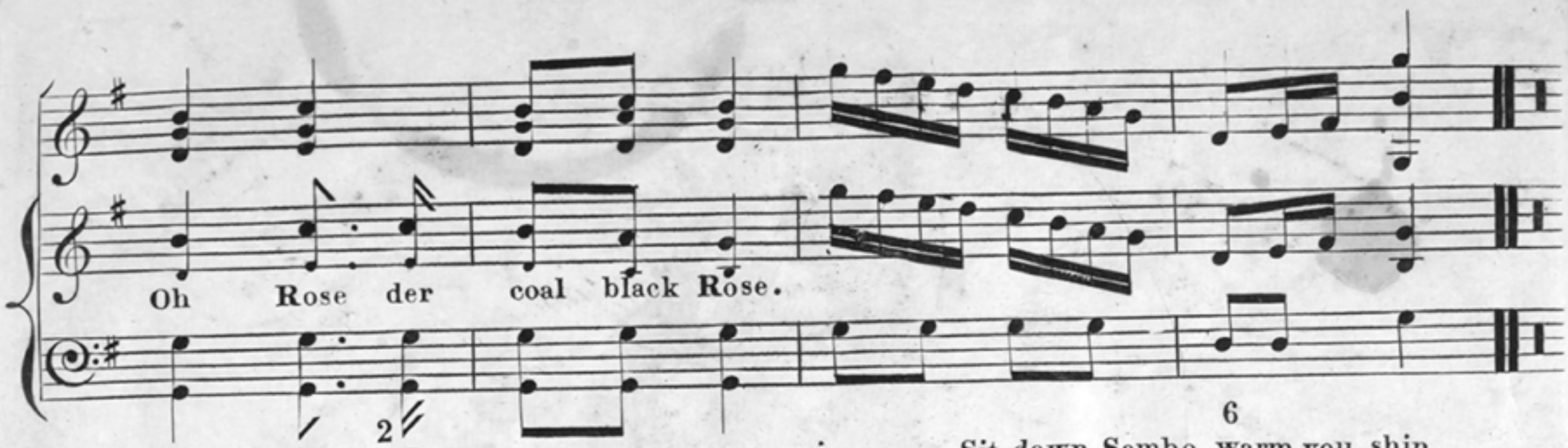
Lubly Rosa' Sambo cum

dontyou hearde Ban_jo tum, tum, tum, Lub_ly Ro_sa' Sam_bo cum

dontyou hearde Ban _ jo tum, tum, tum, Oh Rose der

coal black Rose I wish I may be cortch'd if I dont lub Rose

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS THE TWELFTH DAY OF MAY 1829. BY THE AUTHOR.



Dat you Sambo! yes I cum.
Dont you hear de Banjo, tum, tum, tum,
Dat you Sambo! yes I cum.
Dont you hear de Banjo tum, tum, tum,
Oh Rose der coal Black Rose
I wish I maybe cortch'd if I dont lub Rose
Oh Rose der coal black Rose.

3

Tay a little Sambo. I cum soon,
As I make a fire in de Backa Room,
Tay a little Sambo. I cum soon,
As I make a fire in de Backa Room,
Oh Rose Bress dat Rose
I wish I may be burnt if I dont lub Rose
Oh Rose der coal black Rose.

4

Make hase Rose lubly dear,
I almose tiff as poker tandin here,
Make hase Rose lubly dear,
I almose tiff as poker tandin here,
Oh Rose I almose froze
I wish I may be burnt if I dont lub Rose,
Make hase Rose, I almoe froze.

5

Cum in Sambo dont tand dar Shakin,
De fire is burnin de hoe-cake a bakin,
Cum in Sambo dont tand dar Shakin,
De fire is burnin de hoe-cake a bakin,
Oh Rose Bress dat Rose
I wish I may burnt if I dont lub Rose
Oh Rose der coal black Rose.

6

Sit down Sambo, warm you shin.
Lord bless you honey for what make you grin
Sit down Sambo, warm you shin.
Lord bless you honey for what make you grin
Oh Rose Bress dat Rose
I wish I may be burnt if I dont lub Rose
Oh Rose der coal black Rose.

7

I laff to tink if you was mine lubly Rose
I'd gib you plenty de Lord above knows
Of Possum fat & Hommony, somtime Rice,
Cow-heel and Sugar cane & ebry ting dats nice
Oh Rose Bress dat Rose
I wish I may be shute if I dont lub Rose
Oh Rose der coal black Rose.

8

What in de corner dar Rosa dat I py,
I know dat niggar Cuffee by de white ub he Eye
Dat not Cuffee tis a tick of wood I sure,
A tick a wood wid tockey on you tell me dat shaw?
Oh Rose take care Rose
I wish I may be burnt if I dont hate Rose
Oh Rose you blacka Snake Rose.

9

Let go my arm Rose, let me at him Rush,
I swella his two lips like a blacka ball a brush
Let go my arm Rose, let me at him Rush,
I swella his two lips like a blacka ball a brush
Oh Rose take care Ros
Take care Rose, take care Rose
I wish I may be beat if I dont hate Rose

10

He clar himself for Sartin. He cut a dirt and run,
Now Sambo follow arter, Wid his tum, tum, tum.
Oh Rose farwell Rose
I wish I ma be burnt if I dont hate Rose
Oh Rose you black snake Rose.