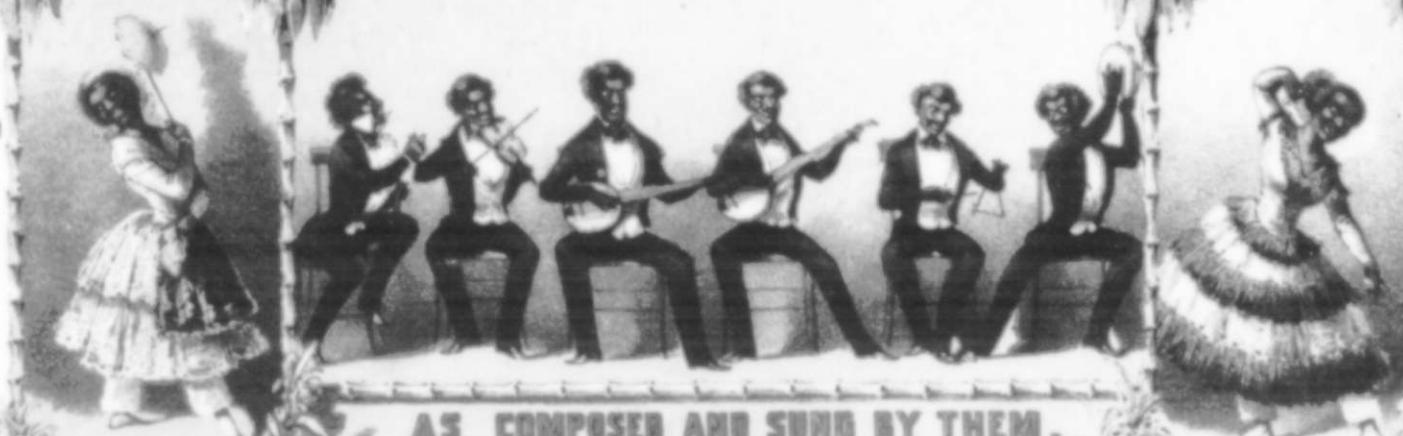


W. H. Martin & Son

Print



CHRISTY'S MELODIES



AS COMPOSED AND SUNG BY THEM.

AT THEIR CONCERTS WITH DISTINGUISHED SUCCESS.

G. H. CHRISTY

G. H. CHRISTY



1. HAPPY ARE WE DARKIES SO GAY. ✓
2. JIM CROW POLKA. ✓
3. FAREWELL LADIES. ✓
4. MY PRETTY YALLER GAL. ✓
5. SNOW DROP ANN. ✓
6. LILLY OF THE VALLEY. ✓

7. GINGER'S WEDDING. ✓
8. MY PRETTY VIRGINIA GAL. ✓
9. GONE TO ALABAMA. ✓
10. ROSA DEAR. ✓
11. WALK IN THE PARLOR. ✓
12. CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA. ✓

Edwin P. Christy

NEW YORK Published by JAMES AND

BROTHER 383 Broadway.

Dep'd in Clerk's Office So. Dist. N.Y. Nov. 11, 1847.

ROS A DEAR
 Words by E.P. CHRISTY Music by
C.D. ABBOTT
 And Sung by
CHRISTYS MINSTRELS.

NEW YORK Published by JAQUES & BROTHER 385 Broadway

MODERATO.

PIANO.

O, de_sun dat ri-ses in de_east-ern sky, Am not more clear, am not more clear Dande

light dat shines from de coal brack eye Ob Ro-ssa dear, ob Ro---sa dear.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1847 by Jaques & Brother in the Clerks Office of the Southern District of New York.

266.

Dep'd in Clerks Office S. Dist. N.Y. Dec. 21. 1847

4

ritard.

And de sun when he sets in de yal-ler west A sighin for de darkies to go to dere rest, Am.

ritard.

a tempo.

not more quiet dan de charcoal breast Ob Ro-ssa dear, ob Ro- -sa dear.

a tempo.

CHORUS.

Air.

O, de sun dat rises in de east-ern sky Am not more clear am not more clear Dan de

f 1st.Tenor.

f 2d.Tenor.

O, de sun dat rises in de east-ern sky Am not more clear am not more clear Dan de

f Bass.

mf

5

At night when I presses de lubly hand
 Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear,
 It seems she has drapt from a heavenly band
 In de moonlight clear, in de moonlight clear.
 When de daylight comes, I hasten away,
 For if I dont, ole Massa'll say,
 Dat I no more shall my banjo play
 To Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.
 Chorus, O, de sun &c.

It almost makes dis darkey cry,
 To see de tear — to see de tear
 Dat draps like a pearl from de coal brack eye
 Ob Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.
 Den wid my lips I brush it away,
 And tell her "every one has his day"
 Oh Lor! what sweet things I do say
 To Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.
 Chorus, O, de sun &c.

4

Now, folks, I'll tell you something true,
 Widout any fear, dat's berry clear,
 I'se not going to marry Cynthia Sue —
 But Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.
 And when we're married we'll have a spree,
 Which we invite all de white folks to see,
 How happy den, dis darkey will be,
 Wid Rosa dear, his Rosa dear.
 Chorus, O, de sun &c.