O come to me, my own true love.

SONG & CHORUS

By J. BUCKLY.

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NIGGARATO.

come to mee my own true lub. Come sweet Phili- see De

old folks bof are sound a sleep. Sno- ring mer ri- ly. When

Entered according to act of Congress AD.1848, by Firth, Pond & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the South Dist. of N.York.
work is done den lub begins After de close of day Wid
banjo's sound and violins To steal young hearts away

CHORUS.
Oh! come to me my own true lub, Come sweet Philissee! De old folks bop are
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Oh! come to me my own true lub, Come sweet Philissee! De old folks bop are

Philissee Charcoal. 4.
2

Beneath dis shady Possum tree,
Sweet I'll tell my lub:
When fuss' I spied dat melting glance
At de washing tub.
Oh! how dis heart against dese ribs,
Did heat with joy and bliss.
Thy lilly arms around me fling,
When I did teal dat kiss.
Oh! come &c

3

Dis is de hour when true lubs meet,
Sweetest Philissee
Oh! let me squeeze thee to dis heart.
Frothing ardently.
What raptures now glide thro' my veins.
Oh! closer cum to me.
Widin those arms I'd lib and die,
My lubly Philissee!
Oh! come &c

Philissee Charcoal. 4