

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



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**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 niggarr 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.