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Virginia Lee.


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Come to me, come to me, - Seems to me I hear you calling
You and I, 'neath the sky, Stars above a-twink-ling all the
too, — Folks up north don't love you, half so much as I,
while, — I said some-thing to you, you gave your con-sent,

They don't un-der-stand Vir-gin-ia Lee, — You and 'Old Do-min-ion,'
Think you said the day would the in June, — Then they took you from us,

both in my op-in-ion, Mean the world to me.
if you keep your prom-ise, You must come back soon.

Virginia Lee. 4
Chorus.

Virginia Lee, my own Virginia, come to me,
I'm as lonely as can be,

I've been waiting, waiting to win you, Virginia, Here in Norfolk by the sad, sad sea.
If there's a soul within you,

Pack your little grip, Virginia come back to me, Virginia me.

Virginia Lee. 4
Virginia Lee.

For Male Quartette.

Chorus.

1st Tenor.
2nd Tenor.

Baritone.

Bass.

Vir-gin-ia Lee, my own Vir-gin-ia come to me;
I'm as lone-some as can be,
I've been wait-ing,
waiting to win y'u, win y'u Vir-gin-ia,
Here in Nor-folk by the sad, sad sea,
If there's a soul with-in y'u,
low finish.

pack your lit-tle grip Vir-gin-ia come back to me.
back to me.

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