

1829

The Coal Black Rose

White Snyder

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THE COAL BLACK ROSE
The Words written by
and Sung with
MR. W.
arranged
PIANO &
unbounded applause by
Kelley
for the
GUITAR.



PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY J.L. FREDERICK 50 S. FOURTH ST. PHIL.

ALLEGRO TO.
PIANO FORTE.
GUITAR.

Lubly Rosa' Sambo cum
dout you hear de Banjo tum, tum, tum, Lub-ly Ro-sa' Sam-bo cum
dout you hear de Banjo tum, tum, tum, Oh Rose der
coal black Rose I wish I may be cortch'd if I dont lub Rose



2
 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 yoy 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, sometime Rice,
 Cow-heel and Sugar cane & bry 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 niggas 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 blackaballa-brush
 Let go my arm Rose, let me at him Rush,
 I swella his two lips like a blackaballa-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.